PENTHOUSE

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THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

SEPTEMBER 1975 $1.25

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THE CIA'S SECRET WAR IN LAOS
BY JOSEPH TREASTER

ROCK SEX:
A SUPERGROUPIE SPILLS ALL
BY CHERRY VANILLA

NUDE BEACHES:
WHERE TO GO FOR A TOTAL TAN
BY ROD SWENSON

SPECIAL ANNIVERSARY ISSUE

THE NOSTALGIA NUTS:
STUCK IN THE SIXTIES
BY CRAIG KARPEL

FRAMED:
PENTHOUSE INTERVIEWS RUBIN "HURRICANE" CARTER

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CONTENTS

			PAGE
HOUSECALL	Introduction		6
FORUM	Correspondence		8
VIEW FROM THE TOP	Comment	Jim Davidson	35
SCENES		Levy, Van der Horst	36
FILMS		Roger Greenspun	38
WORDS		Norman Hoss	40
SOUNDS		Nick Tosches, Steve Ditlea	41
THE CIA'S SECRET WAR	Article	Joseph B. Treaster	44
GETTING STUCK	Article	Craig Karpel	48
MOUNTAIN RETREAT	Pictorial	Photos by Earl Miller	52
DUO IN THE SUN	Article	Rod Swenson	64
RUBIN "HURRICANE" CARTER	Interview	Gerard Colby Zilg	68
EVEN STEVENS	Pet of the Month	Photos by Jeff Dunas	71
O.K. IN ANY CORRAL	Fashion	Ed Emmerling	86
THE SENSUOUS APE	Fiction	Kenneth Bernard	92
LANCIA	Car of the Month	Joe Oldham	104
LATIN LADY	Pictorial	Photos by Stan Malinowski	107
CALL ME MADAM	Counsel	Xaviera Hollander	119
COUPLES	Survey		123
DIARY OF A POP TART	Article	Cherry Vanilla	127
THE VIETNAM VETERAN ADVISER	Service		132
OH, WICKED WANDA!	Satire	Frederic Mullally/Ron Embleton	144

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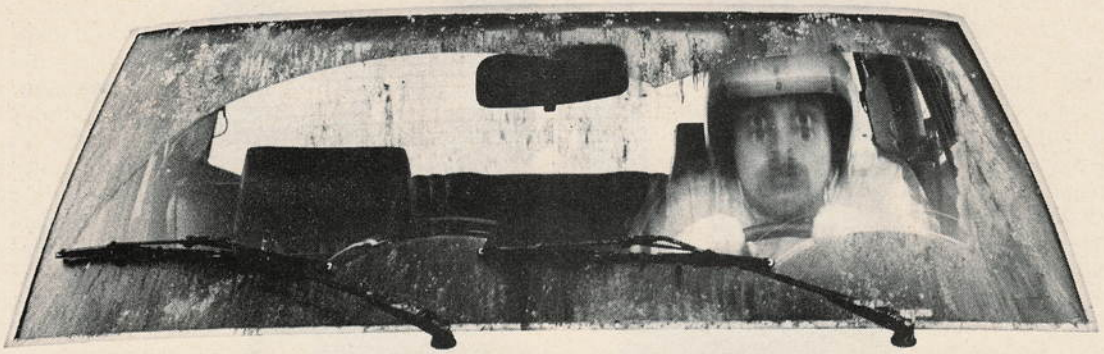
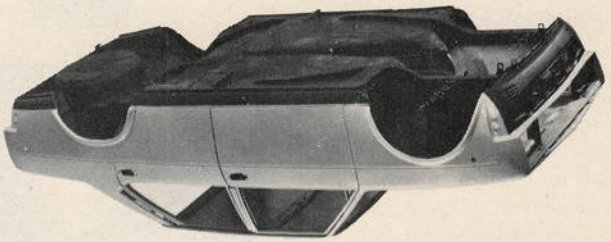
Today a car has to go through hell. It helps if it's already been there.



The Fiat 131s were driven over 3,000 miles of Belgian paving blocks. (The equivalent of 124,000 miles of normal roads.) Through 9,000 miles of mud at temperatures as low as 13° below zero. The engine alone was tested for over a million miles.

The passenger compartment of the 131 has three rigid belts of steel, at the floor, waist, and roof. The gas tank is tucked away behind the back seat protected by the wheels and trunk.



The entire underbody of the 131 is sealed against the elements. The exhaust system is made of aluminized sheet steel, a material extraordinarily resistant to corrosion. The wheels offer the most advanced protection against rust in the world today.

One of the tests was so grueling the drivers had to be changed every half hour.

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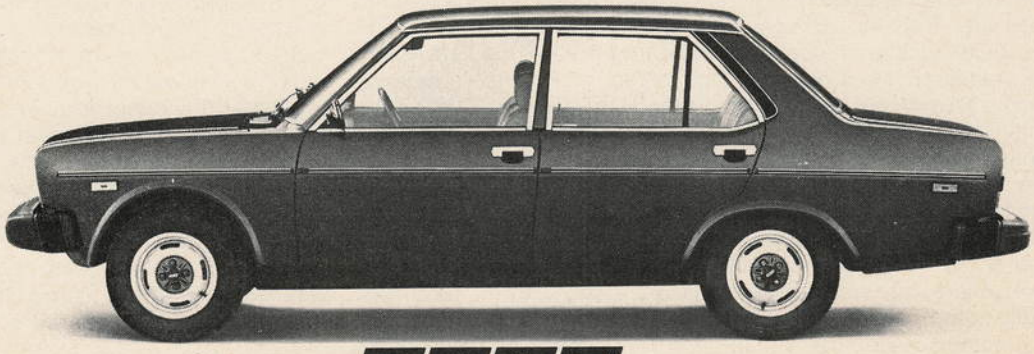

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As our regular readers are well aware, September is the eleventh anniversary of our British edition and the sixth anniversary of *Penthouse* in the United States. And among the great many changes, accomplishments, and successes these years have brought, 1975 signals the most triumphant year yet. We've pulled ahead of *Playboy* on the newsstand. Since our entry onto the American scene in 1969, *Penthouse* set a growth record unparalleled in the history of magazine publishing. True, we built on the phenomenal success of the British edition which our editor/publisher **Bob Guccione** founded in 1965, but no one could have predicted our explosive impact on the infinitely more competitive American scene. So, if we seem to be tooting our own horn a little in this special anniversary issue, it's only because we feel you share our predilection for the same kind of music.

That the CIA always makes its *own* kind of music—paying the piper and calling the tune—is a fact that *Penthouse* has repeatedly stressed in our series of articles about this nation's intelligence community. The point is reemphasized in this month's exclusive *Penthouse* report on *The CIA's Secret War* by **Joseph B. Treaster**. In his extensive behind-the-scenes account of the CIA-sponsored war in Laos—"the war that never was"—Treaster unveils the shape and substance of an insidious war that was "never declared, never announced, and often denied." While the country's eyes were focused on Vietnam, a few hundred CIA agents were running a Laotian army of well over 40,000 troops, and "there was no public outcry against the equally brutal acts of war being perpetrated in Laos *because no one knew about them*." Working with the approval of all our presidents since Kennedy, the CIA was able to keep the American public completely fooled about what was really happening in Laos for more than ten years. As Treaster points out, "All that was required to execute the game plan in Laos was a lot of lying and cheating, and that proved to be no obstacle for the CIA."

Getting the goods on the secret Laotian war was no obstacle for *New York Times*man Treaster, either. From his first Vietnam tour in 1965 to his coverage of the American withdrawal and the ill-fated cease-fire, Treaster has seen enough of the deadly effect of CIA policies in Southeast Asia to avoid getting stuck in the vast defensive machinations of our most publicized intelligence agency.

Some of us do get bogged down though, and *Getting Stuck* is the subject of regular *Penthouse* contributor **Craig Karpel**'s article this month. This time, however, we're not stuck in a war zone, but a time zone. If you're tired of seeing 1975 bikers who look like Marlon Brando in *The Wild One* in 1953, or if you suspect that the survivors of the Woodstock generation should be renamed "the Woodstuck generation," then you have a friend in Craig Karpel. A onetime flower child who dropped his blossom along with his long hair, Karpel is fed up with the seventies—a decade that, he feels, "has done nothing except revive the previous decades of the twentieth century—that has created no style of its own except a certain droop at the corners of everything."

But if you believe, as we do, that certain corners are well worth watching, we suggest you take a look at *Duo in the Sun*, by **Rod Swenson**, a Yale graduate who is currently the executive director of the Ms. All-Bare America beauty pageant. Swenson has been helping people get out of their clothes and into their collective skins for many years. This article, an excerpt from Swenson's guidebook *Nude Beaches and Resorts* (Popular Library), will be of great assistance if you thirst for the naked truth and a total tan.

Some people, however, never get to see the sun. **Rubin "Hurricane" Carter**, who was interviewed for *Penthouse* by **Gerard C. Zilg**, is a case in point. Locked away in a New Jersey prison, this former number-one contender for the middleweight crown is a symbol of the capricious system that sometimes passes for justice in this nation. In 1966, Carter, a black, was convicted of murder on the basis of the evidence of two white ex-convicts who eight years later recanted their testimony. Carter, who has steadfastly maintained his innocence, appealed for a new trial—a request that was promptly denied by the very same judge who originally passed sentence. Carter sees all this as part and parcel of a campaign to eliminate him from society because of his outspoken views on black rights. Warns Carter: "What has happened to me in the past—and is happening to me right now—makes it a very good bet it could happen to you tomorrow."

Cherry Vanilla may be far removed from politics, but she definitely wants what happened in her past to happen again tomorrow. In *Diary of a Pop Tart*, or the secret memoirs of a supergroupie, Cherry takes us through the horny world of the contemporary rock scene without missing a beat. It's the grand tour by an expert group leader who's risen above the flashy fleshpots of the rock world to become poet laureate of groupiedom, the bard of the hard.

But you don't have to be a Monkee to make it on the sex circuit. Being just a plain ape is more than adequate. Take the amazing career of the world's only talking gorilla as described in *The Sensuous Ape*, our fiction offering by **Kenneth Bernard**. From trysts with young coeds—"I get erections, of course, just like humans"—to explicit demonstrations of gorilla groping on a TV talk show, Bernard's articulate ape shows us that good conversation goes far in the social world—and even farther in the realm of the carnal.

Clothes obviously do *not* make the ape, but this month's Western leather fashions by **Michael Hoban** are essential for making the macho male. *Penthouse* fashion editor **Ed Emmerling** has selected the best of Hoban's award-winning designs for those readers who want to start getting sartorially saddled up for fall. And if you do go West, you just might want to ride in Lancia's luxurious new Beta coupé, a smooth and mean foreign machine if there ever was one. According to **Joe Oldham** the Beta is one of those cars that has you looking for radar traps "by the time you're shifting out of second gear." All in all, a very well-rounded anniversary issue, in keeping with the *Penthouse* ladies you're about to meet. We trust you'll find them in excellent company.

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in which editors and readers discuss topics arising out of Penthouse, its contents, its aspirations, and its areas of interest. **Letters for publication should carry name and address** (in capitals please), though these will be withheld by the Editor on request. Send to Penthouse Forum, Penthouse International Ltd., 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Dull, dull, dull?

I used to think I enjoyed a normal sex life, but after reading the Forum month after month, I realize that I am probably perverted. I am so sick that all I like to do is fuck chicks (I'm a guy) in the pussy (instead of the ears, nose, or eyes) and maybe get an occasional blow job (also from a chick). The thought of having sex with bananas, watermelons, enemas, amputees, pillows, Big Mac's, goldfish, popcorn poppers and Roto-rooters, quite frankly revolts me. I wonder if I am alone and missing out on all the fun.—*Name withheld, Smyrna, Ga.*

Chacun á son gout, as the French so aptly put it. But to our mind, the essence of sexual fulfillment is in experimentation. ***Ne knockez pas*** *until you try it.—Editor*

Good vibrations

I normally don't like to talk about my sexual experiences, but recently while cutting down a large tree with a chain saw, I made an interesting discovery.

While pushing on the handle of my saw with my organ, I was greatly excited by the vibrations. After a short time of experimenting with those vibrations by varying the speed of the engine, I reached a climax that was so good I nearly fell from the tree. The feeling was so intense I didn't even care about the mess in my pants.

If you ever see a lumberjack who isn't getting much wood cut you know what he has probably been up to.—*E.M.B., address withheld*

Bareback balling

Last summer I experienced a truly exciting happening. I am a great lover of bareback riding and have enjoyed many glorious orgasms trotting through the countryside on my horse. Well, one sunny afternoon my boyfriend and I planned a picnic, and we decided to take my horse along so we could do a little riding. It was a beautiful day. The weather was perfect, the setting was relaxing, and after champagne and strawberries we were feeling quite romantic.

Soon our clothes were in a pile by the picnic basket and we were cuddled up on the blanket enjoying each other's company. Then my boyfriend looked at me with a mischievous gleam in his eyes and said that it was time to go riding. I was quite horny and felt like staying right where we were, but I gave in because I had a feeling that he had something in mind.

So we jumped up on the horse, me in front, and him in back, and off we went. After a little while he told me to lie forward and put my arms around the horse's neck. Realizing what he had in mind I joyfully complied. Then he held onto my hips and entered me from behind while the horse traveled at a nice slow walk. The feeling was electric! We didn't even have to do anything—just ride along to the beat of the horse, slowly urging it faster and faster. By the time we reached a fast trot we both experienced the most intense orgasms we'd ever had. We've relived that afternoon many times over, thoroughly enjoying every time. So all you horseback riders out there get on it and get it on! You won't be sorry. (Unless you forget where you are and fall off!)—*L.B., Nantucket, Mass.*

Cuntoisseur

So much is said today by women about a man's cock size. Nothing, however, is said about the size and use of a woman's pussy. It's only fair that we men begin comparing a good fuck to a lousy (or loose) one.

Women say, "The bigger the instrument the sweeter the music." We men must now say, "The tighter the saddle the better the ride." We don't mind yodeling in the canyon, but it's no fun falling into it. Gymnasiums teach young women to develop the muscles in their bodies, but not the ones in their cunts. Someone should start a course to teach them to develop that muscle! Let's hear from the men. Maybe we can start a new trend of having a woman advise a man on the size of her pussy and her muscle development prior to his spending all that time, money, and energy on trying to fuck her, and finding out too late that it wasn't worth the effort.—*R.F., A.B., A.M., Sepulveda, Calif.*

Sex and common scents

I'm writing in regard to others sharing their sexual experiences. Although I've read of many different views and preferences, I have not come upon any like mine. I'm in prison and masturbation is my only source of sexual pleasure. I sleep on the top bunk directly over my cell partner's feet. Purely by accident I discovered I can't come without the scent of his dirty feet. This was affirmed one night while he was on a family visit. I had to get into his laundry bag and fetch a pair of his dirty socks before I could bring myself to orgasm. The problem is surely he will go home and I'll be left with someone new who may possibly wash his feet too often.—*Name withheld, Soledad, Calif.*

Charge it!

My girl friend and I have a novel technique for lovemaking. I have soldered a wire to each of two pennies. The wires connect to an electric train transformer. Of course, a train transformer supplies a harmless twenty-four volts, so this is completely safe. Also, it is adjustable.

After sufficient foreplay, I tape one penny to her ankle and she tapes the other one to my ankle. Then I work my penis into her vagina (any favorite position may be used) and turn up the current just a little. Since our genitals are very moist, we get a tingling sensation there that is just unbelievable. As our lovemaking proceeds, I turn up the current a little at a time, and turn it on full for a mind-wrenching orgasm.

Nothing feels like the tingle of electricity going through your meat and into your girl's love nest. I hope you will print this so other readers can enjoy our delightful experience.—*M.H., Montgomery, W.Va.*

Bass acts

I am writing this letter to inform you and your readers of a fantastic experience I have as often as possible. It all began while playing my string bass which I fondly call Wendy. Anyway, we were

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Walter Iooss Jr.: Giant's Defense, 1963. *Special Problems.* Pg. 134-135

Bert Stern: Marilyn Monroe, 1962. *The Great Themes.* Pg. 103

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Focusing on Fashion: continued
Sex in the Seventies
The picture at right appeared in the August 15, 1963, issue of Vogue. The model's bare bosom was implied rather than flaunted. Nevertheless, the photograph marked the advent of the sexual revolution of the '60s, a phenomenon that caused a new freedom in fashion and its photography. Thereafter bras dropped, as Vogue put it, "like autumn leaves," and pictures of the topless monokini replaced the bikini in the pages of the magazine, accompanied by advice to readers on how to be "seen proudly uncovered." Ultimately, Vogue got around to a stylish version of a Playboy magazine staple: a centerfold, double-truck nude girl, she was photographed by Irving Penn.
Men got into the act in 1968, when the French fashion journal Elle published a head-on photograph of a male nude, in an ad for underwear. The next step was to bring men and women together in fashion pictures, with the male model presented not as the admiring background figure of the past but in a more candidly sexual role. By the start of the '70s, men and women were exhibiting togetherness in high-fashion photographs, clothed to be sure, but often intertwined (opposite).
To photograph an example of the heavy, textured hosiery that was then the latest thing (right), Art Kane took advantage of the new sexual freedom to create a scene suggesting an elegant, European-type brother, and presented his model as an infinitely more accessible type than the
ART KANE: Girl in Blue Stockings, 1963
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playing an unusually good bass piece when I noticed that with each successive low E, the most penetrating vibrations ran up my spine, originating at my penis, which soon became quite hard.

Well, I couldn't wait to finish practice and rush down to my private practice room where I proceeded to strip and beat off with my throbbing penis between the A and E strings. I immediately came—trying to think of another time when I had received so much pleasure.

I have also tried fucking the F holes, but once my penis gets hard it becomes wedged in the hole and is quite painful. Such drawbacks can be overlooked when the total wonderful experience is taken into account.—*David Nero, address withheld*

David, you are not alone, although some readers have a pronounced penchant for the cello, as an upcoming story in these pages will indicate. String along.—Editor

Female forum

I am a twenty-two-year-old fox, and I have just moved from Dallas, Texas, to Long Beach, California. Therefore, I don't know too many men yet, although I'm working on it. Like any normal woman, I get horny pretty often, and today I experienced something that made me pick up my pen and write to Forum.

I work as a secretary in a very new and small company, and am usually alone in the office all day. Today was very slow, and since my sex life has been almost nil because of no decent chances in about a week, I found myself reading Forum and getting very horny. Without thinking I started rubbing my nipples and unzipping my slacks. I grabbed my pen and made believe it was a nice, long penis, and while massaging my clit and working with my pen, I came to a delicious climax. And the thrill of knowing that someone just *might* walk in and catch me was very exciting also! Has anyone else experienced something similar?—*S.B., Long Beach, Calif.*

I'm a healthy, young, working girl who enjoys sex, and I have found that I receive a lot of pleasure by being able to give pleasure. While I enjoy most types of sex, I find that one of my very favorite things is giving a blow job to someone really special to me. Many of my friends tell me they give bj's because they feel they have to, and I guess I used to feel the same way before I really started getting involved in the art.

A few months ago I started a job where I met just such a special guy. We became friends quickly and had many conversations concerning sex. One day when we took our lunch break together we drove to a nearby park and I mentioned that I received a special delight in sucking my boyfriend's cock. I said that I'd like to try his. He didn't seem to mind the idea so I asked him to unzip his pants, and as I freed his already erect prick, I lowered my head and licked the tip, then slipped my mouth over it and began sucking. He could only moan in ecstasy as I encircled his pecker again and again with my tongue as fast as I could.

It wasn't long till he filled my eager mouth with the most delicious come I had ever tasted. I licked the length of his beautiful tool to get every last drop of that tasty juice, and all he could say was "Oh, my Lord." It really turned me on. Now we slip away whenever we can to a secluded spot where I can make love in my own special way. It's the greatest feeling. (Let's hear it from those of you girls who really enjoy sucking and eating.) —*Name and address withheld*

I am nineteen and openly believe in sex. But at the moment I consider myself too young to be tied down so I don't sleep with just one guy. In my hometown I had a rotten reputation, which ended when I got pregnant and lost the baby. All my so-called friends thought it was a big joke. I then moved to Vancouver, thinking that the people here would be more open-minded. Here I also sleep with many guys. You could kind of call them my harem. Most of them are very open-minded and feel the same way I do.

I feel no shame about my sleeping with different people, but I like to be the one to choose them. The problem is guys consider me a whore and put every horny guy they come across on my tail. They also rib me a lot in front of people and it's very embarrassing. Since I know some of them read this magazine, I would like to put a message in it for them and any other males who think the same way.

A girl is *not* a whore if she sleeps with different guys. Girls can get horny too, and if you don't have a steady boyfriend, you usually have some friends around to help you out. A whore is a word that should never have been invented. A girl like me is not a whore. I do not get paid and I don't even think I resemble one. A girl who gets money for making love is a prostitute—not a whore.

So come on you slow males, the world is being liberated. Get with it and accept freedom. It can be fun.—*Name withheld, Vancouver, Canada*

Binge eating

I am a twenty-five-year-old bachelor, and at the present time I am getting more than my share of delicious cunt. I have a ten-inch rod. I have sex with five different girls, and two of these chicks are killing me. They both love to give head and aren't satisfied until I have drained my meatballs of every drop of jism. One night I came four times in this one chick's mouth and I was bushed.

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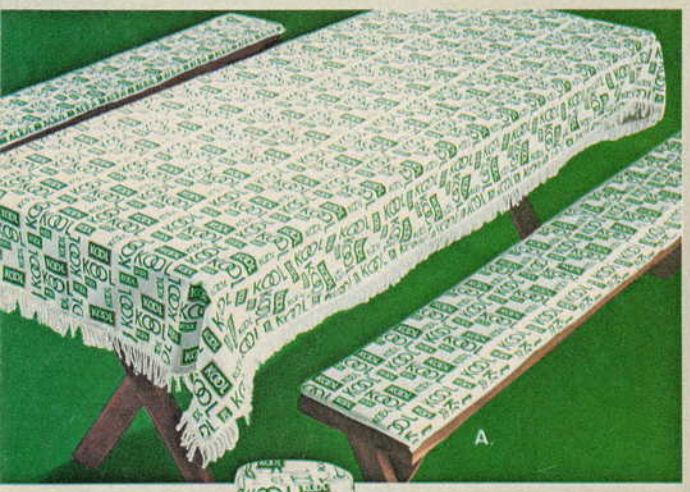

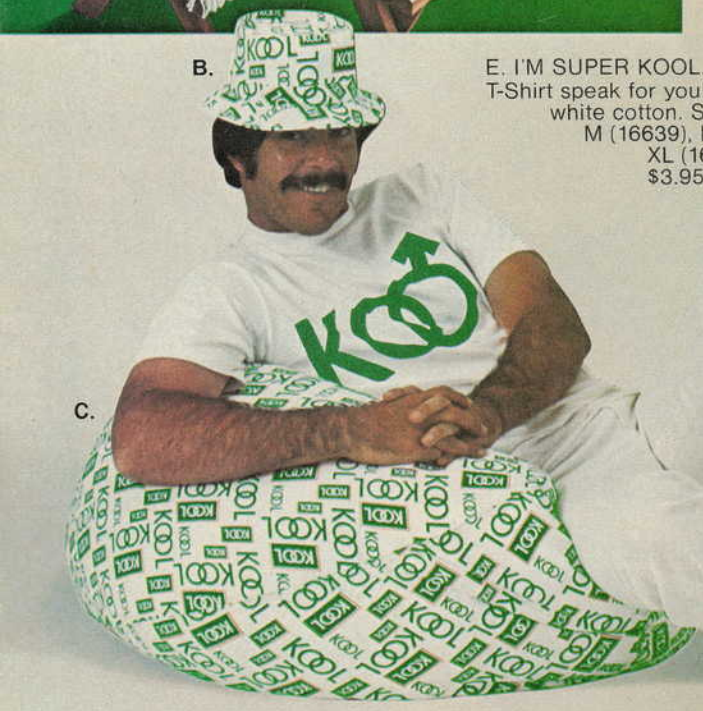

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SEPTEMBER

head hanging over the side and take all of my huge cock in her mouth. She is another Linda Lovelace. What can I do when all these two chicks think about is funneling my spunk down their gullets and leaving me with a soft stick?—*Name withheld, Little Rock, Ark.*

Ask them out to dinner.—Editor

How do ya like them apples?

There is an area of female affliction which I don't believe any of your readers have commented on—breast removal. I'd like to share an experience of mine with a woman who had that kind of surgery.

My business travels take me to New York with some frequency. For years I had been seeing an old girl friend who is now a widow and a delightful sex partner. Because of my wife's growing suspicion, I decided to change the pattern and visit my wife's oldest girl friend, an unmarried but very attractive girl of thirty-eight who works as an executive secretary. I picked Vicky up at her apartment and then departed for cocktails and dinner at a quiet restaurant. Vicky and I had always been good friends and she was a most interesting dinner partner. She described in very frank details her troubles with breast cancer and subsequent surgery.

We walked back to her apartment, where I planned to say good night and catch a cab back to my hotel. To my surprise, she suggested a nightcap in her apartment. The drinks flowed freely and we were both mildly high. As she stood to pour still another round of drinks, I stopped her by putting my arms around her, and we began to kiss rather passionately—something that had never occurred before. We soon found ourselves on her sofa, embracing like two teenagers.

I became tremendously aroused and began to try undressing her, which she resisted claiming it was wrong (she was still a virgin!). The heat between her legs suddenly got to her and she startled me by unbuttoning her blouse and lifting her bra to reveal where two lovely breasts had formerly been. She expected my reaction to be one of revulsion which would cool my now feverish ardor. Instead, I began to kiss her chest and belly. She became fully aroused for the first time in her life (she later told me), but she was still fighting for her virginity from sheer instinct. I managed to get her panties off (thank God no panty hose!) and my fly unzipped and rock-hard penis out and nestled between her legs. Her very wet pussy yielded and I slowly worked the head and then the shaft all the way in. Vicky became uncontrollable in her passion, wrapping her beautiful long legs around me and trying to pull me in even deeper. All the time she was pumping violently in the throes of continuing orgasms. To say I came is putting it mildly.—*Name withheld, Houston, Texas*

Click chicks

I guess I have a rather common fetish, but with a little twist that I would like to share with everyone else. It really turns me on when I see a woman wearing taps on her shoes. To me, nothing beats seeing a dynamite woman, or my wife in tight clothes and four-inch heel shoes that click so dainty and sexy with an occasional scuff on the sidewalk. Every time this happens I can feel my hard cock pulsating with desire and wishing I were up her skirt. There is just something incredibly special about that clicking sound that plain heels don't have.

For instance one day I was walking home from work, I passed a shoe repair shop and noticed a sexy blond having taps put on her three-inch heel baby dolls. Boy, the urge to fuck her was unbelievable. Then watching her slip on the shoes and click the heels one by one on the floor so gingerly, made me rush home to my wife, who by the way is a professional dancer and wears the best-looking shoes you've ever seen. I opened the door, and there was my wife standing in front of me clad in a red halter-top, red hot-pants, and four-inch heel black patent shoes with large taps on the heel and toe. About this time I was ready to come in my jeans. She sat me down on the couch, and I watched as she strutted around the room, hearing the sound of her taps on the tile floor. As she was strutting, she slowly took off her clothes—first the top to expose her breasts, then her hot-pants that she carefully slid over her shoes, then completely naked, she stood in front of me with one foot on the coffee table tapping her heel and fingering her cunt. I was in ecstasy. Reaching for her, she quickly backed off and started doing a tap dance while fingering her breasts and cunt. She jumped on the coffee table still tap dancing, and I reached a climax. She then bent down and started sucking my cock while tapping her toes on the edge of the table. I climaxed again. With this my wife got up and tapped her way to the bedroom where she spread her legs on the bed showing her juicy pussy and exposing the shiny taps on her shoes. We fucked, and fucked, and fucked, her legs wrapped around me so I could feel those metal plates on my back. After we were done I never felt so satisfied in all my life. I recommend to any guy who has a shoe fetish to try this with a woman. Also, I think you gentlemen at *Penthouse* should keep us shoe fetishists in mind, and photograph more girls with their shoes on, or maybe a couple with taps showing.—*Name and address withheld*

Maiden voyage

I am an avid reader of *Penthouse* and would like to share with you my first sexual experience. In the fall of 1973 I joined the marines and after boot camp I was assigned to a ship going on a Mediterranean cruise. When we arrived in Genoa, Italy, I was given a forty-eight hour liberty, so I decided to walk around the city for a while. While I was in an open-air market, I was approached by a fairly attractive woman who appeared to be in her late thirties. She said to me in broken English that she knew I had just arrived in port and asked if I would like to come to her home and have dinner and meet her two young daughters. She seemed real nice, sort of the motherly type, so I agreed and we proceeded to her home.

When I got there we had a wonderful meal; then it all started. I asked about her two daughters. When she didn't answer right away, I knew something was up. Then she said there were no girls and that she wanted to give me a blow job. I thought I was dreaming! She came over to me and unzipped my fly and started to fondle my cock. I instantly became stiff and she started sucking. I was still too shocked to say anything. After I achieved climax, I knew my first impression of this woman was wrong. In a few minutes, we were in the bedroom and I was getting fucked for the first time in my life! I spent the rest of my liberty in her house, mainly in the bedroom, where she taught and showed me things about sex I never imagined! These two days were the most wonderful in my life. So, if an attractive woman ever invites me home for dinner again, I won't be going for the lasagna!—*Name and address withheld*

Superfly

I am a twenty-year-old senior at Virginia Commonwealth University, and I flatter myself that I am quite hip in my sexual encounters. I am also rather attractive, or so I've been told. I won the bathing suit competition in the Miss U.S.A. Vir-

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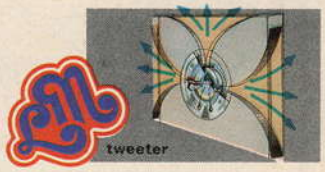

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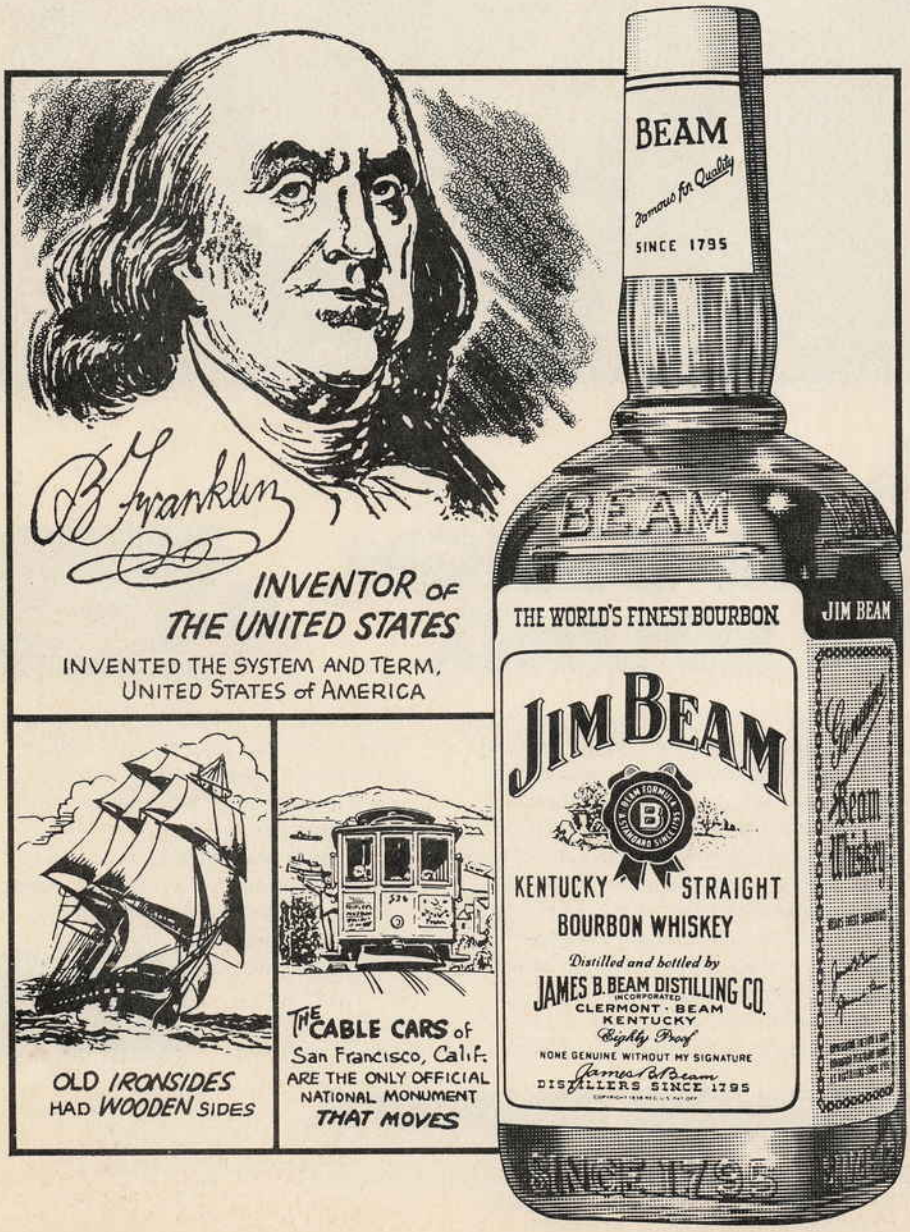

ginia contest. I happily gave up my virginity at the old age of sixteen, and I must admit that while I am very selective, I have had my share of sexual encounters. Several of these men were most accomplished in their sexual prowess, but there was one male who I must tell you about.

I met this fascinating man several months ago when I was spending the weekend with one of my girl friends at Virginia Beach. We decided not to go to the usual discotheques, but instead to go to a classy nightclub. We went to a club called Pascal's where we met the owner who was one of the nicest men I ever had the pleasure of meeting. Well, all of a sudden "he" walked in, and sat down at our table. He was tall and lean with broad muscular shoulders. His hair was styled in a short afro, and he had a dark well-kept moustache. He was dressed in jeans and a shirt that fit him perfectly. He had the sexiest ass I ever saw and he really turned me on. He was sarcastic yet gentle. He was the brightest man I had ever met, and he was so self-confident that if a woman wanted him, she had to make the first move. He always wore silver and turquoise tinted glasses which shielded his piercing eyes.

He caught me staring at him and I felt like his eyes were looking at my soul. I had to be with him even if I had to beg (something I had never done before). I asked him to give me a ride to our motel, as my girl friend was going to a private club with some friends. He said he would. In the parking lot, in the car, and at the motel he didn't put a hand on me. I asked him up to smoke a joint before he left. We stood on the balcony overlooking the ocean and our bodies were touching. His lack of interest was driving me insane, and I knew that he knew it was. I slid my arms around his neck and from that moment on he possessed me.

When he kissed me I almost came. His gentle hands explored every inch of my body and left every inch of my flesh begging. His skillful hands undressed me as we stood there in the cool night air, but I was far too hot to feel it. I was insane with desire, but he was a master and could not be rushed.

He lifted me in his arms and carried me to the bed. Then he removed his clothes as I squirmed on the sheets. I couldn't keep my eyes off of him as he stood there before me. I felt that I was about to be fucked by Michelangelo's David. Then he came to me, and his talented lips and tongue devoured me from my neck to my toes. I hadn't even felt his magnificent prick and I had already come several times. When his mouth found my cunt I couldn't move. My entire body began shaking from the intense pleasure that I was experiencing. I exploded into the deepest orgasm I had ever had.

He knelt before me as I crawled for his stiff cock. I had always viewed oral sex as something I had to do to a man "to be fair." Now all I wanted was to suck his beautiful cock and gulp all the semen he could give me. I sucked his cock with a relish that surprised me. Then he spread my legs and lovingly slid that wonderful cock into my superwet cunt. He provided me with the fuck of my life, and I couldn't stop coming even when he removed that treasured fucking tool. Then my Scorpio held me to him as I fell asleep in his arms. The next morning he was gone and I never saw him again. However my girl friend did, and she too has joined me in voting him the perfect man. Perhaps, hopefully, we will see him again on our next vacation. We certainly hope so!—*Name and address withheld*

Pet partisans

My vote for Pet of the Year goes, emphatically, to Francis Cannon! She's truly one of the most charmingly beautiful women I have ever seen. If

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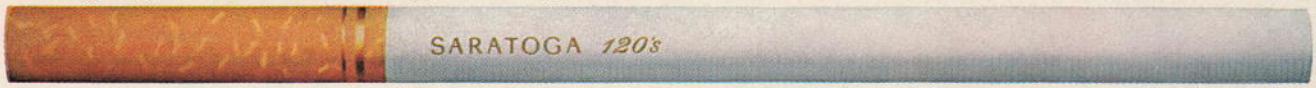

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there is any justice in this world—she will win!

Keep up the good work—*Penthouse* is great! I especially admire your courage and frankness in publishing explicit photos, in a journalistically respectable magazine. Let's have more.—*Douglas Jones, Tucson, Ariz.*

It's pleasing to see you included with Wendy, your June Pet, some pretty heavy evaluation of her. She's to be applauded for a down-to-earth, I-don't-give-a-damn-what-you-think attitude. I think all women should voice and carry out their convictions and I hope she does become a successful actress. She feels strongly about her career and she's blunt—great! Hang in there, Wendy!—*Carl Johnson, Santa Monica, Calif.*

Three cheers for *Penthouse*: A year and a half ago, I married a girl who is sexy enough to model for your centerfold. Before I started going with her, whenever a bunch of guys got together the conversation always got around to how great it would be to fuck Mary (not her name).

On our honeymoon, I was wild with anticipation. (When we were "courting," she let me feel her up pretty good and she would jerk me off, but she wanted to save the "real thing" for marriage.) Well, she turned out to be pretty good in bed, but she absolutely insisted that everything had to be done in total darkness. It is hard to believe, but I had never seen her with her clothes off until a month ago. All I knew about her body was by feel.

It really frustrated me so much so that I went back to heavy masturbation. At least I could look at my own cock. Because of her incredible prudishness, I always hid my sex literature beneath the shirts in my drawer.

Recently, I had to take a trip out of town and while I was away she discovered my *Penthouses*. When I got home, she told me she had found them. Then she went to the bedroom and closed the door.

I hate arguments, so after considering it for a while I decided to "apologize" to her. I knocked on the bedroom door, and she called to me to wait a minute. Then she told me to come in. She was sitting at her dressing table wearing her robe. As I started towards her to give her a make-up kiss, she flung the robe open and spread her legs. "Well, how do I compare with the girls in your sex magazines?," she said. I was floored. Then she started to caress her breasts and pussy. Honestly, she was—*is*—magnificent!

While I stood there, she unzipped my pants and gave me the greatest blow job I have ever experienced. After I recovered, we fucked like maniacs with the lights on full.

Now, she not only fucks me and blows me to exhaustion, but she has me taking color pictures of her in every conceivable pose . . . with her finger, or a cucumber, in her cunt . . . with clothes pins on her nipples . . . everything. She has become such an exhibitionist that she's had me take pictures of her wearing a half-mask which she sends to some of her former boyfriends (without identification, of course.) One of them, with whom I am pretty friendly, showed me this anonymous picture that he got in the mail. It gave me a terrific secret thrill, especially when he told me that when he got it he just had to jerk off. I credit *Penthouse* for not only saving my marriage, but making me one of the world's happiest sex manicas.—*Name withheld, New York, N.Y.*

I cannot understand the reason for the title on your pictorial starting on page 138 in the April issue. The title reads, "Girl Without Peer," and yet I can plainly see that she has one in every photo save one.

Look again. The most obvious one is on the

TODAY, THE AVERAGE ECONOMY CAR IS A LUXURY MOST PEOPLE CAN'T AFFORD.

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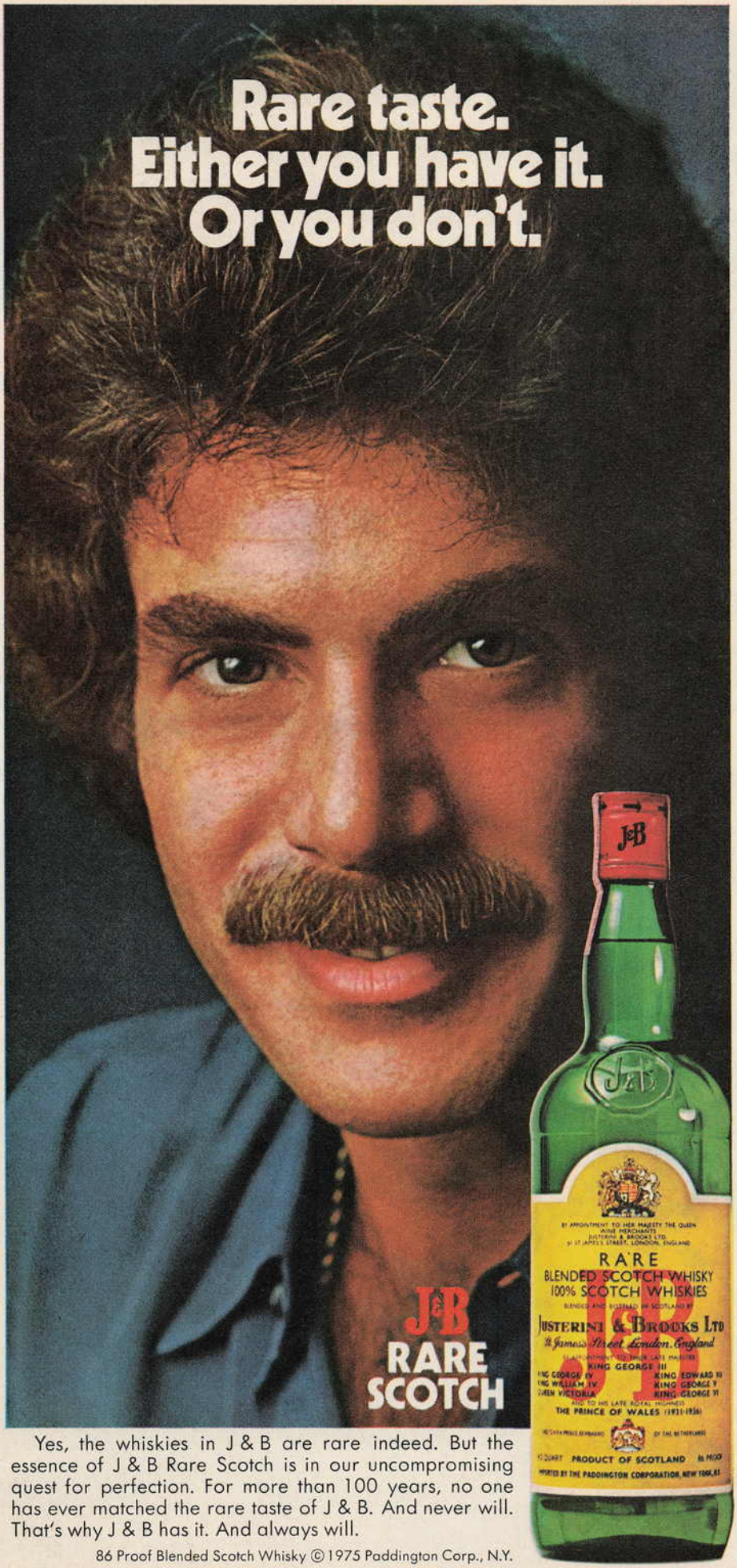

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139th page, about an inch above the bottom edge. It seems to be covered by a light growth of hair.—*Selwyn Miles, East Orleans, Mass.*

Size, sex, and satisfaction

My husband and I are avid readers of *Penthouse* and *Forum* magazines. Lots of people say that, and I'm sure it's because of your fantastic work and the excellent advice you give people—for instance, the answer from the editor to J.B. of Allentown, Pa. in your June issue. I was so mad when I read her letter that I was going to put the magazine down, but then I read the editor's note below and I had to laugh because I couldn't of said it better!

It's J.B.'s right to get turned on by big cocks if that's what she likes, but to blame her husband's size for their rotten sex life is really too much! Her husband measures 5¾-inches long and 2¾-inches around while my husband measures only five inches when fully erect and three inches around. Those are the most beautiful measurements I've seen when it's throbbing and just waiting for my mouth or cunt. I've had men bigger and one even smaller, but none can manage to do to me what my husband can.

He can only come once a night, but who needs three or four when the one is so great it leaves us both glowing for hours? It's quality, *not* quantity.

Believe what you want J.B., but my opinion is love cannot be measured in inches, and any man can be a fantastic lover if the women he's trying to please isn't so conceited that she says "tough tits" to anyone under eight inches. I wish you luck J.B. With your attitude, you are definitely gonna need it!—*C.B., Gwinn, Mich.*

I'm not a "cunt" who *doesn't* care about cock size. A big one is nice, but in my case, *not* a prerequisite to having sex with a man.

There's a hell of a lot more to a man than how much he's got in the pecker department. I've found that a small mind is by far less stimulating than a small penis.—*M.G., Marysville, Calif.*

Statistically, I suppose I come from the majority of males who have to do the best they can with average equipment, but to say I've been sexually deprived is utter nonsense. As a matter of fact, when I finally found out what true sensuality was all about, my ladies made it apparent that I was high on the list of the guys they enjoyed sex with, and have to this day, even though I'm now over forty and still playing the field. I don't get my confidence and self-assurance from a foot of cock; I get it from the girls I date who prefer about half that amount, and the ingredients of consideration, experience, and total mutual involvement.

It saddens me when I encounter people like J.B., who look upon sex as a physical experience aimed at self-fulfillment. The mind-trip of turning someone on to the point of delerium is the turn-on of the century, and has very little to do with the length and girth of your shaft.—*J.A., Sherman Oaks, Calif.*

College caper . . .

I am a nineteen-year-old male student living in a dorm at a state university in North Carolina, and like many guys around here I'm an avid reader of *Penthouse*. But I must admit until today I had doubts about the authenticity of most of the letters having to do with college experiences. My ideas about these letters changed somewhat radically when I had my own experience today, which I shall relate.

I didn't have anything important to do this afternoon, so I was lying on my bed reading the latest edition of *Penthouse*. My roommate had gone downtown to eat lunch and had left the door open,

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so I did not notice when a rather good-looking girl (I'll call her Jane), with whom I had graduated from high school, walked into the room. Jane startled me by making a comment about how surprised she was at me for looking at such pictures (a Pet pictorial section). As I sheepishly grinned at her I noticed that she was wearing a short tennis skirt. She laughed at my embarrassment and sat Indian-fashion on my roommate's bed facing me. I had a grand view of two luscious, tanned thighs topped by a pair of tightly-fitting panties. My already half-erect penis began rising again, but Jane had not yet noticed it.

She asked to see the magazine, and, after studying the pictures for a while, she coyly asked me what the *Penthouse* women had that she didn't have. A slight smile came to her lips. By this time I had gotten over much of my embarrassment, and, not expecting the matter to go much further, I jokingly answered "I haven't seen you in the nude, so I can't make a comparison."

Without a word, and much to my surprise, Jane walked to the door, shut it and came back to stand directly in front of me. Then she promptly began undressing. In a matter of seconds, she revealed one of the most perfectly shaped bodies I had ever seen. Her milky white breasts stood out firmly from her chest and were topped by two sensuous, rosy nipples. And oh, what a beautiful, bushy pussy! I could almost see those pouting lips inviting me to come closer, but I was frozen.

Jane was now sitting on my bed facing me, again with her legs crossed Indian-fashion. My cock now felt as if it were made of stone, and I thought that my jeans would surely rip if I didn't relieve the pressure.

Jane, holding up the *Penthouse* centerfold, asked me for a comparison, but I was utterly speechless. Obviously noticing my ever-increasing discomfort, she unzipped my pants to release my throbbing prick from its prison and commenced to give me the most enjoyable blow job imaginable. Just before I came, she climbed on top of me and my aching cock sank deep into her warm, wet cunt. She began to slide up and down on my prick while I fondled her fantastic breasts. I came in about thirty seconds, and it felt as if I had shot my balls off. Jane had a shattering orgasm seconds after me and fell back onto the bed moaning with exhaustion ecstasy.

After a few moments, I put my head down between Jane's legs and inched my way toward her wet pussy by kissing her thighs and rubbing her ass. She soon started moaning again and writhing from side to side, and it was becoming increasingly difficult to keep my head between her legs. Suddenly, she grabbed my head and buried it into her wet, trembling love nest, and I started flitting my tongue in her cunt rapidly. With a long, loud moan, she delivered her load of love juice onto my face and mouth, and once again she fell back in exhaustion.

We fucked one more time before Jane left, and somehow I found the energy to put my clothes back on before my roommate returned. As I lay on my bed collecting my thoughts, he looked at me and said, "I have never understood how you can become so tired by just lying around all day." I just grinned and left him to puzzle things out for himself.—*Name withheld, Chapel Hill, N.C.*

. . . pinch hitter . . .

My college roommate and I had an arrangement that if either of us walked in unexpectedly with a date and wanted exclusive use of the room for an hour or so, the tip-off was to say, "I borrowed a razor blade today." Allowing a few minutes for discretion, the other one of us would soon leave.

One evening around 9:30, my roommate Eric entered with a lovely coed in tow, both aroused from a heavy session in his car. Eric commented right-off about "borrowing a razor blade" so I soon gathered a few books and went downstairs to a reading room. I had trouble concentrating on anything but the fact that Eric was upstairs screwing the ass off that sweet young thing.

I saw Eric leave about forty-five minutes later so I went back upstairs. I walked in to find Sue still there, sitting in the corner chair casually smoking. After my initial surprise I said, "Hi, I thought you and Eric had left." Sue stretched, rolled her eyes up at me and commented, "Eric had a call from the (college) newspaper office about tomorrow's edition so he had to leave for a while." I tried hard not to stare. Sue was some find. I'd seen her around the campus but never close enough to study her features. Sue was slim with long blond hair and an ample figure—although it was difficult to fully appreciate her curves in the baggy shirt and jeans she wore.

I felt awkward, yet quite excited by this turn of events. Not knowing just what response to make next I smiled and casually sat down at the desk. I was sorting out class notes when Sue came over, stood behind me, and began massaging my neck and shoulders. "You're really tense," she said, "try to relax a bit." Gradually I began to unwind, and I closed my eyes and let my head fall back. Instead of touching the hard back of the chair I felt the heavy fullness of her breasts on each side of my head. I remained nearly motionless for what seemed like just a few minutes, and then I began deliberately bobbing around.

Sue obviously was braless, and excited too, as I felt her nipples extend. She added a few subtle responses of her own, pressing her breasts back into me. My cock grew another few inches.

Slowly, so as not to break the mood, I let my one hand reach back and start up the outside of her firm thigh. Sue reached down and guided my hand back between her legs and squeezed down as I pressed upward into the tight crotch of her jeans. I added a rhythmic back and forth motion and we continued to massage each other that way for several minutes.

Sue continued to rub my neck with one hand, while she unbuttoned her shirt and jeans. I felt the warmth and fullness of her breasts bare against me as my hand, no longer obstructed by her jeans, pressed up into the curls and moisture of her slit.

Sue helped me out of my sweater and unfastened my belt from behind. With deliberate slowness she opened my fly and worked my pants off onto the floor. As she reached over my shoulder her breasts pressed against my back and neck and my cock extended to nearly seven inches of solid bone.

Before I could get up Sue was around on my lap straddling me in the chair. She locked her arms around my neck and wiggled her cunt against the underside of my erect cock. She was slick enough that her lips spread open and I felt her lubricate the full length of me. With a quick flip of her hips she angled over me and collapsed, sending me plunging full length into her. I could only take a few minutes of her wild gyrations before I felt the pressure build up. I came with a dozen heavy spasms shooting up and out of me.

Sue moaned, and shook with her own release before resting against me. "Don't move," she whispered.

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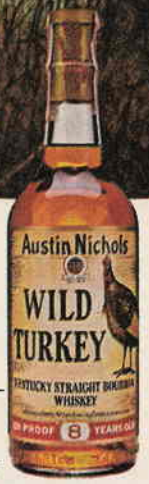

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Specifications	SX-737	SX-838
FM Sensitivity	1.9 uV	1.8 uV
Selectivity	60 dB	80 dB
Capture Ratio	1.0 dB	1.0 dB
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I was still semi-hard as we kissed open-mouthed, breathing deeply into each other. I cupped my hands over her breasts and squeezed and toyed with her nipples until they stood out and dug into the palms of my hands.

Slowly, Sue began to rock up and down again as I grew and stiffened inside her. The sensation was better this time since I could control the pace with my hands pulling against her ass. When I felt I could no longer hold back, Sue raised up and fell back on the bed.

Both of her legs were flexed far backward, one resting on the mattress and the other stretched out into the room.

I followed an instant later plunging back full-length while Sue scissored her legs around my waist. Sue tongued my ear and panted, "I'm wide open for you, give it to me hard." I sank full length strokes into her delicious cunt, enjoying her quiver each time I went up to the hilt. Her moans of passion blended with the liquid sounds of my deep thrusts in her cunt already full with two discharges. I could feel Sue release with a sudden arching of her back and quick pumping of her ass. I came with another series of spurts while she tossed her head from side to side, kissing my lips and neck.

We stayed together like that for some time savoring what had been so intense for us both. To this day I don't know if my roommate ever knew what took place that night between Sue and myself.—*Name and address withheld*

. . . Who's on first?

Two months ago, I had the most unforgettable experience of my life. I am a college student at a well-known Pennsylvania institution. As part of the hazing ritual of my fraternity, I was blindfolded, tied up, and stripped to my underwear. After smearing shaving cream over my body and hair, the brothers left me in a girls' dormitory hallway. Despite my embarrassment, I realized that the quickest way to get out of the predicament was to yell for help and get covered up. Within a few seconds, I heard several girls coming out of their rooms in response to my calls. Instead of the shock I thought they would show, the girls started to giggle one by one. Their reaction instantly eased my nervousness somewhat. I requested that they untie me and remove the blindfold, but they would not answer. I sensed that they were staring at me, so I was certainly glad that I was wearing at least underwear. Finally, a girl started untying my feet as the others watched. Suddenly, I realized I was in trouble as the girl moved her fingers up and down my lower leg. Wearing only underwear, this was not exactly the most opportune time to get an erection. Within seconds, I had sprouted a terrific bulge between my legs, and the girls couldn't have missed it if they tried. Their response again shocked me. The girls refused to further untie me, and started to drag me into a room. I was somewhat confused until I heard giggles and felt hands groping to pull down my underwear. Several hands rubbed my body and alternated stroking my penis. I became extremely excited and asked to have the use of my hands, too, but they just kept working me over. Suddenly I felt a tongue and next a mouth encase my cock. I was turned on as never before, because I had never experienced sex with more than one girl at once. Next, as one operated on my flagpole, another girl dropped her pants and squatted over my head. I felt her lower herself onto my awaiting lips and tongue. The next half hour was ecstasy. I came harder on each different blow job. My sweaty body was meshed with about half a dozen others in a sexual frenzy. What started as an ordeal ended up as an experience greater than any of my fantasies.

But it had to end, and the girls had no intention of making known their identities. We rested and panted while two girls whispered how to get me out of the hall. They wrapped me in a blanket and carried me outside and rushed away. A passing friend released me several minutes later. I have told no one of my experience, for fear of not being believed. Reading Forum gave me the idea of sharing this with concerned readers. I still am excited about it, and every time I pass a girl at school, I look her over and wonder if maybe. . . . —*Michael Gaber, Lewisburg, Pa.*

Here's Mrs. Robinson

You've printed letters from young men who've made out with older women, but you've seldom printed any from the women themselves. I think that I can speak as an authority on the subject, since I've had three young lovers in the past two years.

I'm thirty-one years old, still attractive, and I work as a saleswoman in a large department store. I have black hair and brown eyes, and while my bust-line is okay, I've been told that my legs are my best part.

I first got the idea about having younger lovers when I picked up an underground newspaper and looked through the ads and saw one where a father of a young boy was looking for someone to teach his son sex. I didn't answer the ad, but it got me to thinking, and the more I thought about it, the hornier I got. I should mention that I'm married, and in the last few years my husband, who is fourteen years older than I am, has become very dead as far as sex goes.

So I rented a PO box and ran my own ad, and got quite a few replies. After filtering out the weirdos, I settled on a young college student who still was a virgin. I couldn't believe that, but it turned out to be true. Unfortunately, our experience wasn't very good and he didn't want to see me again. I've felt bad about that, and I hope I didn't mix up his life too much.

But my next one was much better, and became the first young lover I had. He was just out of high school, very shy, and one of the nicest looking young men I've seen in a long time. I had arranged with a friend to borrow her apartment for a couple of nights, while my husband was out of town, and that night was one of the best I've ever had. We didn't do anything out of the ordinary, but it was very tender and loving, and that is what turns me on. I loved it. Just stroking one another softly was one of the most loving things ever.

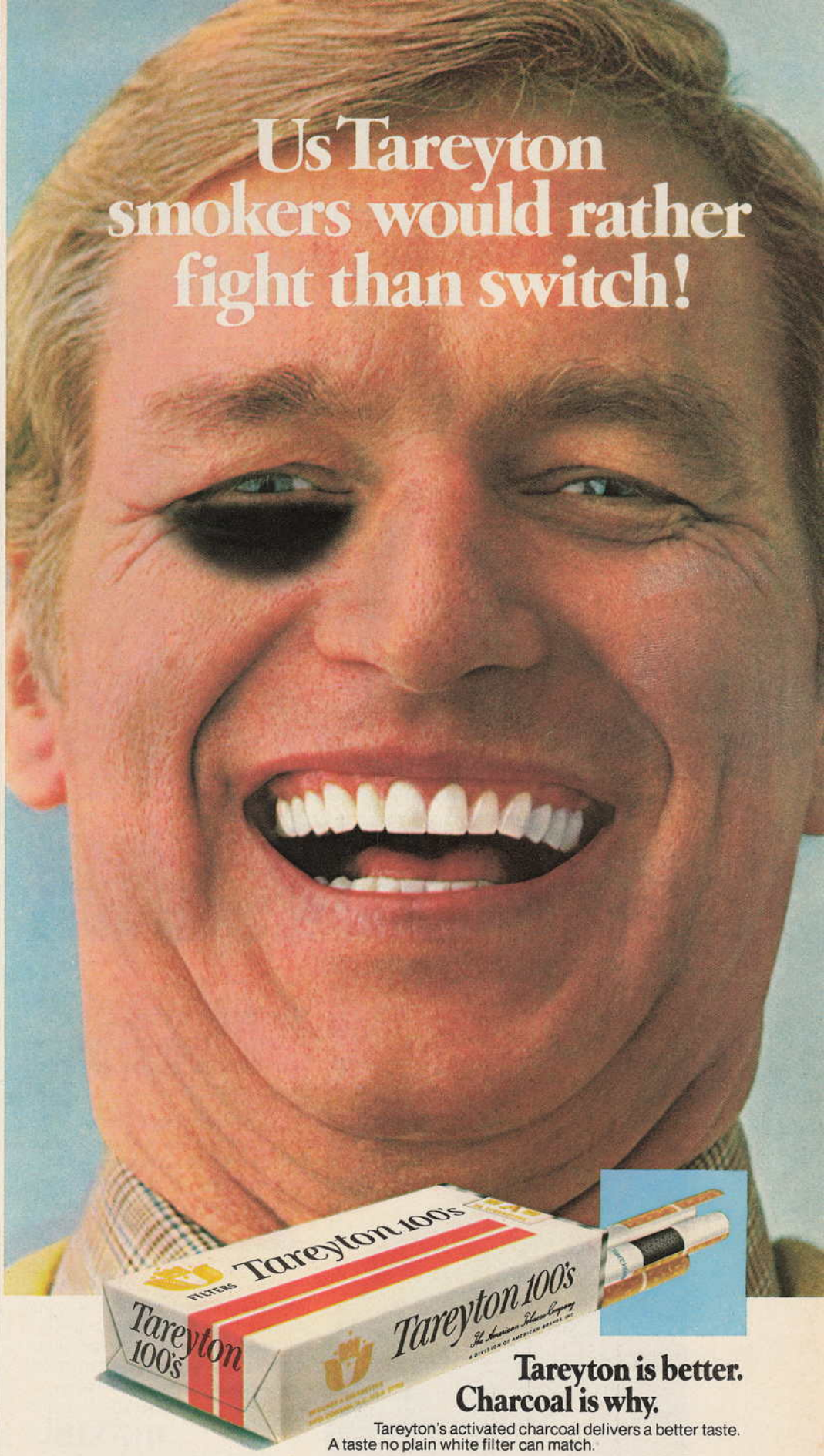
That sums up why I do it. Young men are more romantic, and the more far-out acts are not too stimulating for me. I like my sex warm and tender. A young man learning about loving makes me happier than anything else. A young companion, a soft warm bed, and no danger of an interruption, that's my idea of heaven.

You can keep your blenders, your trios, your bisexuals, and all that kinky sex. They may be all right for some, but for me, nice and tender loving is my turn on. There's really not too much to making out, and it doesn't take long for my partners to get the hang of it. After that, it's nice and smooth sailing. And that's all I want.—*Name withheld, Berkeley, Calif.*

Sex on wheels

I thought you might be interested in a game that I play. Being a secretary in Manhattan, I occasionally deliver envelopes to our clients around the city. I always take a cab. However, to make these cab rides less boring, and, in fact, quite pleasurable, I've worked out the following game.

Just before my cab arrives to pick me up, I remove my panties and roll up my skirt at the waist to shorten it. While reclining in the backseat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of the cab, I make sure to spread my legs wide enough so that the driver can watch the sight. The sight, of course, is one that many men have called sweet and delicious.

The object of the game is to elicit a response from the driver. Watching his face in the rear-view mirror, I can always tell when he's caught sight of my quivering, down-covered lips.

At that point, smiles surface on both of our faces, and the next move is his. However, to guide him in his actions, I lick my lips appreciatively, thrusting my hips slightly forward and then in a circular grinding motion.

At this point, I lean forward, the driver opens the window separating him from me, and I remark on the obvious bulge in his pants.

This is usually the final straw. The letters to the clients have to wait. The cabby finds a quiet area in the city, and we proceed to deflate that bulge in his pants, at the same time satisfying the urge in my loins.

I deliver my letters and go back to work a lot wetter and happier. I've had the same cabby twice. His name is Michael, he's a college student, and he's the best. I call him the rose of Spanish Harlem.

The best thing about my game is that I always win. In this wide world of sports, it's always the thrill of victory.—*Name withheld, New York, N.Y.*

Basic training

I have been an avid reader of your magazine for about two years, and I find it much superior to *Playboy* and the other magazines on the stands.

I am a sixteen-year-old student at a school in southern Ontario, and I enjoy the Forum for the stories of other people's sexual experiences. I think that your readers might enjoy mine.

It happened last summer in Toronto after a date with my girl friend at Ontario Place. We were coming home on the subway and it was close to 1:30 A.M. The train was quite empty, and there was no one in our car. I put my arm around her and we started necking. I was really horny at the time and so I tried to put my arm up her shirt, expecting it to be pulled out again just as fast, but amazingly enough she didn't disagree but just kept right on necking. I fondled her firm breasts for a few minutes and was surprised when I found her hands undoing my jeans. I was red hot now, and so I did the same to her and pulled her pants down to her knees. I then gently lifted her off the seat and put her on the floor. I pulled her shirt wide open, displaying a gorgeous pair of 35's. I gingerly pulled down her panties while she took care of my cock. We then made great love and I have never enjoyed it more. My girl friend and I, though we have never done it since, talk of it and try to relive it in my bedroom.

We are both interested in this type of public lovemaking and would like to hear if others enjoy our delight.—*Name withheld, Port Hope, Canada*

Check out our October issue for a full treatise on semipublic sex.—Editor

The whore with the golden heart

Over a year ago I had a very strange sequence of experiences. I am twenty-three years old and until a year ago I had never had any relationships with females. I was quite able to ask girls out. When I was in high school, I was very shy but as I got older, I pushed myself to be friendly with them. Up to about last year I got to be an excellent flirt. I could play mind games with every pretty girl in college, but as soon as I furthered my relations with them, I would break down inside, like a little kid. I couldn't even hold a girl's hand. The better I became at flirting the worse it got.

I noticed that it wasn't just bad luck and I

thought maybe I should talk about it with a psychologist. I went down to a psychiatric clinic to get free help. I told them a little about myself and they said come back on such and such a date and meet Mrs. Blank.

Mrs. Blank was Dr. Flumpson's assistant. She talked to me about three times and her attitude made me feel better. She thought that I was outgoing and everything, and there was no reason for all these sour relationships. She told me to try a dating service and see what they could do. She told me to not try to make it with any girl but to just be myself.

She also told me about a prostitute who was of high grade and might be of great benefit in helping me. (At the time I thought she was crazy.) I called the prostitute soon afterwards just for the hell of it. She was twenty-eight, five years older than me, and believe it or not, she was married with two kids.

At first she started playing games with me. She took a dominant role. She fellated me and made it all seem very nice. We even necked. Actually, we spent more time French-kissing than doing anything else. She became very interested in me because I didn't have marital problems or warts on my face and a beer belly. She actually enjoyed making love to me. You'll be surprised one day if you'll let a girl take a more active role. She will be less frigid. This woman did wonders for me. In a way she was my first girl friend even though I only saw her four times.

I never called the dating service because I had gained my own desire and confidence. I phoned back the therapist and had one last session. She advised me to move out of my parents' house as soon as possible. This was all a year ago. These days I don't even think about girls except when I'm with them. I've had three girl friends and I might be getting married to my latest.—*Name withheld, Ontario, Canada*

Such good friends

I have decided that I would like to relate my experience for use in your interesting column.

I had had my eyes on this great chick named Kelly for a long time, but all my friends told me she was too straight. I had just about given up on her when, going by her house one evening, I decided to drop in. (We had a casual acquaintance so this was nothing unusual.) She invited me in, casually mentioning that she was home alone. I was asked to wait in the hall for a moment while she went into the next room to end a phone conversation. Imagine my surprise when, a moment later, she emerged—totally nude!

I had my clothes off in a minute and was ready to go right away, but she just acted as if nothing was happening. For a long time all she would let me do was fondle her perfectly formed breasts, which was all right for a while, but after a while I was ready to explode! Suddenly she took my throbbing cock into her mouth and started to suck my balls in and out. I almost came right away but somehow she managed to keep me down. Just when I felt I could stand it no more, she guided me into her warm wet cunt and I came like never before!

We are now great friends and I am looking forward to many such enjoyable experiences in the future.—*David S., Rockville, Md.*

Sky kings . . .

Thanks to Uncle Sam, I have found the greatest, most unique autosexual high. I am a navy jet pilot, currently assigned to an all-weather attack group flying out of a Virginia air field. Having only recently won my wings, I, and the newer members of my squadron, are in a continual state of readiness training. This includes operating off a carrier

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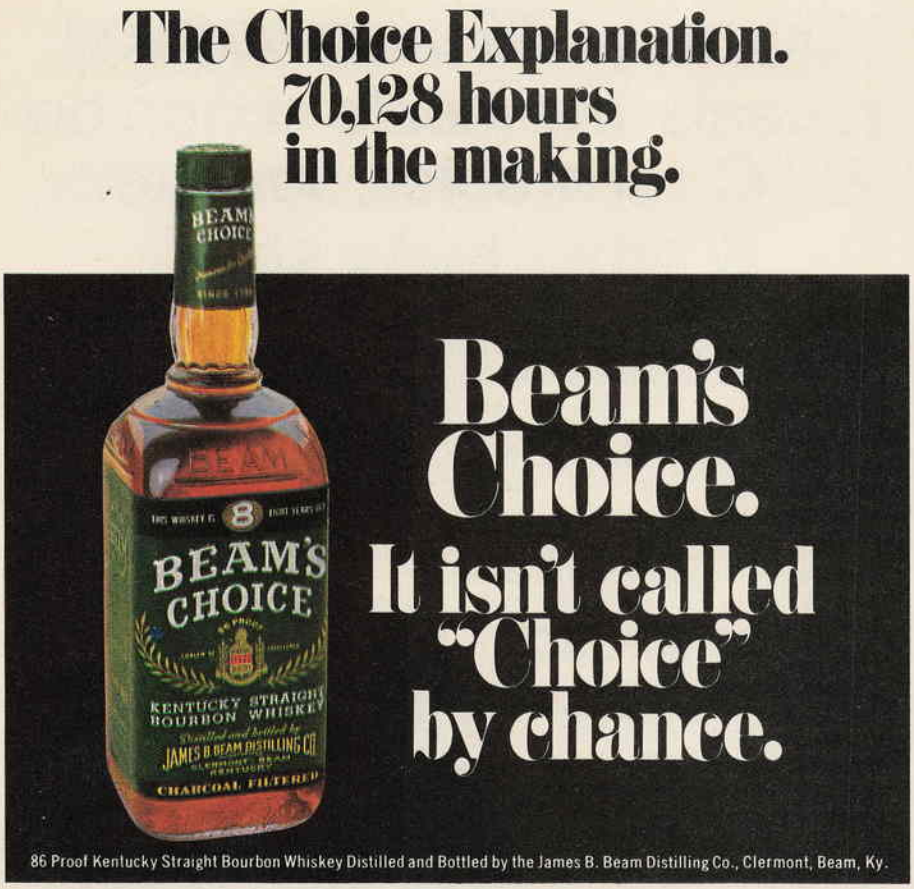
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deck off the Virginia Capes and Carolinas. Needless to say, navy airmen must master some pretty "hairy" skills in order to "hit the boat," as sailors call carrier landings. And it is only natural that tensions mount significantly.

During night operations when flying off my ship (one of the navy's few nuclear carriers), I sometimes relieve myself of all tensions associated with my job and celibacy. One could well call it aeronautically jacking-off. As my plane reduces airspeed and lines up for an approach to the "bird farm" (navy lingo for carriers), I deftly unzip my flight suit, remove my right glove, and stroke my throbbing penis vigorously. What adds to the excitement of my personal practical maneuver are the blinking lights from my mates' planes miles away, the eerie red glow emanating from my ship's flight deck well ahead of me, and the powerful drone of my plane's engine whining down as I head in. Really, for a guy who loves flying and sex equally, this is the ultimate gas!

Of course, landing a plane on a moving platform requires the utmost in skill and concentration, so I try to come at least three miles or more away from the stern. On one sloppy occasion, I exploded in a torrent of semen just as my plane hurtled over the edge of the deck, totally botching my approach. Solution? So as not to ruin an expensive machine—and myself—I dropped my dick, jerked the plane's "stick" to the left and back, and advanced the throttle for another (successful) try. I jaunted briskly from my plane after parking, wondering if the cockpit would dry out before the deck attendants got inside.

There is one drawback in this indulgence: the oxygen mask, with its attached radio, makes lubrication with saliva impractical. But it's strictly a very rough and dry affair.—*Name and address withheld*

. . .and queen

You have printed previous letters in Forum about experiences dealing with sex in airplanes. After much consideration, I decided that I should share one of my most memorable and exciting episodes that I have ever recorded.

I should set the stage with three details which will help everyone to focus the picture clearly in his mind. Firstly, my girl friend is very athletic, thereby having freedom of movement and untiring stamina. Secondly, I have been flying for a short period of time, but long enough to be able to recognize a calm day aloft. On a calm day, although the aircraft is not equipped with automatic pilot, a person can set the controls so that there is very little actual manipulation in order to maintain a steady course.

So off we go on a perfectly placid day. My girl friend was wearing only a halter dress. I say was, because as soon as we were one hundred feet above the ground, she stripped. Upon seeing this of course, my prick immediately vaulted to attention. By the time we attained a height of two hundred feet, and she had removed my pants, and was feverishly pumping my now swollen cock. We had an understanding that we couldn't accelerate into full swing until we leveled out and the controls were set. On the way to this point, however, my cock had been engulfed by the most delicious mouth I've known. Can you fathom my excitement upon hearing those slurping sounds being emitted from such a content mouth? I pride myself in being quite a gourmet when it comes to licking the split, and I wanted to reciprocate for my companion.

So when the controls had been set, without missing a stroke, my girl friend performed a semihandstand enabling her to wrap her legs around my neck. I grasped her muscular thighs and began my own furious tongue bath. I alternated between her smoldering cunt and the rose-shaped pucker of her asshole. She then hooked her toes over the back of the seat thus allowing me to have free access with my hands. I fondled her small but erect nipples with one hand and the fingers of my other hand were buried in her dripping cunt and in her asshole. Every now and then as I burrowed into her bum with my tongue, I glanced over her full moon-shaped buttocks at the compass just to make sure we were still on course. There was no doubt which course my girl friend was on. By now, she had demolished the first and second course and was engaging in the preliminaries of the third. While she licked, sucked, and tickled my knob, she jammed her fingers up my palpitating bumhole. Although I was deeply engrossed in eating her out, I felt the sudden intrusion to my inner self as though a roman candle had penetrated me.

We both crashed (to coin a phrase) simultaneously and I can honestly say that this was the most gratifying sixty-nine of my life. I'm also happy to report that my girl friend gluttonously consumed every drop of come that I exploded into her mouth, thus keeping the interior of the aircraft spotless. I sincerely hope that you print this letter in the interest of unending new experiences.—*Name and address withheld*

Inalienable rights

Mr. Harris Westover's letter in your May 1975 Forum column distresses me deeply. It is such a display of blind acceptance of American policy that I am again forced to wonder how America manages to live up to its ideals with such citizens running rampant on its streets, and working in its government.

The CIA wiretapping and investigation of private American citizens is frightening because it so obviously violates the fourth article of our Constitution. "The right of the people to be secure in their houses, papers, and effects, against unreasonable searches and seizures, shall not be violated. . . ." This basic right of every American citizen to privacy has been totally ignored by the CIA, and probably by the FBI as well.

Mr. Westover's assertions that, "Intelligence gathering is the same as war—rotten, dirty, and a necessary evil" may be true, but his "necessary evil" is not necessary enough to deny Americans the basic rights that this country has been founded upon. If the purpose of intelligence gathering is to prevent a communist takeover of America, fine. But, suspension of rights by our government to prevent suspension of the same rights by an outside government sounds like a pretty pointless exercise, indeed.

I am also interested in Mr. Westover's claim that the KGB has "tripled its activities inside the U.S. since the so-called détente." I would like to ask him where he got this information and whether he has taken it to our government for action to stop this communist infiltration.

Mr. Westover's assumption that a Soviet surprise attack would wipe out the U.S. without damage to the Soviet Union is patently absurd. Any college freshman, taking a political science course, can tell you that America would be capable, even after a surprise attack, to destroy at least a third of the Soviet population.

Finally, Mr. Westover's attitude that if you aren't a traitor or a revolutionary you have nothing to worry about is proof of his blind acceptance of the principle that "whatever the government does is all right." I imagine he might even tell me, "America right or wrong." To that the reply is simple: "America right or wrong, but when it's right, keep it right, and when it's wrong, make it right."

Mr. Westover I challenge you to take a good

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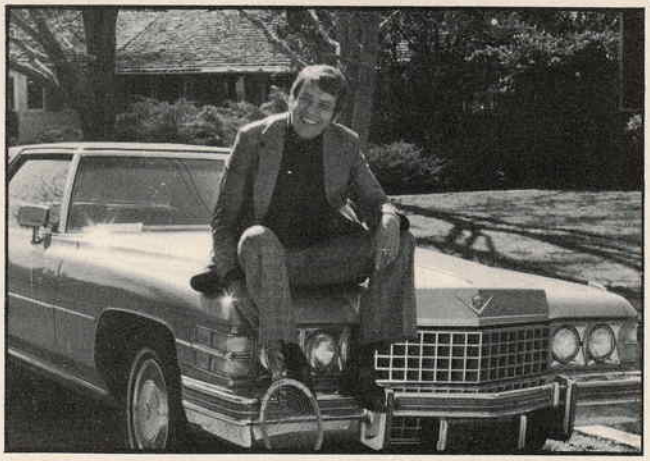

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hard look at what the Constitution says and means. Study it and find out what America really stands for. After you make that study, if you still don't like what you see, well I can only say to you, "America, love it or leave it." And I'd be more than happy to pay for your way out.—*Michael McCoy, Rocky Mt., N.C.*

Socio-sexual solutions

Recently, I came across a way of thinking about dating and/or sex that seems weird, or at least unusual. I am a soldier at Ft. Hood, Texas, and, of course, like any other military installation, the nearby city (in this case, Killeen), has some hookers.

My way of thinking goes like this: In one way or another, every woman is in fact a hooker. I'll explain it this way: (1) The girls on the streets offer sexual services for cash, and by society's rules, break the law, whereas, (2) the sexual services on a date are not much different, except that society considers it pretty much legit. You see, the most obvious goal of most men when they see a girl is to get her into bed, and with morality standards the way they are, it doesn't matter if you're married or single.

But it seems to me for a man to achieve the goal I'm talking about he has to do a few things, depending on what he thinks it takes, and they all cost money. Sometimes it costs a little money, sometimes a lot, depending on the activities, but regardless, it still costs money.

The activities include bars, movies, traveling to see her, dining out, gifts you give her, new clothing you might buy in order to impress her, anything you might buy that you think might impress her, and finally either a house or a motel room depending on your marital status.

The conclusion is evident: It doesn't make any difference whether a man pays a hooker for sex, or if he goes through the many expenses of dating and/or marriage to get a lady in bed beside him. The point I'm trying to make is this: A man pays for sexual feelings one way or another.

Based on that conclusion, prostitution should be legalized and controlled. The only reason to control and/or register them would be for medical reasons, i.e., VD. If the laws of this nation could be changed so that we could control and legalize prostitution, VD would make a sharp drop, and also, sex crimes like rape, sodomy, etc. would make a sharp decrease.

Then the police would have more time to concentrate on bigger problems or crimes like narcotics (marijuana on up to heroin; I think that none of those drugs should be legalized), robberies, traffic problems, and murder.—*T.L.F., Ft. Hood, Tex.*

Sex and shame

I'm sending $10 to your subscription department. I've been receiving *Playboy* for about nine years, and now it's time for a change.

The interview with Gore Vidal in the April issue was encouraging to a bisexual like me. I hold a fairly responsible position in a medium-sized community, the heritage of which is quite conservative. It might be more difficult to be effective in my job if it were commonly known that I am bisexual. For that reason, you must withhold my name.

Here's the way it is with me: I'm thirty-nine years old. My lover and I have been together for nearly fourteen years. We like to have ourselves, other guys, and chicks. I was straight when I was in my early twenties, and like a lot of young men, I was afraid of women, and scared to death to even consider having sex with a male. All I ever did was beat off, and feel ashamed about that. My parents never told me that any of it was wrong, but society has ways of getting messages through.

My lover came along when I was twenty-six, and together we learned that there is nothing wrong with loving a man physically as well as other ways. There are elements in a friendship/love between two males that make them especially suited to living together. I know several gay couples that get along better for longer periods of time than straight couples. We contribute just as much, if not more, to the social-political-economic-system as does any straight twosome.

But my main purpose is not to espouse gay marriages. It's to talk about feeling free. The fact that one must feel ashamed to announce his sexual feelings is regretful. It makes you think that none of the liberation moves are working. The stigma placed on enjoyment of things that feel good is a sad holdover from who knows what.

When balling one of the several chicks who think we are a fantastic pair, I like to suck my lover's cock, and to watch him screw them, and then eat his come out of them—or to lay his cock up against their muffs and eat them both.

I'm tired of feeling any kind of shame for expressing how I feel about anyone. Sex is a nice way to share time with people you like, not a weapon in some kind of ignorant war. I'm for individual freedom, whether it's racial, religious, sexual, or whatever else there is to draw lines around. Everybody is in some kind of minority, and almost everybody just wants to get along.

It all looks good in print, but I still have to make sure the blinds are drawn when I hug my man. And I can't sign my name to this letter. It's great to have magazines like *Penthouse* where the viewpoints, however far out, can be shared.—*Name and address withheld*

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Viet vets . . .

Please print the following response to a recent letter that I read in your June Forum. I became very disturbed by the letter from a draft evader still hiding in Canada. To this person, and to others that share his opinion, I would like to say the following: I really doubt that history will *ever* "applaud those young men who stirred the soundly-sleeping conscience of America by protesting, deserting, and evading the draft."

Come off it, you seem to be trying to condone your actions. As a citizen of the United States you were obligated to do something other than leave *my* country when other Americans were fighting and dying on southeast Asian soil. Yes, love and peace are very beautiful principles but so is loyalty . . . and another is *forgiveness*. You, as a draft evader, were offered amnesty. Many men took advantage of that while you remained hiding from something you alone can never change.

I for one must praise the protester for at least he received some consolation for his effort when we left Vietnam. More than that I empathize with the veteran for he at least had the balls to fight whether he felt the war was right or wrong. To the parents and families of men who were maimed, captured or who died in Vietnam while you hid comfortably in Canada, I offer my sincerest grievances along with my greatest sense of pride for your loyalty, for you, along with thousands of other men, are the true Americans.—*Raymond Charry, Jr., Silver Creek, N.Y.*

. . . in enforced exile . . .

I'd like to tell your readers about my experiences earlier this year when I returned to Amerika under President Ford's amnesty sham. My brother in Chicago received a letter from the navy telling

him I was eligible to return to the land of the free because of my good service record. I deserted the navy in March, 1970, at age twenty, after twenty-eight months in active service, including eight months overseas aboard the U.S.S. *Saratoga*. I left because of the U.S.'s Vietnam policy of imperialism, napalm, hate, and the needless sacrifice of 56,000 American lives for the rich oil tycoons and war arms profiteers.

I called the presidential clemency board in D.C. and asked for instructions regarding the letter I received, and I was told to report to Ft. Benjamin in Harrison, Indiana, for processing. I told the board I was Canadian-born, although I had resided in the states for nineteen years, and my father was a natural-born U.S. citizen. I was still instructed to return. Feeling confident everything was in order, I quit my job at the Canadian post office for $4.50 an hour, and elected to return to the U.S. and my family in good faith. I journeyed to Detroit, where I turned myself over to the U.S. Department of Immigration. I was immediately detained by those brownshirted representatives of Amerika with their menacing looking .38 Specials (even the women had pieces), and was told that I did not apply under the program because I was Canadian-born. I was held for three hours later, and after much questioning, I was deported to Canada as an undesirable alien.

I am in enforced exile here in Canada. President Ford's amnesty program is a failure. A piece of garbage. A horrendous lie, and propaganda to appease the left and sympathetic left elements of the people. Why was I cruelly deceived, lied to, and kicked in the face when Richard Nixon, a real convicted criminal, can get a full pardon, and Spiro T. Agnew can walk scot-free after taking kickbacks and ripping people off? Why are hundreds of thousands of South Vietnamese being admitted to the U.S., the majority of them being military deserters who ran in the face of the "enemy"? *Are they U.S. citizens?* Is there a separate amnesty for these maggots who I saw pushing to get on board a plane or boat?

We are witnessing 1984 and a fascist state in operation. If any of the patriots who liberated the U.S. in 1776 were alive today to witness Watergate, Vietnam, and now this sick amnesty, they would immediately vomit. Who believes in the Amerikan Dream? I don't think too many people do anymore. That's why they need to bring in 150,000 Vietnamese capitalists who do.—*B.W. Lloyd, Toronto, Canada*

. . . in defense of trial counsel . . .

I would like to respond to the letter of R. Formosa, Portsmouth, N.H., which appeared in the July issue. Mr. Formosa's contention that the defense lawyer assigned to a case "is more concerned with his military career than with the client" simply is not true. I have worked elbow to elbow with scores of young JAGC lieutenants, serving as defense and trial counsel. They are young, ambitious hardworking men, usually fresh out of law school with very little trial experience. Because of this lack of trial experience, the senior staff members closely supervise their work. In all of the hundreds of general court-martial cases in which I was involved, the defense counsel was as well qualified as the prosecution, and in most cases the appointed defense counsel was more qualified than the trial counsel.

Mr. Formosa, I am sorry that in your entire military service, you "never met an honest officer." Every officer I met—and I met and worked with hundreds and hundreds of them—were devoted and worked hard to insure a high standard of military justice, within the structure of the Judge Advocate General's Corps.—*A. Thomas Lewis, Toms River, N.J.*

. . . in shock

In the June Forum, a letter from George Sanders says, "I wonder what vets think of giving aid to Vietnam?"

I am in the navy and my ship, the U.S.S. *Hancock*, was one of the aircraft carriers involved in the evacuation of Saigon. After the operation was over, we had two hanger bays full of refugees, and a battalion of marines.

I talked to the marines and some of their comments would really surprise the public. I was really shocked at what one of the officers said to me, "If they (his superiors) put me in charge of this operation, I would do to these people what Hitler did to the Jews. I'm not saying it's right, but that's the way I feel." I will never forget what that officer told me. Mr. Sanders, do you still wonder what some Vietnam vets think about the refugees? —*Name and address withheld*

Correction

In the Harrison Salisbury article, *The Gentlemen Killers of the CIA*, which was published in the May 1975 *Penthouse*, we stated that Premier Mohammed Mossadegh of Iran was assassinated in 1953. This is not true. Although Premier Mossadegh's government was overthrown in that year with the planning and assistance of the CIA, ex-Premier Mossadegh lived until 1967. *Penthouse* regrets this error.—Editors

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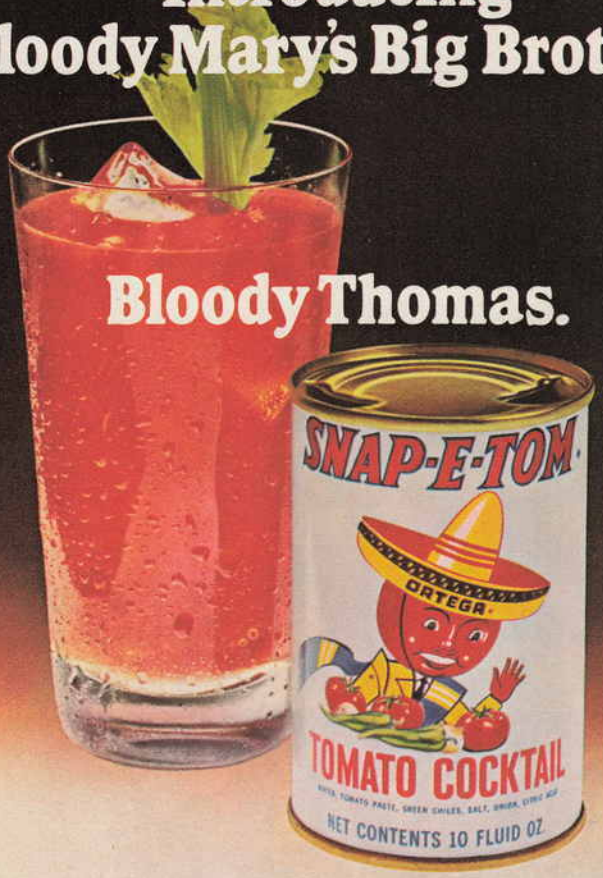

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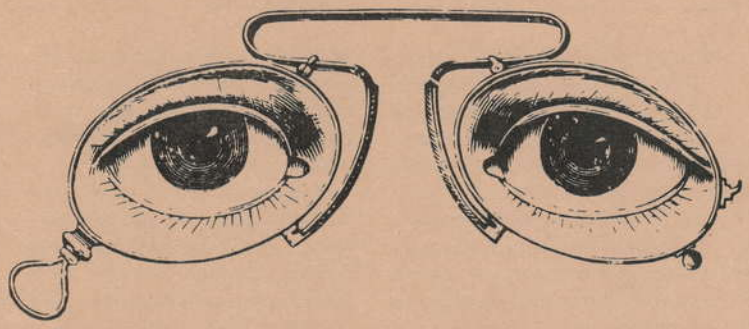


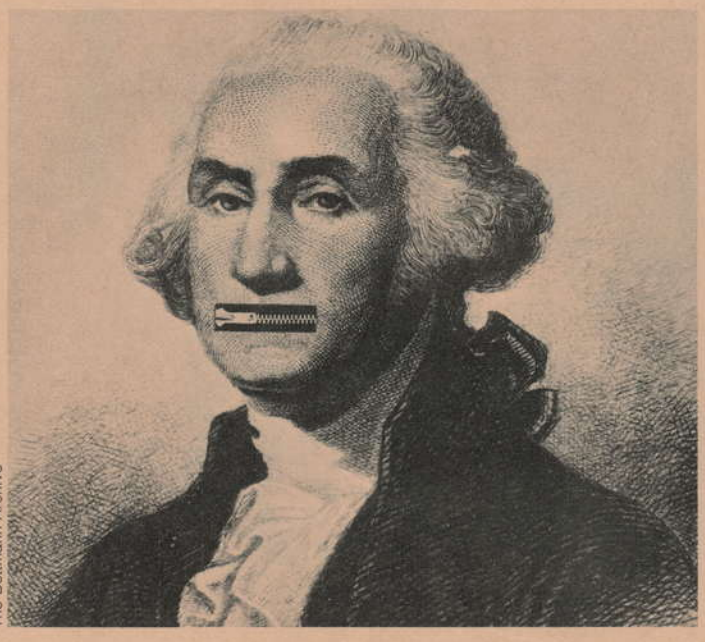
VIEW FROM THE TOP

GETTING WISE TO THE LIES OF A WELFARE-WARFARE STATE

They used to say that "honesty is the best policy." But what is good behavior in private life is not always rewarded in government. Private vices have a way of becoming political virtues. Let a private citizen steal and he is rightly scorned as a thief. When that same person is employed by IRS he is no longer a thief but a "public servant" who is rewarded with a promotion and a fat pension for squeezing money out of his fellows. If Bromo Seltzer or Pepsi-Cola or even used-car salesmen made advertising promises as false and preposterous as those routinely advanced by campaigning politicians, they'd be jailed for fraud. Yet politicians have found that perfidy pays. Even politicians who don't intend to cheat and steal are often elected on essentially fraudulent promises.

Thankfully, we are beginning to catch on. Current folk wisdom about lying politicians was embodied in a joke which became popular during the Watergate scandal: "George Washington never told a lie. Franklin Roosevelt never told the truth. And Richard Nixon doesn't know the difference." Perhaps. Yet it wasn't only Richard Nixon who lied. The collapse of his credibility exposed the collective lies of his whole profession. Nixon, after all, had merely repeated the lies of Lyndon Johnson, who, in turn, had built upon and amplified the perfidies of his predecessors.

It took generations of deception and political folderol to mold the foreign and domestic policies over which only a liar like Nixon could preside. These same policies are now being carried forward by our more amiable president, Jerry Ford, who is nevertheless a liar. Ford was a member of the Warren Commission and still upholds its findings with the same plodding persistence with which he supports the other bankrupt policies of government. It is his unhappy work to lie, not necessarily because he prefers to, but because the lies he is defending have become foundations for some of our cherished institutions.



The Bettmann Archive

Think of some of the mammoth whoppers that we have tucked away in policies such as Social Security. This program, which is to guarantee a comfortable retirement, actually impoverishes—making the average person about $100,000 poorer than he would be if he invested in any good insurance policy. And there are some other great fibs. There is the lie about deficit spending that suggests having the government print excess money makes us rich. We're told not to worry about the resulting debt because "we owe it to ourselves." In fact, all of the debt is owed to specific individuals and institutions. Sixty billion dollars of it is in foreign hands. Think what would become of the people who hold bureaucratic jobs if we admitted that all that paper shuffling is dispensable. Consider the human spite bought and paid for by "bread-and-circus" gimmicks of government symbolized by "Human Kindness Day." Imagine what would happen if the president were forthright about the military budget. Suppose he came to Congress and said, "We only need $40 billion to defend the country, but I'd appreciate it if you'd stuff an extra $50 billion in the budget in order to 'make jobs' and transfer wealth from the taxpayers to the military-industrial complex."

These are the sorts of truths which make politicians wince like vampires confronted with a silver cross. And, of course, our politicians would love to avoid ever being confronted. They'd like to see all of our institutionalized lies continue indefinitely.

In spite of the politicians' fond hopes, some of the major issues are beginning to take care of themselves. The truth will come out, just as it is now coming out in New York City, where the nation's second biggest government has been brought to financial ruin by generations of lies and lavish spending. With the city busted, the truth must be faced. In time, the same revelations will show that other policies of the welfare-warfare state have been frauds.

It is again time to ask for answers to the unexplained phenomena of our national life. What has been the true role of the CIA in our society? Who really killed President Kennedy and why? What about the other assassinations and near-assassinations? As Bernard Fensterwald, Jr., a leader among the private investigators, said of the assassination of President Kennedy, "If I were a betting man, I'd bet the full story will be known in a year. I have the same feeling I had about Watergate, the feeling that the game is up."

Learning that "the game is up" we may then substitute a better "game" for the old one—one in which we'll be able to protect ourselves by making fraud and lying bad practice for politicians, just as they are for everyone else.—*Jim Davidson*

SCENES

THE LONGEST SHOW

Robert Wilson creates the longest running shows on record. Wilson's *KA MOUNTAIN AND GUARDenia TERRACE* plays for seven days and seven nights. His *The Life and Times of Joseph Stalin* runs from early evening to dawn. Other major works like *The Life and Times of Sigmund Freud*, *Deafman Glance*, and *A Letter for Queen Victoria*, though shorter in length, stretch simple actions out over abnormally long periods of time.

These Wilson extravaganzas, which involve hundreds of performers and which take months to mount, have been termed theater, ballet, "silent opera," and even painting brought to life. One critic described Wilson's work as "a twentieth-century nativity scene." And that perhaps comes closest to the feeling his productions create. Watching Robert Wilson's work is much like seeing historic moments from the birth and evolution of mankind in slow motion.

Wilson earned a good deal of his present notoriety from *The Life and Times of Joseph Stalin*. Composed of seven acts and a cast of one hundred and forty-four, *Stalin* takes twelve hours to perform. The story ostensibly recounts the death of Stalin's first wife, but the title is playfully deceptive. Along with Stalin, the cast includes George Washington, Marie Antoinette, Helen Keller, Annie Sullivan, Alexander Graham Bell, Sigmund Freud, a chorus of mammies, thirty-two ostriches, a boa constrictor, and the king of Spain. And while Wilson depicts everything—from half-nude couples dancing in front of a cave to a phantasmagoric picture of Moscow in flames—he manages to stick with the idea of slowing things down. During the first act, for instance, a motionless black woman stares into space for an hour. In the meantime a man walks on with a snake, a giant turtle edges its way across the stage, and the chorus of mammies sways slowly in an eerie mist. While numerous actions take place, each occurs at a meticulously slow pace. The dramatic meeting between Stalin and Freud in act 2 takes almost an hour and a half to come off. Even a murder scene, which you might expect to take place suddenly, lasts twenty terrifying minutes in act 3.

These epic works have won the admiration of such luminaries as Jerome Robbins, Clive Barnes, Eugene Ionesco, and even the empress of Iran. And Wilson is never without a loyal following ready to flock to exotic locales likes the mountaintop in Iran where *KA MOUNTAIN AND GUARDenia TERRACE* took place. But Wilson's antics don't pass without stirring up controversy. While *Deafman Glance* was sold out in Paris, in Copenhagen Wilson and his troupe found themselves totally deserted by a bewildered audience with more than half of *Stalin* left to be played out.

Even more controversial than the extraordinary length of these productions, however, is Wilson's bizarre company of performers. Wilson is interested in the varying "signals and feelings" that are communicated when different kinds of people get together. So regulars in the Wilson company include such varying personalities as a "spinner" capable of changing directions without stopping; Wilson's eighty-seven-year-old grandmother from Waco, Texas; a waitress Wilson met while eating in an all-night diner in Iowa City; a high school history teacher; a housewife from Summit, New Jersey; a reporter from Staten Island; and a philosopher by the name of Stefan Brecht, who just happens to be the son of playwright Bertolt Brecht.

But what has attracted most attention is the constant appearance of performers who are deaf, brain damaged, or mentally disturbed. For Wilson, these actors are not handicapped, but rather they present us with new ways of experiencing the world. It was a deaf boy who first made Wilson think about what it would be like to live without words. And, not surprisingly, one of the central characters in one of his earliest works was a deaf-mute boy with the amazing ability to imitate any action after seeing it only once.

Doctors are awed by Wilson's ability to discover hidden talents in the handicapped. In one case, Wilson discovered astounding psychic abilities in a ward of senile patients. In another, he found acting genius in a girl with a history of severe mental disturbance. Most recently Wilson introduced the public to a sixteen-year-old autistic genius named Christopher Knowles.

Though the work with Christopher Knowles has made him especially vulnerable to attack by those who regard it as a form of exploitation, Wilson argues that before joining the troupe Christopher was confined to an institution. "If Christopher did what he did in a restaurant, he would be thrown out," Wilson explains. "The theater is the only place he can really express his unique way of being, because the theater is an outlet for the exceptional."

Christopher Knowles's influ-

Torben Huss

Waltz of the ostriches

ence is readily apparent in the highly acclaimed *A Letter for Queen Victoria*. In the prologue a mock letter to Queen Victoria is filled with a baffling mixture of perceptions and speculations. Then, when the curtain goes up at the beginning of act 1, two Victorian ladies continue the prologue's hypnotic banter at breakneck speed.

In *A Letter for Queen Victoria* Wilson, aided by Knowles, makes the illogical poetry of the autistic child into a full-length play. Garbled allusions to the Civil War fill the air at first, until the mutterings are broken by a group of pilots trading camp lines from old movies. Later on, the faintly recognizable phrases dissolve into mere chitchat and finally, in the last scene of the play, become animal cries of pain, longing, and fear.

All of this might seem confused. But actually *A Letter for Queen Victoria* is one of Wilson's most structured works. If the language at first seems irrelevant, it eventually makes sense

Wilson as architect

in terms of time. Each of the four acts of *Victoria* is divided into four sections—each made up of numbered speeches of equal length.

Striking visual relationships also make up for the absence of plot. The two women in the first act, for instance, are encased up to their necks in huge triangular

Biannoulatos

Scene from Victoria: *An outlet for the exceptional*

shapes. The mysterious triangle appears again as a huge shaft of light covering the pilots in act 2. By the final scene of the last act the two Victorian women in triangles reappear. Only this time they are not alone. Behind a huge dreamlike shutter is the face of a Chinese lady, and as the shutter tilts—forming another triangle—a piercing scream ends the act.

Wilson explains that the idea for the triangles, which appears to play such a significant role in *Victoria*, developed when he started thinking about the shape of the flap on the back of an envelope. But he is quick to throw aside any notions of whimsy, emphasizing the tremendous amount of precision involved. From the beginning Wilson tells his actors exactly what to do. In the absence of narrative, lines are numbered so that reading often becomes a matter of counting. Movements are rehearsed over and over until they become totally mechanical.

Producing *A Letter for Queen Victoria*, like many other Wilson works, is a difficult and time-consuming affair. To mount the first production required a staggering five hundred rehearsals, starting in New York and moving on to São Paulo where *Victoria* developed on a platform above the Teatro Municipal while *The Life and Times of Joseph Stalin* played to the audience below. And in an international version of the out-of-town tryout, *Victoria* previewed in Spoleto, Paris, Belgrade, Dijon, Lyons, Zurich, and Nice before finally opening on Broadway last spring.

A Letter for Queen Victoria is Wilson's most verbal work. And, of course, this has prompted a flood of speculations from critics trying to figure out what he is really trying to say. But Wilson, in his typically understated style, pushes off heavy-handed interpretations, preferring to describe the work simply as "arrangements of people in space." A former painter and designer himself, Wilson explains that what interests him most is really the architecture of it all. And the idea is further strengthened by the fact that one of Wilson's next major projects is not a play, ballet, or opera, but the building of a theater in Shiraz, commissioned by none other than his friend the empress of Iran.—*Francis Levy*

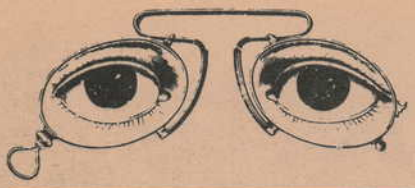
A PSYCHIC CINEMA?

If you thought all those moviegoers who felt possessed after seeing *The Exorcist* were weird, just wait until the International Psychic Film Festival begins unspooling in New York City this September. The planners expect to present the kind of film programs which will "shock audiences into a new awareness" and send them reeling into the streets, minds boggled with new self-discoveries of the supernatural.

The festival directors say their films are being gathered from private researchers, government libraries, Hollywood studios, prominent laboratories, and "secret societies." In content the films will range from "whatever the filmmaker considers psychic" to feature films, shorts, documentaries, and videotapes of everything from "ESP to psychokinesis, telepathy, clairvoyance, ghost and spirit manifestations, mediumship, witchcraft, faith healing, yoga, Tai Chi, Shiatsu, Sufism, biofeedback, orgone energy, Kirlian photography, holography, auras, plant investigation, UFO sightings, space travel, astral projection, astrology, numerology, palmistry, Tarot, I Ching, astrophysics, biophysics, Egyptology, Atlantis/Mu, the Bermuda Triangle, the Loch Ness monster, Sasquatch, and spiritualism." In other words, any bizarre or unexplained fad from the past ten thousand years.

"We fully expect to change the course of society with the New York–Montreal Psychic Film Festival," says its director, Howard Parker. "Some of these films will move people subliminally, others may hypnotize them or turn on their psychokinetic energies. Researchers have already asked if they can come along and test our audiences."

"It's about time to let it all out of the closet, even if the psychics are afraid it may get exposed too soon," says Roger Sichel, head of the New York–London Psychic Film Festival.



"I'm just showing the films my friends and I have made," says Darrell Random of PsychiCinema, which shows regular programs of documentaries.

"We just thought it was what everyone was interested in," says Father Lucius, of the Foundation Church's Psychic Scene program.

Why are all these exhibitions planned or in operation? Well, most of it began over a year ago at a gathering of film people attended by Parker and Sichel. In the midst of one of those "why-don't-we?" conversations, everybody homed in on the idea of a psychic film festival. After all, at that time *The Exorcist* was on its way to grossing $100 million, *Chariots of the Gods* was about to be released, and *The Secret Life of Plants* was topping the best-seller lists along with an absolute raft of Bermuda Triangle books. Everybody clapped his hands to his forehead and moaned, "Why didn't I think of that first?" Who actually did, we may never find out—and that's the crux of several presently active lawsuits.

Parker and Sichel were to collaborate on one joint festival, but parted ways, so relates Parker, when he refused Sichel's help in making a film. Sichel says that he dropped out when the festival's money forces only offered him a consulting job instead of a full partnership.

Anyway, in the very same week of March 1975, there were full-page announcements in the New York newspapers and *Variety* heralding two "First International Psychic Film Festivals." The advertising war raged for weeks, until the attorneys were called in. Nothing was revealed, but two different names for the festivals emerged.

While Parker and Sichel fell into cross-claims and litigation arguments, pocket screenings of psychic films like PsychiCinema and the Foundation Church sprouted up. But Parker and Sichel were still determined to produce mammoth festivals of their own in the fall.

Parker's bash seems to be the best planned and most comprehensive. From five hundred entrants, Parker intends to screen a one-hundred-film program in New York before taking it on the road. He also plans to conduct three symposiums, twelve seminars, workshops and conferences, and a Psychic Exposition which will be a trade fair of the spiritual world, complete with commercial booths, trinkets, and psychic knickknacks.

The film side of this three-ring affair is now negotiating for goodies like Warner Brothers' feature of *The Secret Life of Plants*, psychic lab films that "will blow minds," the first holographic motion picture (a multidimensional film that "puts the image right in your lap"), previously secret government films, and a new process by William (*2001*) Atwood that "makes people vocalize with awe."

With regard to the films, Sichel seems to be leaning heavily on documentaries, although a few sci-fi films may be included.

Sichel approached Parker in May to negotiate a combined festival, but they couldn't agree on money terms. Sichel still seems bent on going solo, but added that at a later date he "might say something different" about collaborating with Parker. Eventually, Parker and Sichel may even be friends again, or at least there will be only one major psychic film festival.

These events always sound better than they actually are, but the festival(s) should still be a watershed mark for the psychic movement. Science, the government, and the press have just begun to take parapsychology seriously in the last few years. There could soon be a grass-roots clamor for research and legislative scrutiny. One thing is sure: motion pictures always move public opinion, and a hundred psychic films suddenly unleashed in a media hub like New York just might wobble the consciousness of a whole country.
—Brian Van der Horst

FILMS

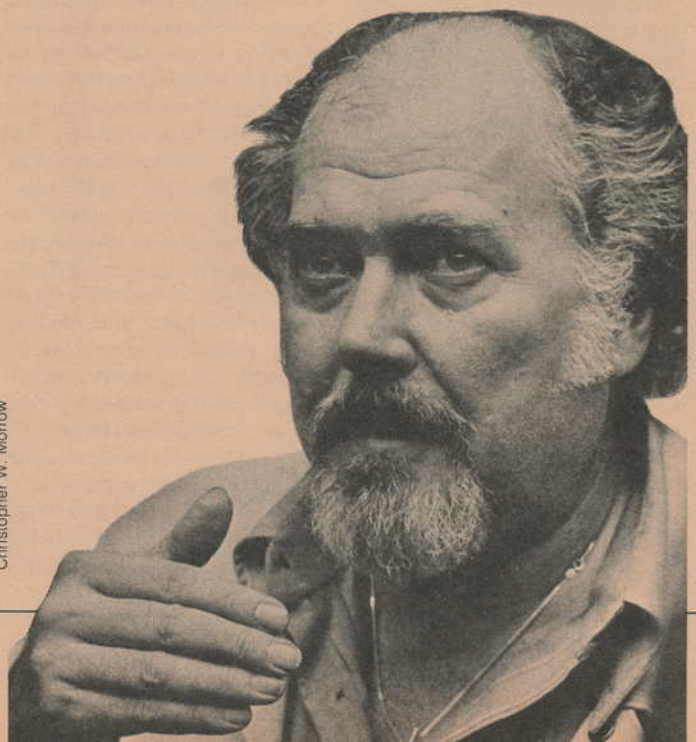
CELEBRATIONS

The differences between the old generation of great American filmmakers—men like Hawks, Hitchcock, Ford, Walsh—and the directors now in their prime read like a case study in the pathology of sons avoiding the sins of their fathers. Where the pioneers were implicitly conservative, their followers are explicitly liberal. Where the old guard came to the industry out of nowhere and developed (at least) into pragmatic technicians, the newer guard have come to it largely out of television and have developed into—equally pragmatic—theoreticians. The old were fabulists, storytellers. The new are ideologues. And where the old stressed character and event, the new stress meaning.

Almost all the prestigious middle generation of American filmmakers—like Arthur Penn (born 1922), Robert Altman (born 1924), or Sam Peckinpah (born 1926)—seem to have a theme. To say that much of the time it looks like the same theme, something about national character and national destiny, is probably unfair—the way it isn't fair to lump together Ford and Hawks because they both made Westerns. But the idea of a theme remains overwhelming, and at one time or another, in his most characteristic failures, each of those directors has appeared to have more to say than he had the means to say it.

As you may have heard, appearances are usually deceptive. Penn, Peckinpah, etc., are full of means. Their weakness lies in meaning, in the promotion of any but the most predigested ideas, however relevant or handily profound. For real meaning I would gladly put such an utterly conventional old-guard ex-service comedy as John Ford's *Donovan's Reef*—a genuine masterpiece with John Wayne, Lee Marvin, and Cesar Romero doing just what's expected of them—against the entire collected anarchic depths of, say, Robert Altman.

I mean this to limit, not condemn, the ambitions of Altman's *Nashville*, his best movie to date and, at the time of writing, the best American movie I have seen so far this year. If *Nashville* isn't perhaps all it is intended to be, it is, however, a good deal more besides. It means to be about—you name it—America, after the Kennedys, after Vietnam, after Watergate, after Nixon, after two hundred years. A tall order, but nowadays a rather common-



Christopher W. Morrow

Altman: Anarchic depths

Carradine as rock singer

place one. As it turns out it is a fairly typical achievement for Altman (*M*A*S*H*, *McCabe and Mrs. Miller*, *The Long Goodbye*, *California Split*, etc.), marvelous in its incidentals and only bad in its most gratuitous element—the main plot. Luckily, it is 95 percent incidentals.

Running close to three hours, *Nashville* seems none too long. It is one of the very few movies in recent memory to make you sorry when it's over—partly because the ending is so unsatisfactory, but mostly because everything else is so wonderfully entertaining, giving the impression of endless resources.

It deals with a few days in the present life of Nashville, Tennessee. The Athens of the South, the cradle of Country and Western, home of the Grand Ole Opry, it seems as much a concept as it seems a city in the 1970's. A brand-new presidential candidate has come to town—Hal Phillip Walker, leader of the Replacement Party ("New Roots for the Nation"), whom we never see but whose scatterbrained campaign serves to tie the dozen or so strands of the movie together. As Walker's sound truck cruises Nashville's streets and as his advance man (Michael Murphy) puts together a rally, the city, its celebrities, and its nonentities arrange themselves before us. The reigning king of Country and Western (Henry Gibson) cuts a pious Bicentennial record, while his lawyer's wife (Lily Tomlin) sings gospel with a local black college chorus. Then a new soft-rock group shows up in town, deep in trouble because their leader's wife (Cristina Raines) is sleeping with his partner (Keith Carradine). And a couple of young hopefuls, one a long shot (Barbara Harris) and the other a loss (Gwen Welles), get their chance to sing for fame and fortune; while a rising star (Karen Black) simply grabs hers with all the bald tenacity and manufactured charm at her disposal. She stands in one night for the ailing Barbara Jean (Ronee Blakley), who is everybody's favorite singer. A fragile, generous, pettish, beautiful, and tremendously talented person—Barbara Jean is a spiritual center of a film that clearly values its spiritual center.

The other center, satire, at one time or another touches virtually everybody in the movie. Offstage, not even the ethereal Barbara Jean is free from it. But its chief victim is a British journalist, Opal (Geraldine Chaplin), doing a documentary on Nashville for BBC. The worst of reporters (she can never forget about herself long enough to ask a real question), she simply rushes from high point to high point getting everything wrong. And because she is a foreigner, outside the city and its customs, she relieves a lot of the ridicule that might otherwise have rested on those highly financed hicks at the Opry.

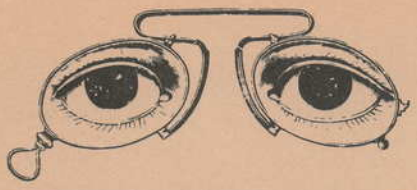
This is just as well, because it is mainly in its music, its lovely music and its unselfconsciously absurd music, that *Nashville* truly comes alive. The songs, as you've probably heard, aren't "authentic." That is, they aren't real Country and Western, which may be an advantage. They were mostly written for the movie, and written by the performers—like Karen Black, Keith Carradine, Henry Gibson—who sing them. The result is a different kind of authenticity, a collaborative sincerity not quite like anything else I've experienced at the movies. Some of the songs are very good. Ronee Blakley's songs are better than that (she is primarily a singer and composer; this is her first movie), and her performances of them—as if she were discovering the musical line as she sang—rank among the most privileged moments I have seen on film.

This is the kind of meaning that *Nashville* really makes: a strained, awkward, but richly moving celebration of American life—rather than the generalized indictment included in what passes for the plot. It is a party of sorts, full of many vain and foolish people who keep turning out to be better, brighter, more complex, more appealing than they had seemed at first. Though nobody makes much more than a vignette appearance (some of the vignettes, of course, run on for hours), it is not unusual for what begins as caricature to end as character, so that people keep revealing themselves and in a sense redeeming themselves—and at the same time shocking us into a recognition of richer facets than we had thought existed. A lot of this happens through the music, or because the music is there—because people can both sing and speak, perform and live, openly express themselves as they feel and not only as they would like to seem.

Blakley and Gibson: Stardom in Nashville

With the exception of Ronee Blakley, I haven't properly praised the cast. There are lovely performances by Gwen Welles and Shelley Duval (by now part of the Robert Altman stock company) and by Lily Tomlin, and superbly intelligent ones by Karen Black and the relatively unknown Henry Gibson. Geraldine Chaplin is better here than I have ever seen her before. And Cristina Raines, a newcomer, I'll mention not only because she is good but also because she is so heartbreakingly good-looking.

—Roger Greenspun



WORDS

ONE PHOTOGRAPH IS WORTH . . .

Make it a million and you'd still be safe. But then, how many pictures would it take to convey the full meaning of the word *love*? No wonder editors and art directors don't speak. But when they do get together they *can* make fireworks, as a number of new books demonstrate.

A significant photojournalist W. Eugene Smith and his wife Aileen have poured their passion into a book about the people of Minamata, Japan, who were poisoned by industrial waste. The book, *Minamata* (Holt, Rinehart & Winston, $10), lights up the sky, but it is no tour de force. Despite a dazzling record at *Life*, Smith is extremely humble about the value of his chosen medium: "Photography is a small voice at best, but sometimes—just sometimes—one photograph or a group of them can lure our senses into awareness . . . can summon up enough awareness to be catalyst to thought."

Smith urgently wants us to think about industrial pollution, and so he has presented us not with a horror chamber of mercury-poisoned grotesqueries but rather a sensitive view of the entire life of a tragic town.

He and his Japanese wife lived for three years in Minamata, participating fully in the struggle of the victims against the Chisso Chemical Company. Smith was almost blinded when beaten by employees of this company that poisoned the fishing village. And so this is not an objective book. Smith has never believed that a journalist can or should be objective. He has always borne a personal responsibility—first to his subjects and then to his readers. Cheers!

Pictures are beginning to challenge words in the most democratic forum of all. In the streets, along highways, in school yards and trailer camps, on construction fences a new grass-roots art is beginning to replace the scrawls of the graffitist. Blackpride and Chicano murals, driftwood and junk sculptures, children's murals and front-yard sculpture, psychedelic Volkswagens—a dazzling array has been assembled in a book by Robert Sommer entitled *Street Art* (Links, $7.95).

Here the pictures win over words hands down. While graffiti can be intellectually stimulating, Sommer is uneasy about graffiti and its relation to street art. He is caught between his distaste for graffiti and his anger with an establishment that regards any unauthorized public painting as vandalism. To Sommer, painting stripes on a fire hydrant is art; carving initials on a tree is vandalism. He introduces an appealing note into this dilemma: "One must begin with a determination of what constitutes an attractive public environment before labeling an act as defacement." How could a New York subway be defaced?

What more obvious use of pictures than to fuel the legend of a motion picture star? Last year we had *Marilyn* in which Norman Mailer's words—as afterthought—provided intellectual respectability for what everybody wanted to do: look at Marilyn.

In 1975 we have Judy Garland. There seems to be plenty of raunch to flame the Garland cult's passion for Judy's neuroses, and so this is the year of the Judy books. Nothing has been spared in either words or pictures, and no shred of her life—never a private one—has been spared the analyzing, romanticizing, debunking, mythologizing, and demythologizing of the biographical gang.

Three new books have broken out of the publicist's mold and actually threaten to become real books. They are *Judy* by Gerold Frank (Harper & Row, $12.50), *Rainbow: The Stormy Life of Judy Garland* by Christopher Finch (Grosset & Dunlap, $14.95), and *Judy Garland* by Anne Edwards (Simon & Schuster, $9.95). Only the Finch book, designed by Will Hopkins, uses pictures to tell the story; the others have thirty-two-page picture inserts. The Frank book has the most words, if that's your bag.

Needless to say, all the authors profess to worship Judy, but as in other religions there are denominations. Essentially there are two Judy canons: What might be called the *dominical*, proceeding directly from Her own mouth, and the *protestant*, employing the methods of historiography and the higher criticism to interpret revelation.

Anne Edwards's book is dominical. She feels she was closer to Judy than the male writers, and her book recounts warmly and well Judy's *own* story of her life. This is the familiar canon that includes the born-in-a-trunk nativity that Judy relished, and the sadistic-stage-mama-devil-who-killed-gentle-daddy-and-maimed-me dogma that Judy cited whenever the going got guilty.

Both Finch and Frank are protestants, which means they think Judy was often, if not regularly, a liar. They love her not the less for this endearing trait. Finch is the more strict critic and perhaps enters the rank of heretics in his emphasis on the reputed bisexuality of Judy's beloved father as the sick source of her lies. Frank is something of an Episcopalian, more schismatic than heretical, seeking an ecumenical canon that allows Judy her lies as part of her talent for fun-fantasy.

We're on the road to Damascus when we realize that each of these decent journalists fell in love, separately and quite passionately, with the transfiguration called Judy. Read at the risk of conversion.—*Norman Hoss*

Street art in Sacramento: A Quaker Oats house

SOUNDS

Russell E. Rieff

Ronstadt: A change for C & W

PARTON AND RONSTADT: CAN THEY BOTH BE COUNTRY QUEENS?

Country music is essentially distrustful of outsiders. When Elvis Presley's strange spasms of sound first hit the airwaves just two decades ago, country music took a certain liking to them. Elvis, after all, was just a good ol' boy from Memphis. That seemed to be the basic attitude, and Elvis enjoyed three hit records in the country market before his churlish music made its first appearance on the pop charts. No, country music has never been overly intimidated by change—just so long as it is change that originates from within. As to the way that country music reacts to change wrought by outsiders, the Association of Country Entertainers is a good example.

For the last few years, pop singers have been steadily cracking the country market. This should have come as no great surprise to anyone. Since the early sixties, there has been a movement, instigated by men like Chet Atkins, to give country music a more middle-of-the-road sound. There was a lot of pop money to be had by softening the country sound with lots of lush strings. But there was a backfire: more pop singers were now selling in the country market than country singers in the pop market. Although the country artists were pissed off, the people running the business end of things didn't mind at all. Sales were up, so what the hell if Marie Osmond was number one on the country charts. Last fall, at its annual awards ceremony, the Country Music Association presented its Top Female Vocalist Award to an Australian pop singer, Olivia Newton-John, and its Top Male Vocalist Award to Ronnie Milsap, a rock reject who had made it big overnight in country. The down-home artists fumed, and soon afterward they announced the formation of their own Association of Country Entertainers. Next year, they said, they'd give out their own awards. From Porter Wagoner, a member of the Association's screening committee: "Country music never got to where it is today because of the Charlie Riches and the Olivia Newton-Johns. It got there because of the *country* singers. . . . I don't think it would be good for country music, or for pop music, to mix it all together. It's kind of like mixing all the races. I feel like each race should have equal rights in every phase of life, but they shouldn't all mix together—intermarriage, and so forth. I feel music should be the same way. It should all have equal opportunity, but there should be a separation." Another member of the screening committee is Dolly Parton.

Dolly Parton is country music's ultimate broad. In the eight years since she first hit the country charts, Dolly has become the music's leading female sex symbol. She is grotesque in the way only country stars can be grotesque (guys like Alice Cooper have never never been able to hold a candle to a character like Porter Wagoner as far as abject visual weirdness is concerned). Her hair, or rather her wig, forms a Corinthian frame of teased and lacquered cotton candy about her farmer's-daughter face. She always wears high heels, and usually a dress—1964 more-is-more gaudy, if you will. And her breasts, mammoth, have spawned an entire catalog of "Dolly's tits" humor within the industry.

Beneath all the show, Dolly is one of the best female singers operating in country music today, and also one of the finest songwriters. One of her albums, *My Tennessee Mountain Home*, is already recognized as a classic. Its songs, all basically autobiographical, utilize an inborn sense of nuance and complex mixture of meters without ever losing touch with country's primal musical essences; there are often flurries of images so dense as to seem hallucinatory and lines possessed of such natural flow that rhyme seems almost incidental—all executed by a soprano voice capable of transmuting elements.

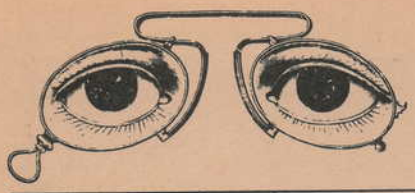
And somehow at the center of all this—outsiders, Association of Country Entertainers, Dolly Parton, and change—is Linda Ronstadt.

Dolly and Linda were born the same year, 1946: Dolly in the mountains of Tennessee, Linda in Tucson, Arizona. Both had their first hits in 1967: Dolly's was a country hit, Linda's a pop hit. But music changes, even country music, and today Linda is the biggest thing on the country charts, both LP and singles. She is far above Dolly's current standings. This isn't to say that Linda has replaced Dolly as the number-one hellspark of country music. Nothing of the sort. It's just to say that, despite the Association of Country Entertainers, something is changing.

The personas of the two women are in opposition. Dolly speaks with a quick mountain slang, Linda with a California post-hip lilt. Dolly gives the impression that she would blush if she stumbled in upon a naked man waiting in her hotel room; Linda gives the impression that she would reach for his bad thing. And unlike Dolly, Linda rarely gives the impression that she would cook grits and coo her husband off to work.

It isn't that Linda Ronstadt is not a country singer (most who came to the country charts from the pop charts are about as country as Lawrence Welk's annual salute to Hank Williams). She is. It is that she is such a new sort of country singer—an outsider who doesn't even tease her hair—that matters. Like Dolly, Linda is one of the best singers country music has at the present time, whether or not the music purists admit it.—*Nick Tosches*

Parton: The ultimate country broad



Bettmann Archive

Bostic

From Ravel to White: Love music for an electronic age

AURAL SEX

Johnny Mathis sweetly croons "Chances Are" from a turquoise-and-white, gold-flecked portable phonograph in a darkened room, or the Stones blast "Satisfaction" out of a six-transistor radio behind a clump of bushes, or inside a parked car the Allman Brothers play away on the cartridge machine. Whatever the circumstances, nervous hands and pubescent bodies soon discover the relationship of aural stimulation and sex.

It wasn't until the invention of the phonograph that music and lovemaking could come together in the bedroom without having a chamber ensemble at the foot of the bed. The soothing strings and cascading harmonies we often think of as erotically evocative were a stylistic trademark of the Romantic composers of Thomas Edison's day. Actually, Debussy's broodingly passionate *La Mer* and Ravel's insistent *Bolero* didn't become popular bedtime classics till the advent of the long-playing twenty-minute record—twenty minutes is the average time it takes to make the beast with two backs. More recently, a *Canon in D Major* by Baroque German composer Johann Pachelbel (as recorded by the Musical Heritage, 1991 Broadway, New York, N.Y.) has become a between-the-sheets best-seller, an occurrence which prompted critic Alan Rich to thumb his nose at "Sexy Baroque" and comment, "Pachelbel was one of hundreds of poky organists who composed by the ream, but his *Canon* is today's turn-on music. . . ."

"My own favorite happens to be the first movement from Bartók's *Music for Strings, Percussion and Celeste*," chuckles Dr. Demento, host of a nationally syndicated radio show dedicated to disc arcana. Describing himself as a "connoisseur of foreground music," he recalls the long line of *breather* records which have panted their way up the pop charts. "There was a tune called 'Teach Me Tiger' by April Stevens that was considered too hot to play over the air back in '57. In the rock era you had Ian Whitcomb's 'You Really Turn Me On.' Then about five years ago there was a French record 'Je t'aime . . . moi non plus' featuring young English actress Jane Birkin doing some heavy inhaling."

"Put on the Dead and spread" was sound advice from the late Lillian Roxon, whose *Rock Encyclopedia* is still *the* reference book on sixties pop music. Lillian used to recommend the charms of the live *Grateful Dead* set, while the gentle "Dark Star" (all twenty-three minutes and fifteen seconds of it from the *Live/Dead* album) served as a stoned aphrodisiac for a whole generation of rock lovers.

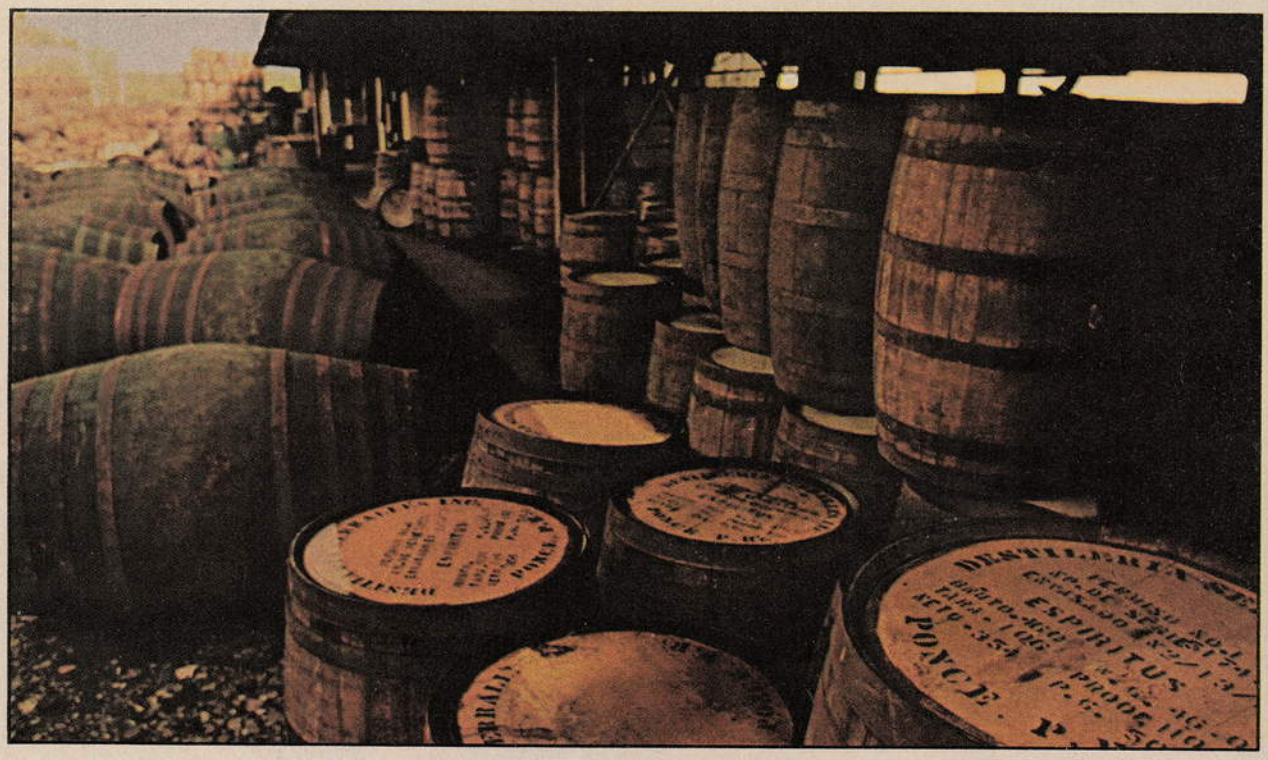
Weight Watchers drop-outs can take heart from watching Barry White in all his corpulence become the record industry's latest sex object. White's black velvet growl of a voice and his pulsating soul orchestrations have a simple message: "Love power. The power of love."

White has successfully repeated his enticing formula on over a half-dozen albums in the last year and a half. Now other black crooner/composers are following his lead. *Music To Make Love By* is exactly what it sounds like, a parody of B. White by veteran hitmaker Solomon Burke. Former Motown producer Lamont Dozier has recorded a sensuous serenade which almost lives up to his own billing as *Black Bach*. Still, the most complete soul statement on the subject remains Marvin Gaye's joyous *Let's Get It On*.

Even the Mystic Moods—by far the biggest-selling series of turn-on albums to date—have gone to a soul beat on their latest release, *Erogenous*. Producer Brad Miller's brainstorm, the Mystic Moods' concept of easy listening music mixed with environmental sounds has come a long way in twelve titles and sales of two and a half million copies. Miller began his career of vinyl stimulation by accident. As a producer of sound-effects records, he was surprised to find that one disc of railroad trains wailing in the night had turned into a bedroom cult favorite. In 1965 his sea-and-storm recordings became "must" programming on progressive FM stations up and down the California coast. A year later the first Mystic Moods release, *One Stormy Night*, marshmallow strings and all, generated enthusiastic word-of-mouth.

Of all the albums on the market today only one lays claim to having been consumer-tested as erotic accompaniment. "Greatly enhances lovemaking and mind-control," declares the sticker on Syntonic Research's *Environments Disc 5*. "It took us three years to find the perfect sound," explains Irv Teibel, president of SR and the audio perfectionist responsible for such sonic environments as "Psychologically Ultimate Seashore" (electronically enhanced by a computer) and "Gentle Rain in a Pine Forest." "First we studied music like *Bolero*, which people had been using for years. Music has its limitations because it's hard for it to sustain a particular beat without getting in the way of the composition." Teibel settled on a natural sound and tried out eight preliminary recordings on close to a thousand volunteers. Comments the thirty-six-year-old bearded bachelor, "We found that people were able to make love better because they slowed down and took their time and interacted more intensely." What does Teibel call his greatest discovery? "Ultimate Heartbeat." That's right: a woman's heartbeat, only slowed down to forty beats per minute and reversed so the accent is on the first beat. Teibel had to make one other modification. "We had thirty minutes of heartbeat on the record, but we got complaints of people getting sore and overtired. So we ended up shortening it to twenty minutes—and most people thought it was just right."—*Steve Ditlea*

WHAT'S BAD FOR BOURBON IS GOOD FOR GOLD RUM.



We in the rum industry are very thankful there's a bourbon industry. Because the people in Kentucky and Tennessee who make that fine whiskey also have very fine oak barrels.

And what's even finer, they can use the barrels only once. So the bourbon people put them up for sale. And we quickly buy them.

Though these barrels can't be used again for bourbon, what they do for our gold rum is amazing.

You see, any rum that spends time in a bourbon barrel comes out smoother and mellower. And a rum that is exceptionally well-made, even before it goes in, will be a superb rum when it emerges.

A rum like Serralles Don Q® Gold.

The Serralles family has been making rum since 1865. And a lot of good things go into our rum long before our rum goes into the barrel.

Like the finest sugar cane in the world.

And the skill that only comes after a century of rum-making.

And the pride that a family hands down from generation to generation.

This is why Serralles Don Q Gold has to be as good as we can possibly make it.

Because when it comes out of the barrel, we put it into bottles.

And then we put our name on it.

Serralles Don Q® Gold, three years old, 80 proof. Produced by Destileria Serralles, Ponce, Puerto Rico, ©1974 Bottled by Don Q Imports, Hartford, Ct.

THE CIA'S SECRET WAR

FOR MORE THAN TEN YEARS THE CIA CONDUCTED AN ILLEGAL WAR THAT COST BILLIONS OF DOLLARS— A WAR THAT WAS COVERED UP BY THE LIES OF FOUR AMERICAN PRESIDENTS.

BY JOSEPH B. TREASTER

"I just want to say for the record that the CIA is an intelligence agency. I was in on the creation of it. It was not an agency to conduct war; it was an agency to gather intelligence."—Senator Stuart Symington of Missouri, July 25, 1973.

The intentions of the CIA's "founding fathers" notwithstanding, the agency plunged headlong into a full-scale war in the remote Southeast Asian country of Laos. It was a secret war—never declared, never announced, and often denied—that raged for more than ten years as attention focused on the fighting in neighboring Vietnam. Tens of thousands were killed, billions of dollars were spent, and much of Laos was destroyed in a desperate attempt to "save" it from the Communists.

Only the presidents who directed the CIA in Laos—first Eisenhower, then Kennedy, Johnson, and Nixon—knew the full story and they consistently lied and misled the American people, and pretended they were acting in the public interest.

Actually, nothing could have been more contrary to the public interest. For by transforming the CIA into a personal hit-squad, the presidents robbed the people of a voice in the affairs of their country, short-circuiting the very essence of democracy.

The secret war in Laos was a flagrant abuse of power by the Executive and the CIA, as were such illegal intrusions as the Bay of Pigs invasion of Cuba, the support of mercenaries in the Congo, and the instigation of uprisings and coups elsewhere in the world.

What set the CIA operation in Laos apart, however, was its scope and size—it was one of the biggest and most expensive undertakings in the history of the agency. As the richest and most powerful single force in Laos, the CIA virtually charted the course for the entire country, inflaming a war that was more important to a handful of Washington officials than to many Laotian villagers, and fueling it long after the Laotians were exhausted and aching to quit.

It was a war that might well have been shortened had it been open to public scrutiny and had the CIA been under effective supervision and control by Congress, instead of being able to operate as an independent, almost private organization.

Until last December, however, when the *New York Times* reported large-scale domestic spying by the CIA, there had been little public sentiment for restraining the agency. Senator Stuart Symington, for example, exposed some of the CIA's deeds in Laos in Senate hearings in 1969 and 1972, yet, incredibly, no one in Congress moved against the agency, and it continued bombing and sending young Laotian men into the meat-grinder of war.

Now, two years after a cease-fire ended the war in Laos, much of the CIA's activity there remains classified "Top Secret" as the agency continues to enjoy a position of unaccountability shared by no other segment of our government.

The CIA says that all but its usual intelligence-collecting apparatus has been pulled out of Laos. But given the agency's success at concealing its activities in Laos in the past, how can we know? How can we know for certain that the CIA is not at war at this very moment in some other far-off place few Americans have heard of; a war that most Americans want no part of, secret or otherwise?

At its peak, the secret war in Laos cost American taxpayers some $500 million a year, as a few hundred CIA agents sent into combat an army of nearly 40,000 Meo and other hill tribesmen they had recruited and trained. The CIA's "irregulars" were superbly outfitted with American-style fatigue uniforms, M-16 rifles, grenades, mortars, machine guns, recoilless rifles, and howitzers; and they were backed up by American bombers, which the agents directed in massive raids that scorched the verdant Laotian countryside, obliterating whole villages, slaughtering livestock, and devastating crops. Most of the bombing was done by United States Air Force and Navy jets. But some of the early strikes were flown by CIA-hired pilots and throughout the secret war the CIA flew its own transports and helicopters to shuttle troops into battle and resupply them.

There were few spectacular battles against the Communist Laotian insurgents and the North Vietnamese regulars, but casualties mounted steadily. In desperation, as their units became depleted, the CIA's irregular commanders began forcing ten- and eleven-year-old boys into the army. Finally, when there were no more children to draft, the CIA went to Thailand and hired more than 21,000 "volunteers" to keep the war going.

By 1970 large groups of tribesmen, weary of the fighting, had begun deserting the CIA army. They wanted the war to stop. Prince Souvanna Phouma, the prime minister of Laos, also yearned for peace. But by then Laos had become an important adjunct of the war in Vietnam—North Vietnamese were pouring through the country to infiltrate South Vietnam and the Americans were attacking them with waves of bombers. The Americans believed that if there were a cease-fire, public opinion would compel them to stop bombing, but the infiltration could continue because it was so difficult to detect. So regardless of what the Laotians wanted, the Americans kept bombing.

> There was no outcry against our brutal war in Laos because no one in America knew about it.

In those days the United States was being torn apart by angry debates over the war in Vietnam, and President Nixon, in reaction, had started sending American troops home. But there was no outcry at all against the equally brutal acts of war being perpetrated in Laos because *no one knew about them.*

Presidential fascination with Laos was kindled in the cold war days of the late 1940's and early '50's. Because of its strategic location, sandwiched as it was between China, North Vietnam, South Vietnam, Cambodia, Thailand, and Burma, President Truman was convinced Laos was the place in Southeast Asia to draw the line against the dread "tide of Communist aggression." President Eisenhower saw Laos as the first in a chain of dominoes which, if lost to the Communists, would lead to the toppling of all the other "Free World" countries of Indochina.

American officials were caught in a dilemma, though. On the one hand they wanted to keep Laos out of the hands of the "Reds," but on the other, they didn't want to commit American troops to a land war in Asia (that mistake was later made in spades in Vietnam, of course) and they were deathly afraid of provoking China and the Soviet Union into a nuclear war.

The solution they hit upon was to set up an international con game: Washington would do everything in its power to see that, on paper, Laos was a neutral country. But with equal vigor, strongly relying on the CIA, Washington would see to it secretly that the brand of neutralism actually practiced was pro-American. It was a beautiful scheme: low-risk, relatively low-cost (it cost $500 million a year while the Vietnam debacle grew into an $83-million-a-day habit), and low-profile so there wouldn't be a lot of hassling with the folks at home, who never seemed to understand foreign policy the way the presidents did, anyway. All that was required to execute the game plan in Laos was a lot of lying and cheating, and that proved to be no obstacle for the CIA and a succession of presidents.

For openers, in order to get the Chinese and the Russians to agree to a neutral Laos, the U.S. had to pretend that a truly neutral Laos was precisely what it wanted.

"First we strongly and unreservedly support the goal of a neutral and independent Laos, tied to no outside power or group of powers, threatening no one, and free from any domination. . . . If in the past there has been any possible ground for misunderstanding of our desire for a truly neutral Laos, there should be none now."

That was President Kennedy at a news conference in Washington on March 23, 1961, speaking with full knowledge that CIA agents and 400 Green Berets were recruiting and training Meo tribesmen expressly to insure that a "neutral" Laos would tilt toward the U.S. Some of the agents and Green Berets had been secretly working with the tribesmen since the late '50's.

Kennedy kept repeating the lie and in July 1962 in Geneva, fourteen nations, including the U.S., China, and the Soviet Union, signed two documents guaranteeing the neutrality of Laos. The second of the two was a protocol detailing procedures for the withdrawal of foreign military personnel from Laos as well as "foreign civilians connected with the supply, maintenance, and storing and utilization of war materials." In addition, in a clause which seemed to leave a lot of room for interpretation, the protocol forbade the introduction of arms and war materials except for "conventional armaments necessary for the national defense of Laos."

Shortly after the 1962 agreement was concluded, the United States withdrew more than two hundred advisers from Vientiane, the sleepy capital city of Laos, and

gave the appearance of sending home the 400 Green Berets who, under CIA direction, had been building the secret army in the back country. In fact, many of the Green Berets simply shucked off their fatigue uniforms, slipped into civvies, and went on about their business of turning the opium-growing hill people into riflemen. In the beginning they extended the charade by spending their nights in Thailand, so they could say they were not stationed in Laos. The story that eventually leaked out was that these men had retired from the military and had become contract employees of the CIA. But in any case, they were in violation of the 1962 agreement because, if they were not "foreign military personnel," they were certainly "foreign civilians," and both were banned.

In his news conference of March 23, 1961, President Kennedy recalled that the "clear premise" of the Geneva accords of 1954, which gave the states of Indochina their independence from France, had been that Laos would be neutral—"free from external domination by anyone." He added that the "efforts of a Communist-dominated group to destroy this neutrality [had] never ceased," calling special attention to a Soviet airlift of supplies then under way and a reported influx of North Vietnamese military advisers.

He failed to mention, of course, that the CIA had brought down at least two Laotian governments—in 1959 and 1960—which had seemed to be "too neutral" and seemed in danger of sliding toward the Communists. ("The United States has no desire to intervene in the internal affairs of Laos," a State Department spokesman in Washington said, as the CIA was maneuvering to get a more pro-American government into power in late 1960.) Nor did the president mention that Brigadier General John A. Heintges and nearly two hundred other American soldiers, posing as civilians in sport shirts and slacks, had been functioning as a Military Assistance Advisory Group (MAAG) for several years through the 1950's and early 1960's, training Laotian regular army troops and equipping them with weapons in direct violation of the 1954 peace agreement. (General Heintges's name mysteriously disappeared from public army records in 1959, in an apparent effort to suggest that he had "retired." Years later he was back in uniform with more stars on his shoulders, serving as commander of the United States Army Infantry Center at Fort Benning, Ga., and in several important posts in Vietnam, including deputy to General Westmoreland. He retired in 1971.)

Continuing to attack the perfidy of the Communists, Kennedy also remained silent about the four AT-6 World War II-era trainer planes the U.S. had fitted with rockets and bombs and given to the Laotians at the start of 1961 in another violation of the 1954 peace agreement.

The Russians, the Chinese, the North Vietnamese, and the Laotian insurgents, who called themselves the Pathet Lao (which means State of Laos), weren't fooled

CONTINUED ON PAGE 134

IMPORTED BY INVER HOUSE DISTILLERS LTD PHILA

Is Inver House really Soft as a Kiss?

Sip. Kiss. Compare.

Go ahead. Sip some Inver House Scotch. Very pleasant. Then kiss someone. Even nicer. And — compare. Inver House Scotch passes the test every time. Because it's distilled, blended and aged gently in Airdrie, Scotland until it is Soft as a Kiss. So find a friend and try it.

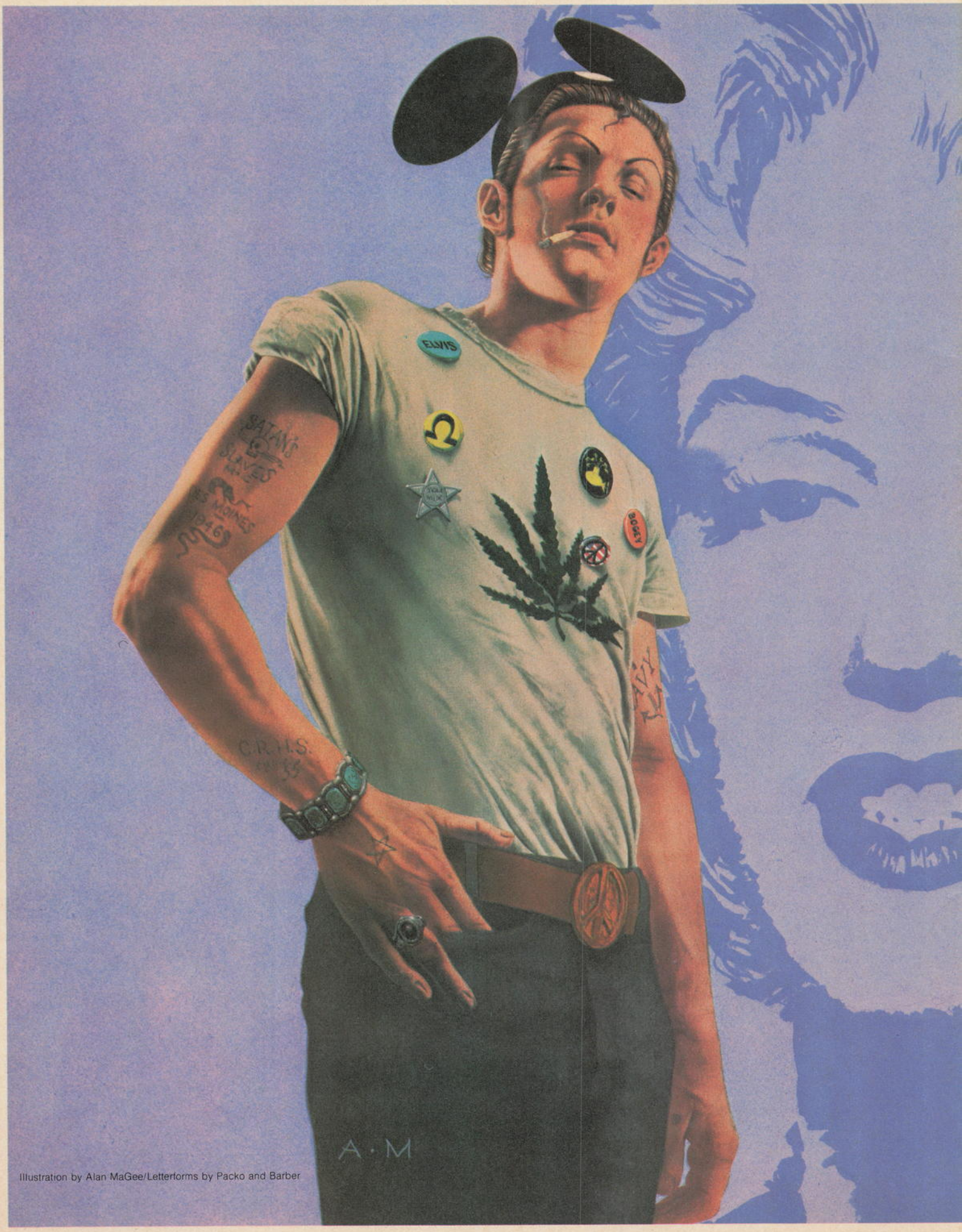
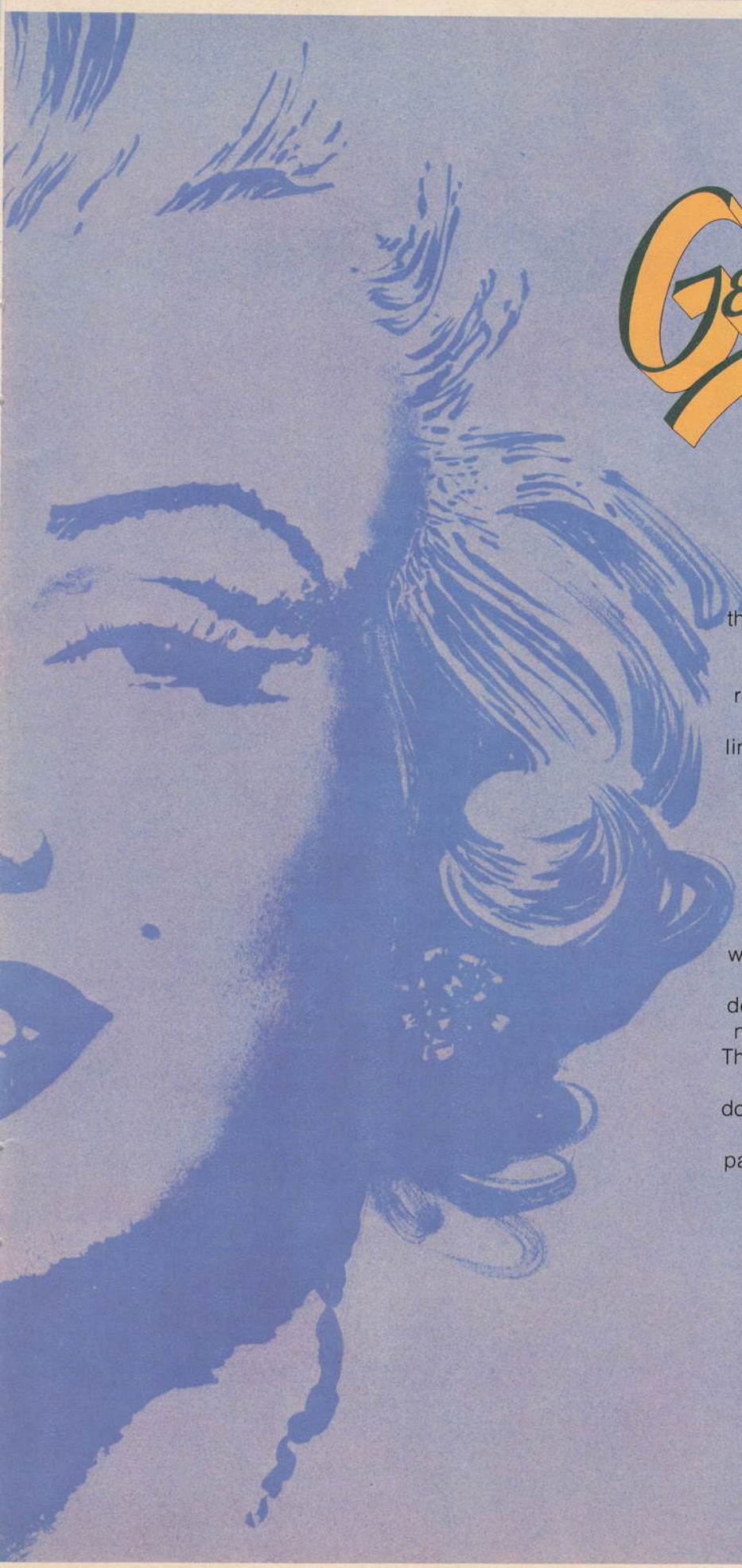


Illustration by Alan MaGee/Letterforms by Packo and Barber



He who remembers the past is condemned to live in it.

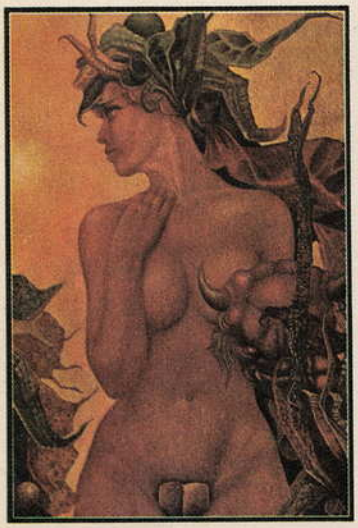
Getting Stuck

Nobody will be nostalgic about the 1970's. Prices are too high. Spirits are too low. And it's a lucky thing, too—because if people were nostalgic about the seventies, what hairstyles would they revive? Where is the kicky seventies furniture they would want reproductions of? What quintessentially seventies movie would they line up for? *The Summer of '42*? *The Last Picture Show*? *Chinatown*? *The Sting*? *The Way We Were*? *The Great Gatsby*? Where are the classic cars of the seventies—as expressive of this decade as the Jaguar XKE was of the sixties, the '57 T-Bird and '55 Chevy and MG-TD were of the fifties? Why do the seventies seem stuck in the styles of former decades? Why is this decade producing no styles for future decades to admire? The past is supposed to be that which has passed. But previous eras do not pass anymore. They linger. People can't bring themselves to part with them. What's the point of junking a perfectly good decade just when we're getting good at living in it?

By Craig Karpel

For the Devotees of Venus and Priapus

The Penthouse Book Society offers these new selections



THE DRAWINGS OF BERTRAND (X220) (left) by Raymond Bertrand. Introduction by Emmanuelle Arsan. This beautiful volume presents a comprehensive selection of the drawings and paintings of a contemporary French artist whose sensuous fantasy and surrealistic obsession have paid homage to the female body in a series of works which have no equal in modern art. 88 black-and-white drawings and a 16-page 4-color signature of his paintings. Size 9½" x 12½" **$17.95**

BEYOND SEX THERAPY (PH 60) A Manual for Discovering Personal Pleasure and Liberation by Martin Shepard, M.D. A long-awaited, breakthrough statement by nationally known psychiatrist Martin Shepard, this important book shows how we can wake up our inherent sexuality and personally experience our unique erotic desires. Using intimate revelations from his own life as well as clinical material, Dr. Shepard warns against looking to others, especially professionals, to tell us how to love, pointing out that the true joy of sex lies in the openness brought to any encounter, whether that be the embrace of a married couple or the pansexuality of an orgy. The first step in achieving a happy sex life involves getting in touch with one's own *authentic* desires and learning to trust those feelings throughout a wide range of experience, no matter what any "authority" has to say. This book will revolutionize your entire appreciation of sex. **$6.95**

METASEX, MIRTH AND MADNESS (PH61) Erotic Tales of the Absurdly Real by Marco Vassi. *A World of erotic explosions beyond your wildest fantasies!* In this daring, ribald masterpiece, Marco Vassi, "America's most important erotic writer," creates a funhouse of fantastic characters that mirror all the metasexual contortions of our age...Butch Medusa...The Dying Gynecologist...Subway Dick... The Sperm King...The Enema Therapist...and dozens of others. Radical lesbians, male supremacists, transsexuals, establishment normals, revolutionaries, gurus, and even God —created, of course, in the inimitable Vassi image—are reduced to the ridiculous in a shower of bawdy laughter. "One of the most imaginative and literate examples of contemporary granite-core pornography." Kevin Sanders, ABC-TV. **$6.95**

SEXUAL STIMULATION: GAMES LOVERS PLAY (X20) by Dr. S. G. Tuffill. With strange and arousing drawings, this book dives below the clinical approach to a human appreciation of what people really enjoy doing together. Chapter headings include: Pain and Pleasure, Bondage, Rubber and Transvestism, The Facination of the Breast, and Sexual Aids. **$7.95**

SEX AND ALL YOU CAN EAT (X21) by Louise Diane Campanelli. The first open book by a woman who engages in adultery, this is the story of "a nice Italian Catholic girl" who went through sixty men before her husband found out, and of how their marriage continued and was strengthened by her decision to continue practicing adultery. **$6.95**

SEX AND THE INTELLIGENT WOMAN (V121) by Manfred de Martino. A fascinating study of more than 300 women from Mensa, the organization that admits members solely on the basis of an I.Q. in the top two percent of the population, this detailed and revealing book throws light on previously unexplored aspects of female sexuality. **$7.95**

MALE SEXUAL PERFORMANCE (PH57) by Sam Julty. A moving and definitive study of impotence, using mostly interviews with men suffering from it and women who have encountered impotent sexual partners. It "does for the anatomy and physiology of the male what *Our Bodies, Ourselves* did for women" (Kirkus Review). **$7.95**

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After a decade has its ten-year run in prime time it becomes a permanent rerun. More and more the media have taken to serving us the recent past, to the point where we are suffering from a wicked case of *era pollution* —contamination of the present by the "unpast." As a result more and more people are getting stuck in outdated time frames. I'm not talking about mere nostalgia. Nostalgia implies that you're in the present but think the past is *divine*. Getting stuck means you're still in the past, but you think it's the present. Getting stuck means thinking what happened is what's happening, acting as if the present were just a streamlined version of the past rather than the beginning of the future.

Santayana said—nobody ever *reads* old George, they're too busy *quoting* him—"Those who cannot remember the past are condemned to repeat it." But the problem in the seventies is just the opposite: those who remember the past too vividly are condemned to live in it.

Getting stuck is bikers still trying to look like Marlon Brando looked in 1954. Getting stuck is President Ford visiting Japan and thinking it was better to wear embarrassingly short morning pants rather than a modern suit with pants the right length. Getting stuck is transvestites wanting to look, not like women of the seventies but like women of the thirties or—for the daringly modern drag—the forties. Getting stuck is black men still strutting around in Superfly vines. Getting stuck is "avant-garde" art not coming up with a new concept since Black Mountain College circa 1953. Getting stuck is 1975's "modern jazz" sounding like 1960. Getting stuck is the New Left losing ground to the Old Left. Getting stuck is movies like *The Gambler* and *The Man with the Golden Gun* depicting mobsters sporting black shirts and white ties. Getting stuck is six million college students and umpteen hundred thousand faculty members living out the academic styles of the twenties, fifties, and sixties—with nary a gesture toward inventing a style appropriate to the seventies. Getting stuck is Woodstock, New York, whose householders still tromp around in work shoes and straight-legged jeans and denim workshirts and red-and-black-plaid lumber jackets making believe they are West Village folkies of 1961—they should change the name to Woodstuck. Getting stuck is brand-new monumental travertine "art centers" that look like airport terminals built in 1966. Getting stuck is office building after office building looking like what Le Corbusier was doing forty-five years ago. Getting stuck is tent-meeting revivals in Alabama that are identical to those held in 1965, 1945, 1935, and 1905. Getting stuck is French popular music that's still hung up on Sylvie and Johnny Hallyday ten years after. Getting stuck is mail-order weight-lifting ads where the guy's hair is parted just to the left of center and slicked down with goose grease. Getting stuck is the supposedly open-minded discipline of academic philosophy, which has been busy spinning its wheels in Wittgensteinian word games for a generation. Getting stuck is the International Workers of the World headquarters in Chicago, where it will always be 1912. Getting stuck is artsy-craftsy free-form jewelry that always looks like Macdougal Street 1956. Getting stuck is Nelson Rockefeller's button men on the televised confirmation hearings dressed for a 1929 funeral for a Wall Street suicide. Getting stuck is receptionists who in real life say things like "Shit, man, that's far fucking out" thinking they're supposed to say "Whom shall I say is calling?" when they're on the job. Getting stuck is the time-warp restaurant of the Hotel Shoreham in Manhattan, where it's been 1936 for the past thirty-nine years. Getting stuck, ladies and gentlemen, is the United States of America in 1975.

Every year so far in the 1970's there has been a revival: first the twenties, then the thirties, the forties, and finally the fifties. And as far as youth styles are concerned, the entire seventies to date have been a sixties revival. A culture is pretty damned stuck if the best it can come up with is a revival of last year's revivals.

The reason for all this revivalism is that each of the decades in question—except the one we're in now, which has no style except for a certain droop at the corners of everything—saw at least one classic form of entertainment come to fruition. The twenties were the golden age of the greatest form of entertainment that has ever been devised—wealth. The income tax hadn't really taken its toll, and people had plenty of cash to put into parties, and booze, and houses with croquet courts. The North Shore of Long Island is still stuck rather pleasantly in 1926, and behind the banks of rhododendrons on winding lanes you can see the Georgian great houses and Tudor manses and French châteaux that every lawyer, financier, and bootlegger had to have to show his face in society. It is not just that people in the seventies want to dress the way people did for the fantasy lawn parties of the twenties—people will *always* want to dress that way, because there simply is no better way to spend a Sunday morning than brunching at a wrought-iron-and-glass table under a striped awning by the pool in a white linen suit, a lavender shirt, and saddle shoes.

The thirties and forties were the golden age of movies. These decades were the movies' halcyon days for two reasons: because destiny was nice enough to provide us with a generation of stars who rose to the demands of a medium which suddenly made it possible for the first time for everybody to see the most beautiful people in the world, and because the choicest properties—classic dramas and historical biographies—were naturally first to be filmed. Later decades have had only the leavings and the remakes. People will always want to see Norma Shearer as Marie Antoinette, will always want to see Joan Crawford and Greta Garbo slink around *Grand Hotel*, will always line up for *Gone with the Wind*.

The fifties were the golden age of television because the medium was so new that it hadn't yet been monopolized by the crassest motives. The fifties and sixties were the golden age of popular music because the streams of black music and white music converged to fill the demand for product of the newly invented long-playing record. People will always want to hear Elvis and Otis and the Beatles and the Stones.

The seventies are the golden age of the four preceding golden ages. And, unfortunately, we shouldn't expect any more golden ages until someone invents an entertainment medium as powerful and provocative as motion pictures, television, LP's, or great wealth. Pending that development—may it be soon, Lord, may it be soon!—we'd better learn to like being stuck in those four particular decades.

The whole process of style promotion is stuck in 1964, the year that Andy Warhol broke into the media. The Campbell's soup can was the least of Warhol's many gifts to American popular culture. Warhol's career as a painter has never been anything more than his way of scamming great mounds of money to be used to support his crew of "Warhols"—employees, friends, benefactors, sycophants, and spear-carriers. His real contributions have been in the area of disseminating the styles he favors by encouraging people around him to adopt them and by gathering around him people who have already adopted them. He has always cultivated rock stars, interior decorators, fashion editors, and party-givers because of their ability to convey his tastes to the mass audience. Warhol was thus single-limp-wristedly responsible for the fashionability of: (a) drag queenery, (b) glitter, (c) deco, (d) the thirties, (e) the forties, (f) nasty rock music, (g) decadence, (h) trash, and (i) sleaze.

What seems to be one more Warhol-inspired trend following hard upon a Warhol-inspired trend is actually the assimilation of 1964 Warholism by the media and the marketplace. Warhol hasn't grown with the times—the times have grown to where he has been for at least eleven years. The truth is that Andy shot his wad a decade ago—the culture has just been slow on the uptake. And no one has arisen to supply the impetus for the stylistic developments of the next decade. So not only has style been secretly stuck in 1964 all along, but we can expect it to *stay* stuck in 1964 for a long time. Look at it this way—do you think that when Andy Warhol is ninety-six he'll be promoting a cult of the 1970's?

Recently I arrived at the home of a DJ friend in Miami. There was a group of young men—or should I say dudes?—lounging about the living room. One of them told me he was a former Miami Beach policeman who had quit because he couldn't stand beating people at the 1972 Republican National Convention. Before long I became aware that my presence seemed to be putting a damper on the hanging out, so I made myself scarce. The next day I dropped by again and asked my host what gave. "Coz,"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 62

"There is no real sense of time on the mountain—just dawn and dusk and easy hours in between."

MOUNTAIN RETREAT

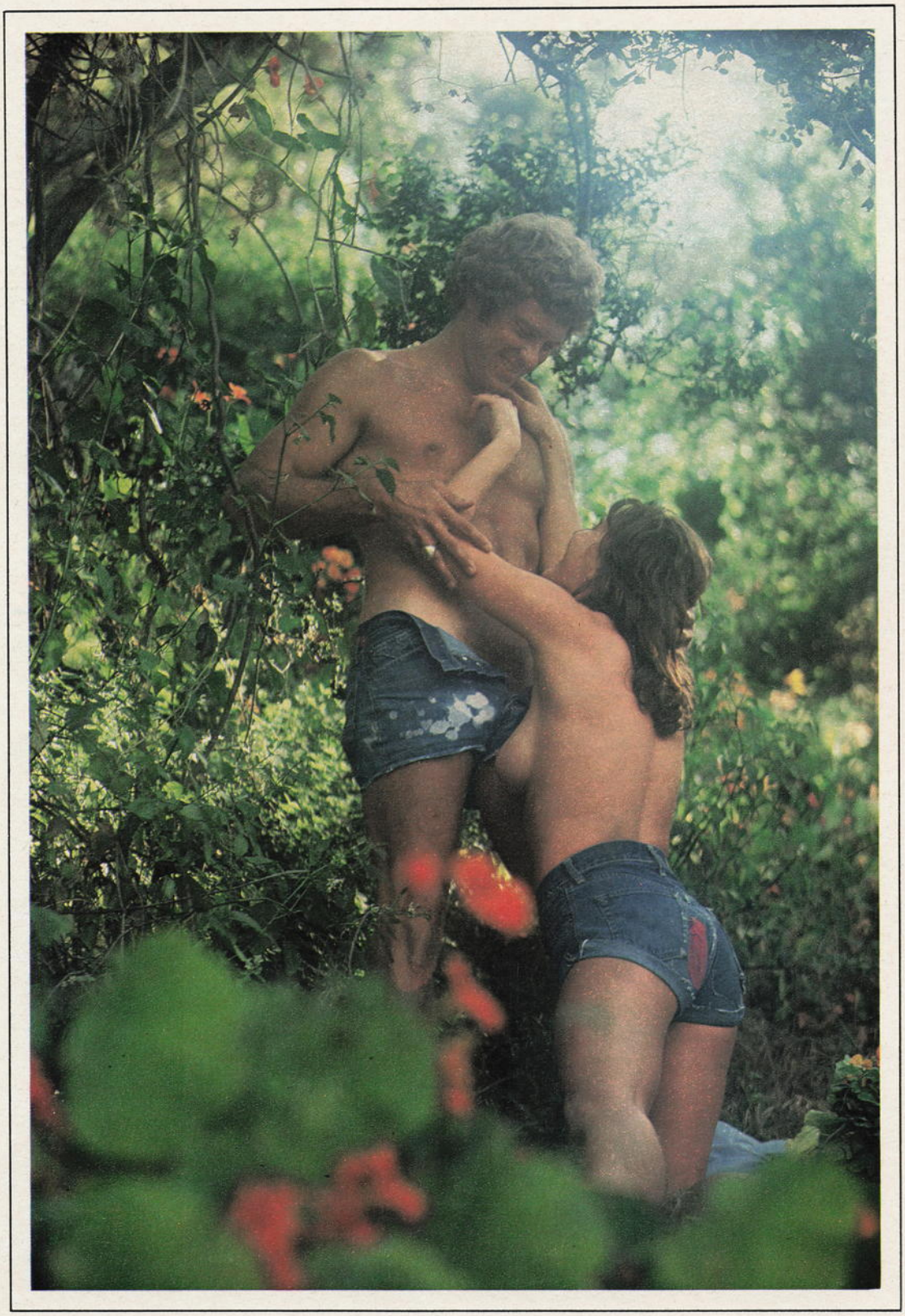
Summer Mountain is darkly lush and cool and, above all, far from the madding crowd. Here is a place of privacy...a place of freedom without restriction of any kind.

Jena comes here every summer to live and work in the cabin he built himself. "I find the city too confined, too sluggish, and I get hemmed in by all the material goods I seem to need to survive there. Up here, I'm much closer to the basic things—food, shelter, solitude, and the business of existing day by day."

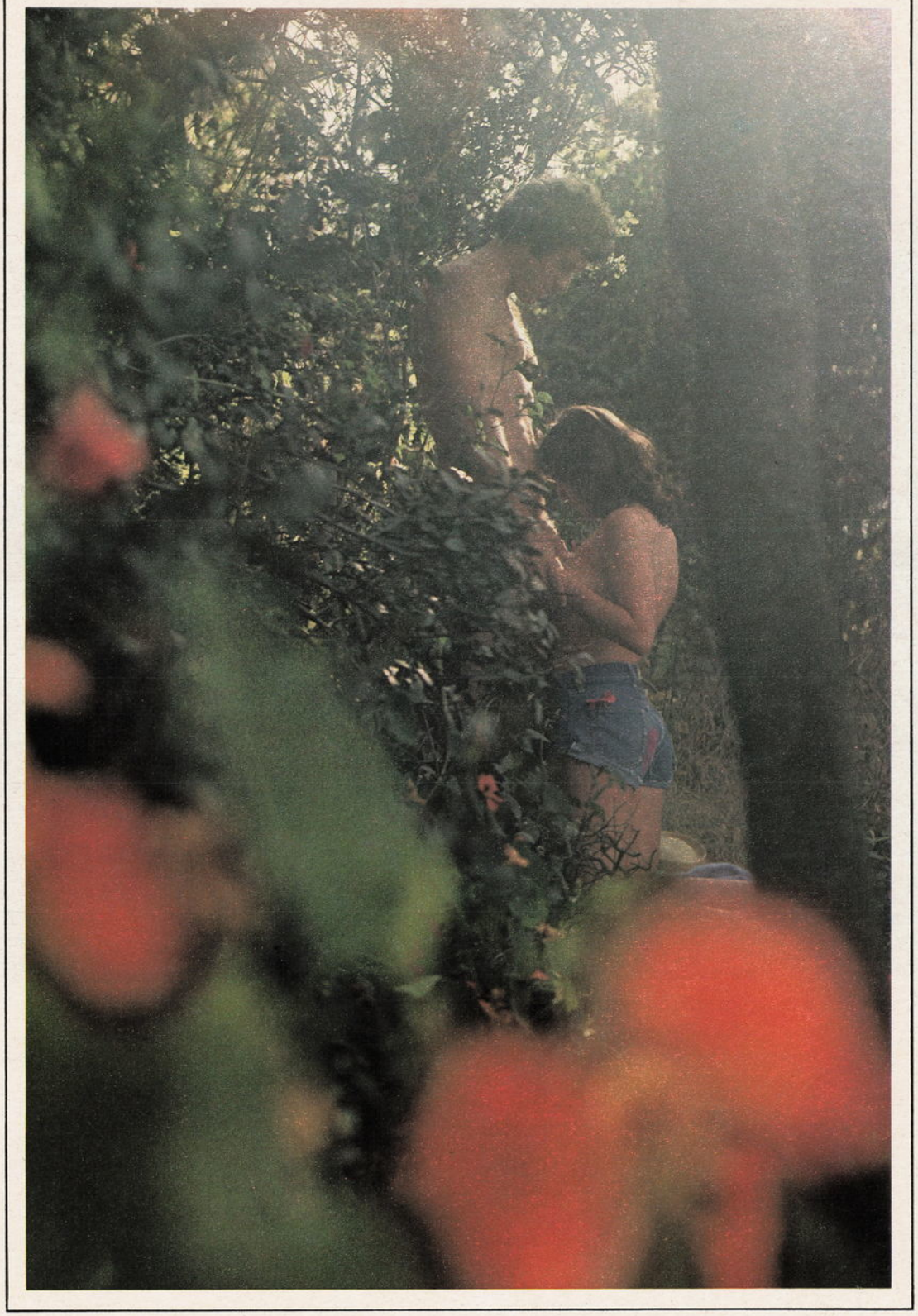
Sharla joins him on weekends, bringing along what little they need for being together. "I don't even bring a change of clothes," she says. "We don't really need them. There's nobody to see us, nobody to visit, so we're naked most of the time. The mountain is a lonely place—and it seems to accentuate my dependence on my man...."

"I live for the weekends up here with Sharla," says Jena. "During

PHOTOGRAPHS
BY
EARL MILLER

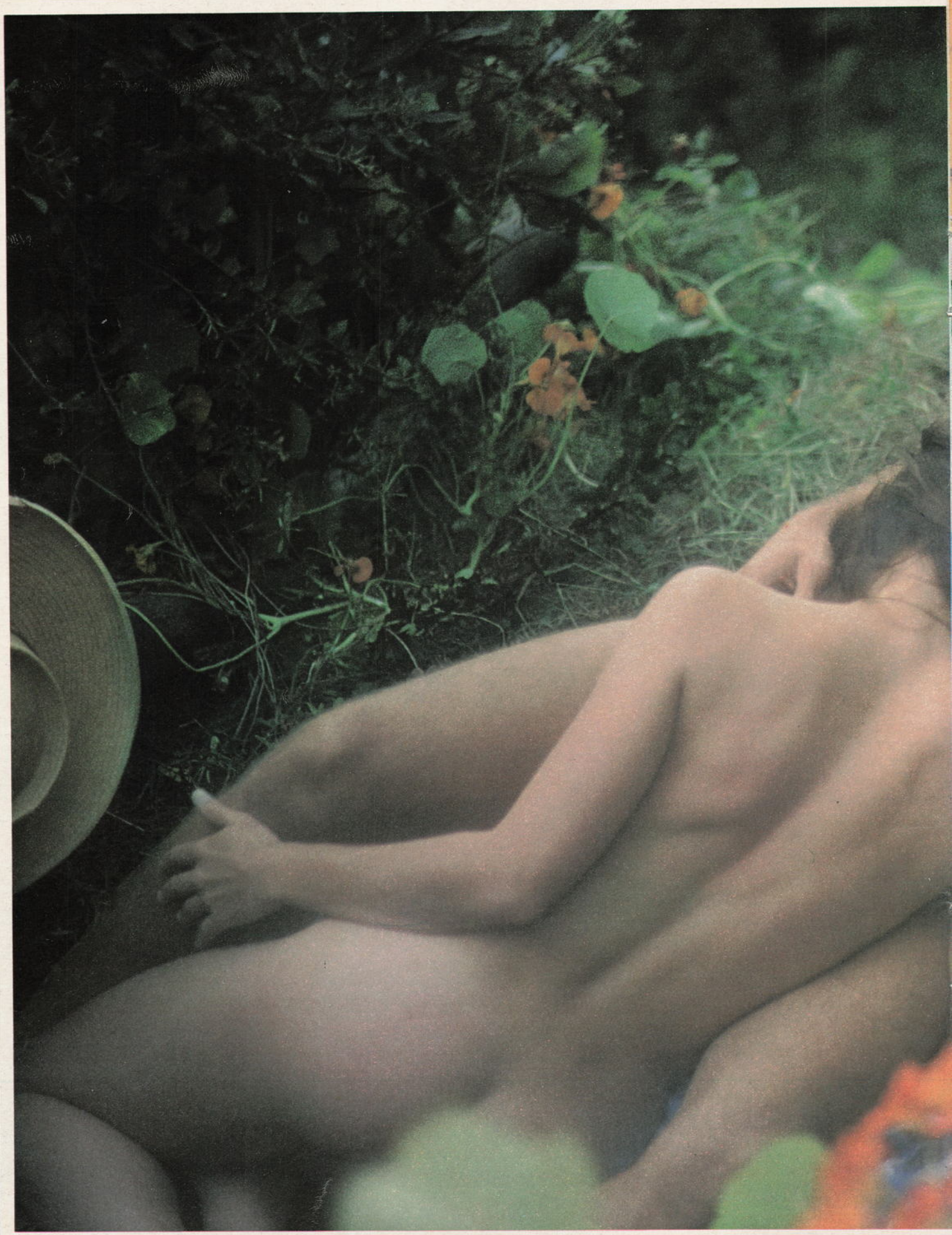


the week I have all the time in the world to
write, to reflect, and I even enjoy
doing all the chores that are necessary for
survival here—things I wouldn't think
of doing in the city. I have time for contemplation,



time to work out my life for
myself, and in anticipating the woman who's
going to come to me, I find that I
really appreciate everything about her—her
voice, her ways, her looks, her loving."

"We make love as though each
moment were the very first," says Sharla.
"There is no real sense of time on
the mountain—just dawn and dusk and easy
hours in between."



GETTING STUCK

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51

said I—his *nom de radiodiffusion* is Coz McTravler—"I seem to have dampened the old squib last nite [they don't have nights in Miami, they have nites]. Why was that?"

"It's your *hair*," said Coz. He said it like in the Listerine commercial, where the kid says to pop, "It's your *breath*."

Now, you must understand that I was the first kid on my block to have long hair. I had hair down to the dimples on my ass, friends. I was six feet of heaven in a ponytail. I could throw it over my shoulder like a continental soldier. I did everything a longhair was supposed to do. I wore denim Western shirts and studded, patched blue jeans and a Navajo silver concho belt and a Zuni ring. I lived on a hillside in Marin County, California. I toured the U.S.A. in my VW camper, which I repaired myself. I hung out in the East Village. I hung out in the Big Sur. I hung out in Berkeley. I hung out in Mendocino. I hung out in Woodstock. I hung out in Tangier. I took the hot springs at Jemez, New Mexico. I took the hot springs at Esalen. I took the hot springs at Zunil, Guatemala. I went to the Fillmore East. I went to the Fillmore West.

Then one day I looked at myself in the mirror and saw something that made my flesh crawl. I saw that I didn't look anything at all like the Navajo-Zuni-silver-Marin-County-East-Village-West-Village-Big-Sur-Berkeley-Mendocino-Woodstock-Tangier-New-Mexico-Guatemala-Fillmore-East-Fillmore-West man. What I looked like—Angels and Ministers of Grace defend me!—was a *college student*!

Without further ado I had at my tresses with a pair of sewing shears, until the only student I resembled was the president of Young Americans for Freedom at Oral Roberts University, with a major in Bible studies and a minor in family life. What a load off my mind!

"What *about* my hair?" I said to Coz.

"It's so short they thought you were a junkie in some program, or just got out of jail."

"I'm surprised they didn't think that I was a cop."

"Are you kidding?" said Coz. "No cop would have hair *that* short!"

The whole hair thing is stuck in 1969, which was the last year there was anything even remotely daring about letting your wig get big. I disagree with people who say, "Long hair used to mean something, but it doesn't anymore." Bullshit. It still means the same thing it always did: "I think I'm hip and I want you to think I'm hip." There's only one problem—being hip isn't hip anymore. It means being stuck in the mealy-minded, self-deluding, pseudorevolutionary, pseudo-evolutionary glop that passed for thinking among a certain group of middle-class youth in the 1960's. Every single notion proposed by longhairism must now be seen as simply so much folderol and fiddle-faddle. We are *not* entering an age of abundance. We can *not* all move to the country and farm. And surely we can *not* all teleport to Mars and hallucinate to theramin music. Everybody *does* have to work for a living. Locking yourself in the college administration building and smoking the president's cigars does *not* put an end to war. Slogging about a cow pasture knee-deep in garbage is *not* the ultimate way to spend a weekend. A backpack is *not* the most efficient luggage to hitchhike with. Why anyone would want to look like the legion of puddingheads who hoodwinked the media into disseminating all that warmed-over balderdash is beyond me. If you have long hair in 1975, you're stuck—except for Paul Getty, who's simply got to do *something* to cover where they cut off his ear.

I remember when the advent of the new car model year meant the unveiling of hitherto undreamed-of forms, shapes so daring, configurations so titillating that before the magic date they had to be covered with tarpaulins and shipped by night in the utmost secrecy. To see one of the new cars undraped before its official debut was the closest thing to a glimpse of divine nudity that the machine age has given us. But around 1967 came the awesome day when the new cars were stripped bare and—loss of hard-on—*they looked exactly like last year's models!* They looked more like last year's models than last year's models did! This was a fluke, we figured. How would we tell how intelligent our toddlers were, if not by their ability to distinguish model years? We waited for the 68's and—loss of sphincter control—not only did they look exactly like the 67's, but they looked *exactly like each other*! A Chevy looked more like a Ford than a Torino did! A Riviera looked more like a Grand Prix than a Tempest did!

The sudden drying up of the imagination of Detroit's designers soon produced an even worse phenomenon. Cars had always been made of the thinnest possible sheet metal supported by an exoskeleton of acrylic paint, with moving parts designed to grind each other to iron filings the day after the warranty ran out. But at least the battered, decrepit, rusted-out hulks still on the road at any given time were out of style—at least they looked not just beat to shit but *old*. Since automobile styling got stuck in 1967, however, old cars look exactly like new cars. So we are treated to the spectacle of five- and six- and seven-year-old cars covered with great rusted open sores, amputations and lacerations, but instead of looking like worn-out old cars, they look like worn-out *new* cars. It would be like seeing eighteen-year-old girls with sagging tits and varicose thighs and swollen ankles and gray hair. Talk about depressing! Talk about demoralizing! Talk about stuck!

Remember BRING US TOGETHER? The sign the CREEPS gave that little girl to hold so the news media would pick it up? Well, once they had us close enough the slogan was going to change to STICK US TOGETHER. The main feature of Watergate was how everybody concerned was stuck in the 1950's, and wanted the rest of us to join them. I mean, wasn't Haldeman—with his narrow lapels that even Brooks Brothers would have thought were sort of square, with his flattop that would have embarrassed even the Four Freshman—the original Man in the Gray Flannel Suit? The way Nixon recruited his lieutenants from ad agencies—what could be more fifties than Madison Avenue? Nixonism was first and foremost an attempt to roll back style from an era of radical chic to a decade when anti-communism was as popular as natural shoulders. It's fitting, isn't it, that the Watergate bunglers should have been pinched by the District of Columbia Mod Squad.

Preserve us from the likes of the Lana Cantrells and Vikki Carrs who are invented periodically to serenade those among the multitudes who are irretrievably stuck in a fifties imitation of some imaginary forties nitery. The latest smash sensation of thirty years ago is Liza with a Z. Here is a talented young person—I mean, she's younger than Ringo Starr, right?—who has decided to hoof exclusively for the geriatric market. So young and so stuck! Here's a performer who could have a following among her contemporaries if she'd stop singing tunes from yesteryear, and wasting her energy on material that was dated the moment it was written and on an audience she'll outlive by thirty years. You won't find *me* waiting on line to catch Liza Minnelli in 2005, no ma'am.

Florida is the only place in America where getting stuck is an industry. Take Disneyworld. Which part is stuck in the past? Frontierland? Fantasyland? Nope—Tomorrowland. The section of the park that purports to represent the future is, unlike the parts that portray the past, unimaginatively designed and crudely executed, mired in a swoopy pastel stucko fifties idea of what the 1960's were supposedly going to look like. Meanwhile, only a monorail ride away from the park is the Disney "contemporary" hotel, the one whose dining room the monorail swooshes through, which is designed in a 1960's idea of what the 1970's were going to look like. When your prophecy of the future is less advanced thanyour realization of the contemporary, stuck you are. When they defrost Uncle Walt, the first thing he should do is redesign Tomorrowland so that at long last it's like *tomorrow*.

Florida's enormous new condominium apartment communities are designed as cushy places to get stuck in. The older vacationers and retirees who are buying apartments in Florida are looking to spend their future in the comfort of their own past. Take Palm-Aire, a development of over 2,000 units in Pompano Beach. With its garden apartments, rows of duplex "townhouses," tennis courts, golf courses, swimming pools, and clubhouses, it is as if the residents were plunging backwards in time into a spruced-up version of the officers' housing and recreational facilities of the American military posts of World War II—only $44,990, plus low monthly maintenance—

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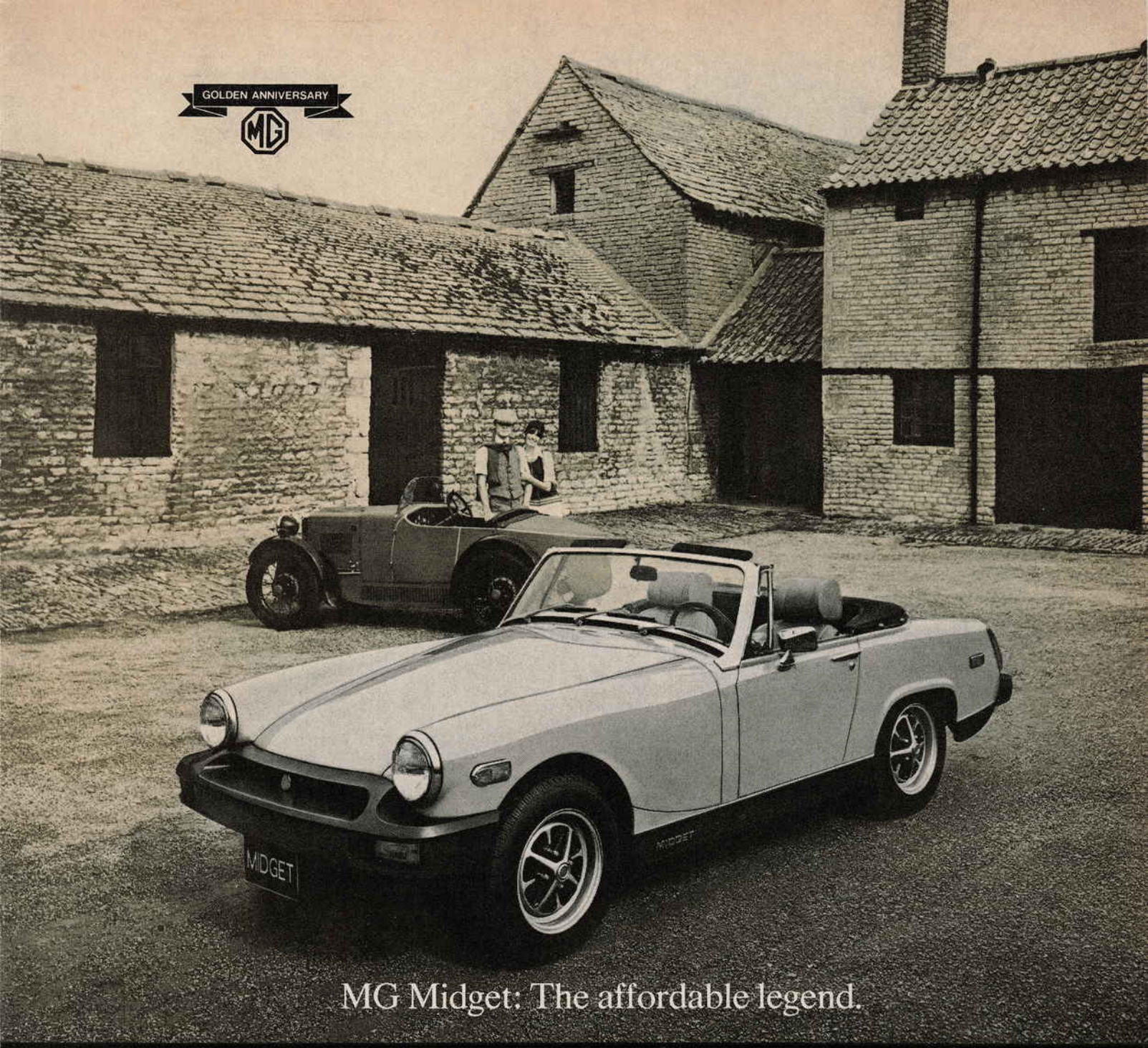

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Photograph By Klaus Lucka

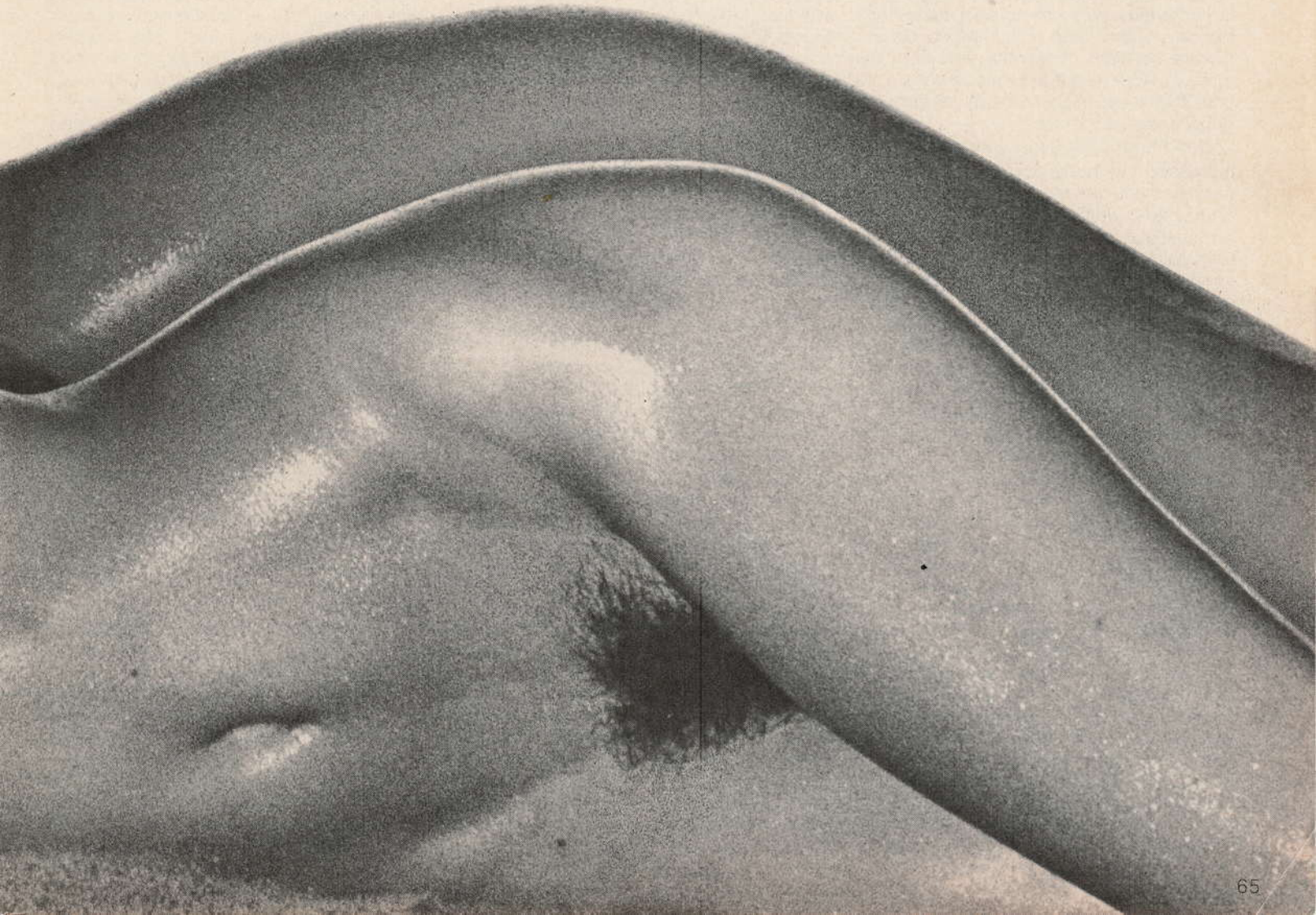
DUONTHESUN

A guide to where the nude resorts and beaches are for those who seek the naked truth . . . any number can play, or you can restrict it to a

By Rod Swenson

Last year alone, American women spent over $100 million on bathing suits. Think of it. All that money spent on covering up one of our most precious national resources, some of our most beautiful natural landscape. Now clothing is necessary in many climates for warmth and protection. Clothing can be sensual and sexual too. But what's the real truth behind the bathing suit? It's clammy; it gets full of sand when you're on the beach; it leaves suntan lines on your body; and it's still dripping wet when the rest of you is already dry. The truth is that the bathing suit is a poor substitute for skin, and is actually a vestigial hanger-on from antiquated social and sexual taboos of the past.

Many people, it's true, wear bathing suits because they're uptight about their bodies. Many others, however—and this would include especially the under-thirty crowd—wear bathing suits because the law requires them to do so. Most people are not aware of the many alternatives open to them. As they are discovering the resorts, beaches, and recreational facilities where they can be free of clothes without being harassed, the old uptight places they used to go look less and less desirable. Usually those who experience the freedom of swimming and sunning without clothes never want to go back to those clammy suits again. At a nude resort you can not only *be* a naked body, but you can also *watch* naked bodies. It's a fantastic added dimension to whatever you're doing.



In the 1930's, when the nude movement first got off the ground in this country, the whole idea of going around without clothes was considered so outlandish by the general public that the practitioners generally felt the need to be especially conservative in everything else they did. There was almost a religious fervor to the movement then, and the people involved were called nudists. The places where they went were referred to as nudist colonies. Intoxicants were banned from the grounds, applicants for admission were very carefully screened, everyone was *required* to be nude while they were there, and no touching (not even holding hands) was allowed in public. The nudists claimed that after the initial period of adjustment they never really noticed bodies of the opposite sex, and any kind of sensuality was universally denied. Today the basic concept is changing rapidly. In any of the worthwhile places, the old taboos have long since been buried. Most importantly, this includes a comfortable and open attitude toward sexual and sensual things. In fact, most of the facilities at the better nude resorts are geared toward sensuality.

One should not conclude, however, that everyone at a nude resort is a swinger. It doesn't (unfortunately) mean that every girl you meet on a free beach is an easy lay. Some people you'll meet will be very traditional sexually and others very open. Although there are some notable exceptions, sex at a nude resort is something done in private between consenting adults. If that means one person (the same person) all the time, that's cool. And if it means three or four people, that's cool too.

One thing is for sure: your sensitivity is increased in a nude environment. You see more and you feel more. The most sensitive body parts, which are generally covered, are now exposed to the warmth of the sun, the coolness of rushing water, the heat of a sauna. The *sight* of other bodies is an exhilarating feeling too. In our repressed society we've been deprived of the sight of tits, cunts, dicks, and asses. These things have supposedly been reserved for lovers (and doctors) only. Now how selfish and possessive can you get? Give a little. Get a little.

On a radio show once, an uptight fellow remarked that he wouldn't want anyone to see his wife nude and wanted to know how I felt about people seeing my girl friend's body. I said, "Great. To me she's very beautiful!" He asked, in a refined way, if one didn't feel like fucking every girl one saw at a nude resort. Well, of course there are some you'd like to fuck. I mean, wouldn't you like to fuck some of the girls walking down the street in your hometown? Big deal.

There are still some "nudist colonies" around. Stay away if you can, they're as uptight as Jones Beach. There're a lot of good free beaches and nude resorts too. Check *them* out. Even the best are not for all people though. Each is different. The following is a detailed look at some of the best spots in North America—including one area that's fighting for its survival. So *get naked*!

Elysium Fields, 814 Robinson Road, Topanga, California. (213) 455-9026. Ed Lange, Director. Located near the Pacific Ocean in Topanga Canyon, twenty-seven miles away from the smog of downtown Los Angeles, Elysium Fields is an extraordinary sensory paradise. What appears to be a natural, casual, and relaxed environment, conducive to total freedom and relaxation, is actually the very carefully thought-out fantasy of a man who has spent the better part of his adult life involved with nudity—both as an individual participant and as a photographer/publisher.

When you meet Ed Lange, you are confronting a man whose search for the peak experiences in life is his major preoccupation. Ed takes "feeling good" very seriously, and if feeling good is something you like to do, then you should check out Elysium Fields. Picture rolling hills of well-kept, grassy lawns on the side of a mountain. Nude people, mostly couples, lounging, talking, and caressing each other. Touching and sensuality are stressed and encouraged here, although a distinction is made between this and "sexuality." Actual fucking, sucking, or activities leading to orgasm are not done in the open. "Copulation and meditation rooms," as Lange calls them, are provided for sexual activities. He sees nothing inherently wrong with open sexuality (sex out in the open) but feels we are not sociologically ready for it yet. His idea for Elysium is to provide a facility for the largest possible number of people. It's a very popular place, so he must be doing something right.

The facilities at Elysium are deluxe. Everything is made of wood or natural materials, and wind chimes ring gently in the wind on the hills and in the gardens. The redwood sauna, with fine needlepoint showers at its entrance and an ice-cold pool nearby, holds fifty people. One of the most beautiful whirlpools you'll find anywhere is situated on a hilltop. It has sixteen whirlpool jets and holds up to forty-five people at one time. Since it's outside, you can bake in the sun while you let the jets massage you. This is an outstanding place to give or get a massage, too! There are no restaurants or overnight facilities at Elysium. Being so near Los Angeles, it is really a daytime place. Sometimes sandwiches are available on weekends if something special is going on, but you'd do best to bring a picnic lunch. Cars are parked far away so they can't be seen from the grounds—Ed Lange thinks they're an eyesore. In a further effort to provide a natural setting, all electric wires and lines have been carefully hidden too. Transistor radios and all amplified instruments are also off limits.

Elysium operates as a membership facility, and claims over one thousand members of both sexes, not including children. The emphasis is on young people. Annual rates are $50 for women and $100 for men. Each time you go you must pay an additional daily grounds fee. This is $3 for women, $5 for men, $6 for a couple, and $1 for each child. Visitor passes are $7. In addition to the facilities mentioned above, Elysium has a growth center which sponsors structured sensitivity workshops on the grounds, and in Los Angeles too.

To get to Elysium Fields from Los Angeles follow Ventura Freeway (Hollywood Freeway) to Topanga Canyon Boulevard. Take the off-ramp south on Topanga Canyon Boulevard for seven and one-half miles. Look on the left for Robinson Road and follow it for about two-tenths of a mile.

Treehouse Fun Ranch, 17809 Glen Helen Road, San Bernardino, California 92407. (714) 887-3110, (714) 887-3491. Operated by Fran and Bill Flesher. If the soft wind chimes and supersensitive all-natural surroundings of Elysium aren't exactly your kind of thing 'cause you like a little transistor with your swimming pool, the Treehouse Fun Ranch might be for you. The name itself sounds ideal for a Nevada whorehouse, and although its present lessees did want to run a swingers club dedicated to adult pleasures and the adventures of partner swapping, their initial plan has mellowed quite a bit since then. Well, maybe "mellowed" isn't exactly the word.

Two years ago Fran and Bill took over a former nude resort which they characterize as being a "rundown dump at the time," changed the name, and started developing their own concept. After a time the swinging idea began to modify itself. The Fleshers liked staying at the ranch, and as swingers, they couldn't bring their kids. Although swinging still goes on, as it does most anywhere, Treehouse is now less specialized. Specifically, although the average age is under thirty, families come here as well as couples and singles.

"Wild" Bill Flesher, as some affectionately call him, was a contractor and construction worker before he got into the nude-resort business two years ago. He's middle-aged, short, stocky, slightly paunchy, hard-talking, and hard-drinking. And he's an all-American promoter. If some people say he's crass, at least he's got balls. I mean, when you talk about *bare*back riding with Bill Flesher, it's the real thing. A rodeo rider as a youth, Bill staged the world's first all-nude rodeo last year at Treehouse. Picture the opening parade of cowboys and cowgirls entering the ring on horseback—all nude except for cowboy hats, kerchiefs, boots, and chaps. But don't ever accuse Flesher of being merely a voyeur. He's the toughest of them all. The crowd went wild when Bill, clad only in a hat, chaps, and boots rode a giant bucking steer into the ring. He was thrown to the ground with only minor injuries.

The Treehouse has a whole string of nude beauty pageants too, from Miss Nude International and Miss Nude Chubby to Mr. Nude U.S.A. And Flesher has his own nude skydiving team at the ranch called the Buff Divers. They tried nude hang-gliding too, but the wind is strong here, and the participants kept landing in the trees. Small failures like

CONTINUED ON PAGE 96

© 1974—R.J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.

To the 56,000,000 people who smoke cigarettes.

A lot of people have been telling you not to smoke, especially cigarettes with high 'tar' and nicotine. But smoking provides you with a pleasure you don't want to give up.

Naturally, we're prejudiced. We're in the business of selling cigarettes.

But there is one overriding fact that transcends whether you should or shouldn't smoke and that fact is that you do smoke.

And what are they going to do about that?

They can continue to exhort you not to smoke. Or they might look reality in the face and recommend that, if you smoke and want low 'tar' and nicotine in a cigarette, you smoke a cigarette like Vantage.

And we'll go along with that, because there is no other cigarette like Vantage. Except Vantage.

Vantage has a unique filter that allows rich flavor to come through it and yet substantially cuts down on 'tar' and nicotine.

Not that Vantage is the lowest 'tar' and nicotine cigarette. (But you probably wouldn't like the lowest 'tar' and nicotine cigarette anyway.)

The plain truth is that smoke has to come through a filter if taste is to come through a filter. And where there is taste there has to be some 'tar.'

But Vantage is the only cigarette that gives you so much flavor with so little 'tar' and nicotine.

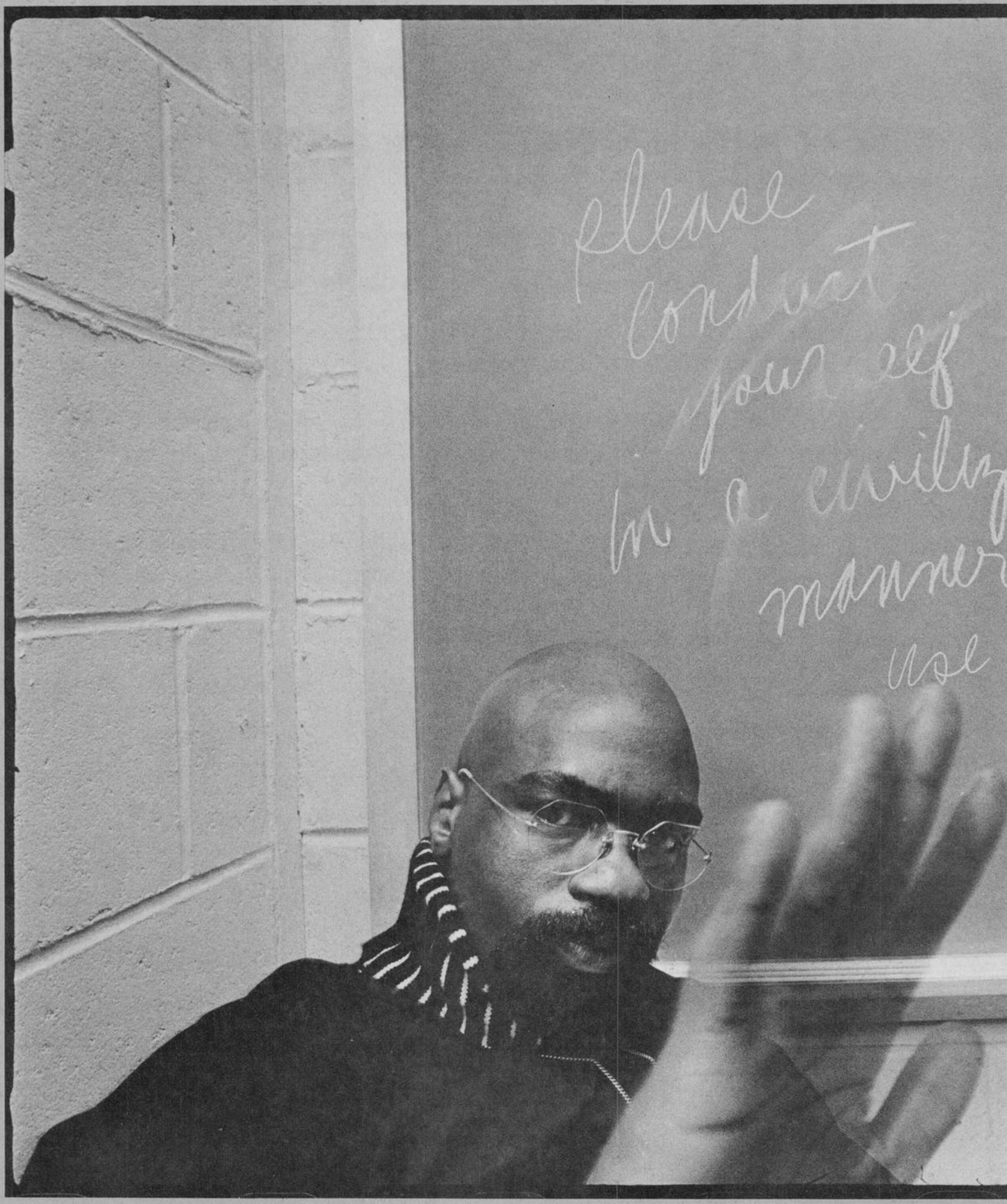
So much flavor that you'll never miss your high 'tar' cigarette.

MENTHOL
11 mg. 'tar,'
0.8 mg. nicotine

FILTER
12 mg. 'tar,'
0.8 mg. nicotine

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

FILTER: 12 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine, MENTHOL: 11 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report MAR. '75.


please
conduct
your self
in a civil
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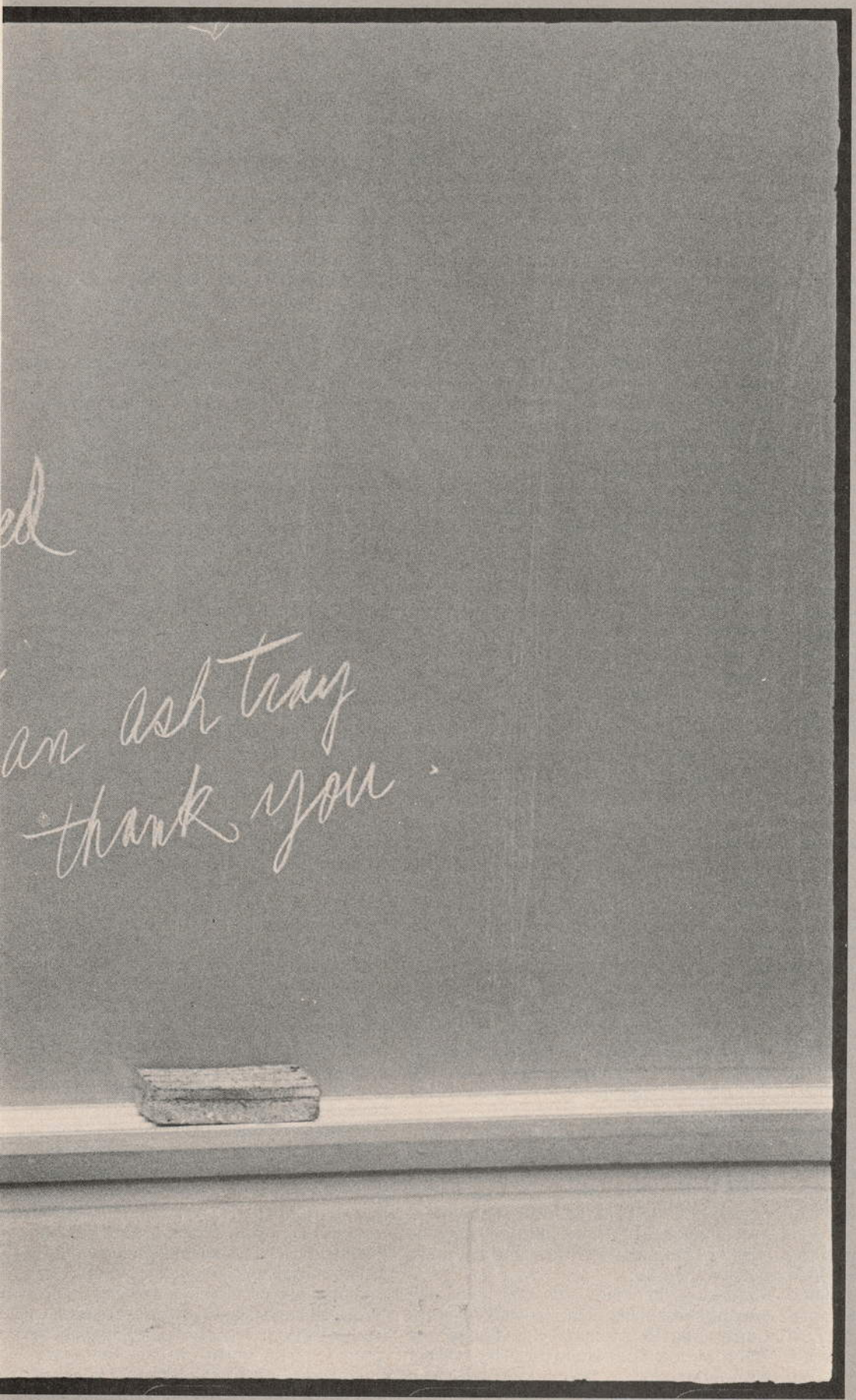


PENTHOUSE INTERVIEW

RUBIN HURRICANE CARTER

I come to you in the only manner left open to me. I've tried the courts, exhausted my life's earnings, and tortured my two loved ones with little grains and tidbits of hope that may never materialize. Now the only chance I have is in appealing directly to you, the people, and showing you the wrongs that have yet to be righted . . . the injustice that has been done to me. For the first time in my entire existence I'm saying that I need some help. Otherwise, there will be no tomorrow for me: no more freedom, no more injustice, no more State Prison; no more Mae Thelma, no more Theodora [wife and daughter], no more Rubin . . . no more Carter. Only the Hurricane.

"And after him, there is no more."
—From The Sixteenth Round *by Rubin Carter (Viking Press)*

It's rare for the world heavyweight boxing champion to dedicate a fight to another boxer, but it's even rarer when that boxer is a prisoner. Yet that's just what Muhammad Ali did on the May morning before his bout with Ron Lyle, when he told startled reporters in Las Vegas, "I'm dedicating this fight to Rubin Carter."

For those few boxing fans who hadn't heard of Rubin "Hurricane" Carter, or didn't remember his furious devastation of opponents in the ring during Friday-night fights in the sixties, Ali's decision to become co-chairman of the Hurricane Fund came as a surprising introduction to a man who has become a living symbol of courage and a cause célèbre for fighters against injustice.

In 1966 Hurricane Carter was the number-one contender for the middleweight crown. With twenty-one knockouts under his belt and about to take on Dick Tiger for the title, Carter was near the peak of his career. And then, suddenly one night in June, shotgun

PHOTOGRAPH BY ART KANE

blasts in a dingy Paterson, New Jersey, tavern shattered his hopes forever. There would be no title bout—in fact, no more fights at all for Rubin Carter—just years wasted behind bars.

Rubin Carter, known to the Paterson police for his civil rights activities, was swept up in the dragnet thrown over his hometown that night after the murder of three white patrons of the Lafayette Bar & Grill. The police had already chased and lost a white car similar to the one driven by the murderers as they fled the city, and many other white cars driven by blacks were stopped and searched that night; but only one—Rubin Carter's—was brought to the scene of the crime to confront the lynch-mob hysteria of white neighbors and witnesses. Even so, no one—either witnesses or the only surviving victim—identified Carter or his young companion in the car, John Artis, as the murderers. After seventeen hours of grilling by police and after Carter passed a lie-detector test, the two men were released.

Five months later, on October 14, 1966, Carter and Artis were arrested and charged with the murders. On the testimony of two white ex-convicts, Alfred Bello and Arthur Bradley, Carter and Artis were imprisoned, and in May 1967 they were brought to trial. There followed two weeks of courtroom drama packed with racial tension: black defendants confronted by white judge, a white prosecutor waving the blood-soaked clothes of the white victims, and an all-white jury chosen from a community informed by a racially inflamed local press. The result was that both defendants received triple-life sentences, with Carter's set to run consecutively—or, in other words, forever.

But then, in September 1974, the prosecution's key witnesses, Bello and Bradley, recanted their testimony. They explained that they had lied in exchange for rewards of $10,500 offered by the police and promises of leniency for robbery charges. "There's no doubt Carter was framed," Bradley admitted to the *New York Times*.

So seven years have been cut out of Rubin Carter's life. He has spent those years studying every law book he could lay his hands on, attempting to nurse the emotional wounds of his wife and daughter, struggling for prison reform at Rahway State Prison, and using his boxing ability to ward off attacks by sadistic guards and homosexual assailants. It seemed—at last—in the early fall of 1974 that this longest and most difficult fight of his life was nearly over. Using the recantations of Bello and Bradley, lawyers from the State Public Defender's Office asked for a new trial in a hearing before Samuel Larner, the same judge who had originally sentenced Carter and Artis to life while expressing his full agreement with the jury's verdict of guilty.

But Judge Larner denied Carter's right to a new trial, allegedly to "preserve our jury system," and Carter is now awaiting the outcome of an appeal that may take years before it even reaches the federal courts. Only there, beyond the power of the New Jersey political machine, Hurricane Carter told *Penthouse* interviewer Gerard Colby Zilg, does he expect any chance of "a fair shake." Recently, in late May, Judge Larner refused to free Carter and Artis on bail while they appeal. He described the bail application as "frivolous."

Why has Rubin Carter been denied justice in New Jersey? The answers given here in this exclusive *Penthouse* interview reveal for the first time the politics behind Carter's case. These include a two-year history (from 1964 to 1966) of constant harassment by the FBI and a nationwide police campaign to "get" Carter because of his civil rights activities and his outspoken support of self-defense against police brutality. They also include Carter's fight against the boxing establishment; his association with Martin Luther King and the Rev. C.L. Franklin; the role of New Jersey's present governor, Brendan Byrne, in the original trial and imprisonment of Carter; and the real reason Judge Larner was able to turn down Carter's appeal for a new trial.

To obtain this interview, Zilg traveled to Trenton State Prison, which he describes as "a decaying monument to 126 years of collective misery," and talked with Carter for six hours. "He was smaller in size than his name had led me to expect," Zilg says, "but Rubin Carter has a dynamism and strength of character that immediately fill any room. He sports the same Fu Manchu beard and shaven black head that intrigued me on TV years before, but the fierce image I had of him faded before the genuine warmth of his greeting and his broad, generous smile. The buoyancy in his step and his youthful optimism almost make you forget all that this thirty-eight-year-old man has been through. He speaks in a low cadence dramatized by gestures, and only the unseeing gray cloud of his right eye reveals the hidden pain behind the gold-framed glasses. His meticulous attire—clean khaki slacks, an immaculate white turtleneck shirt, and a black turban adorned with a pearl pin—clearly testifies to his determination to preserve identity and self-respect in the face of the conformity of prison life."

Penthouse: For eight years you have been imprisoned for murder. What do you believe is the real reason you're in jail?

Carter: I'm not in jail for committing murder. I'm in jail partly because I'm a black man in America, where the powers that be will only allow a black man to be an entertainer or a criminal. While I was free on the streets—with whatever limited freedom I had on the streets—as a prizefighter, I was characterized as an entertainer. As long as I stayed within that role, within that prizefighting ring, as long as that was my Mecca and I didn't step out into the civic affairs of this country, I was acceptable. But when I didn't want to see people brutalized any longer—and when I'd speak out against that brutality, no matter who committed the brutality, black people or white people—I was harassed for my beliefs.

I committed no crime; actually the crime was committed against me. All the evidence today shows that the crime was committed against me . . . and still is being committed against me. What has happened in the past and what's happening right now make it a very good bet that it may happen to you tomorrow.

Penthouse: When did the harassment begin?

Carter: As far as I can recall, it began in January, February, and March of 1964. Before that time, I was the Rubin Carter that everybody loved, a good guy. Muhammad Ali and I once had to appear in front of the New York Boxing Commission up in Albany when some people were asking for the abolishment of boxing. Muhammad was the good guy who showed what boxing was doing for him. Then I was put on display as the former bad guy who had come out of prison, and I explained what boxing had done for me. I was the black American pie at that time.

But the moment that I got rid of my manager, Carmen Tedeschi, because he had beaten me out of all this money, then the news media came down on me. They started saying I had left the man who made me—even though each time the bell rang, he grabbed the stool and went and sat down outside the ring.

Penthouse: In other words, you were challenging the boxing establishment?

Carter: Yes. Before that, I would never say much. My manager would do all the talking. He was a publicity hound, and he would always bring up my past—that "my man was in prison" stuff. I let it go, and that, I believe now, was a mistake on my part. Because the moment I got rid of him and started speaking for myself, that's when people started saying, "He's challenging boxing." From that time on, everybody really started coming down on me.

But my real problems began when the *Saturday Evening Post* printed what I said about the Harlem fruit riot that took place in April 1964. I said that black people ought to protect themselves against the invasions of white cops in black neighborhoods—cops who were beating little children down in the streets—and that black people ought to have died in the streets right there if it was necessary to protect their children. When a reporter—and a very good friend of mine, or so I thought—asked me about this Harlem fruit riot, I told him how I felt about it. None of this was supposed to be printed, but he saw a story in it and had it printed in the *Saturday Evening Post*. Well, when that came out the police throughout the world thought I had declared war on them . . . and when war is declared, truth is always the first casualty. It was at that point that police throughout the country came down on me. There were times when I was arrested three or four times just to put in the headline RUBIN CARTER AGAINST THE POLICE in the papers. This is a very skillful maneuver to turn the victim into

CONTINUED ON PAGE 100

MICHELLE

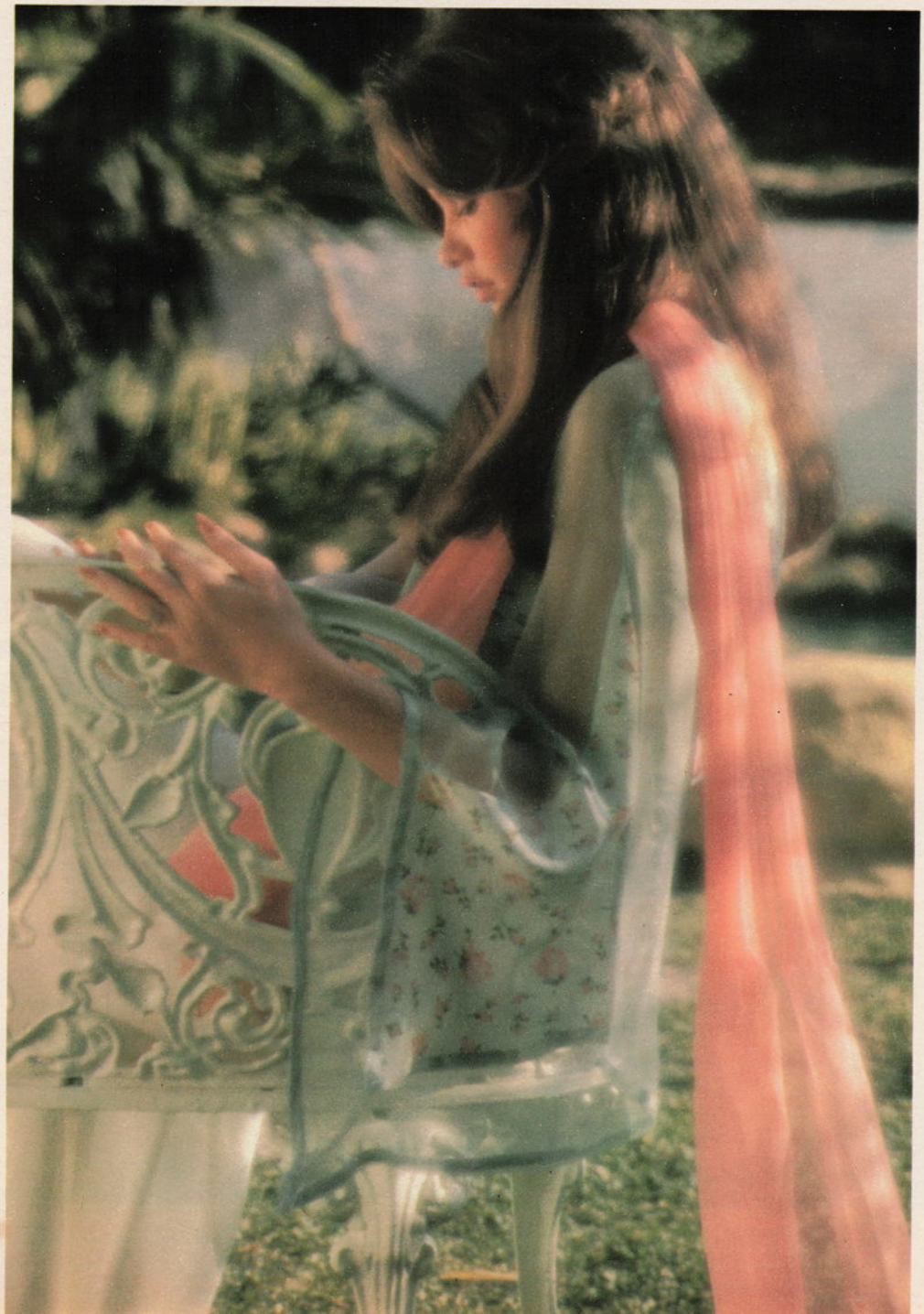
"Watching my man
while I'm straddling his thighs
really tunes me in
to what he's all about. . . ."

EVEN STEVENS

Like most Pisces, twenty-two-year-old Michelle Stevens has more than a mere penchant for things aquatic. So the life of a land-locked water nymph in Memphis, Tennessee, didn't suit her one bit. "I've always loved the ocean—ever since I first saw it," she explains. "Somehow I feel it's the one place where I become fully alive—where I'm really free."

Stalking that elusive freedom, Michelle decided to ship out to the West Indies with a consenting sea captain who—not surpris-

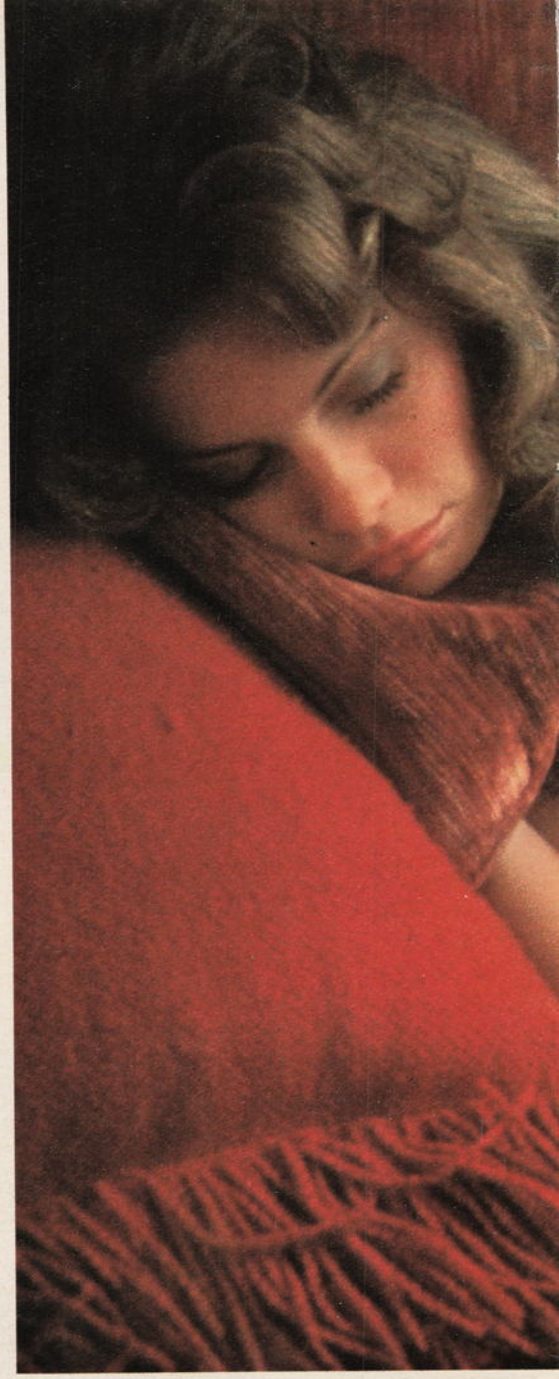
PHOTOGRAPHS BY JEFF DUNAS

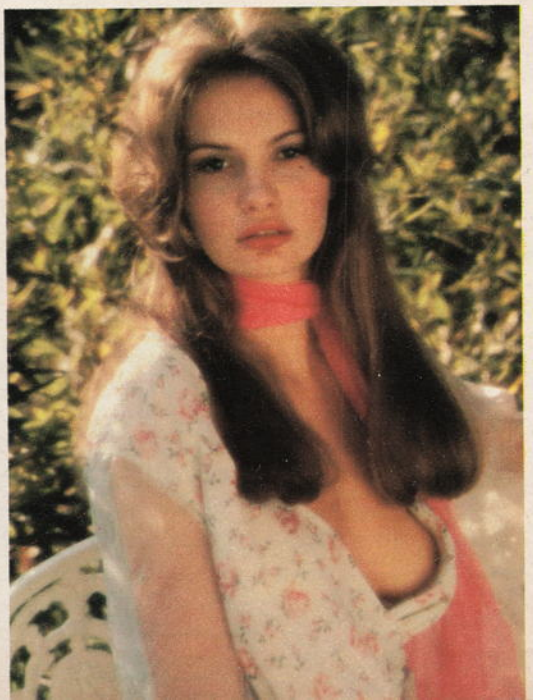


ingly—wanted to make her his *first* mate. "We traveled all over the Caribbean together," says she, "before I finally realized that we were both more in love with the sea than with each other. But at least I found out that a woman can separate love from sex...and maybe, with a little practice, enjoy them both."

Tiny (5 feet, 4 inches; 36-22-35; 104 pounds), bright, and doubly determined to find her own special niche, Michelle set her course for the

Southwest after a short romantic interlude in Chicago. "I went there with a guy just to see if it would work out for us. The lake was there—but that smelly asphalt city was just too much. My body really craved the sea again, the salt air, and all that southern sun." She found what she was looking for in California. "It's a dream world for me—





everything about it is right. I can explore the coast, make love in sexy hidden coves with a man who knows I need him just as much as he needs me.

"And 'hot' empty days... plenty of sun, sand and cool water have always turned me on," Michelle says, "and I seem to want to wander from one beach to another like in dreams of an endless summer, searching for the perfect spot—and for the perfect mate to share it with. Oh sure! I'll get married eventually—it's bound to happen someday—but right now I'm too busy experimenting with my fantasies.

"Being nude with the right man on some lonesome beach puts me into an erotic trance. Most men want to start their fucking in the missionary position, but *I* like to be on top. Watching my man while I'm straddling his thighs really tunes me in to what he's all about." Which is, we always say, as good a way as any to take the full measure of a man....

Clothes by Pleasure Dome & Strip Thrills of Los Angeles. Makeup for Max Factor by Babiz.

PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH/MISS MICHELLE STEVENS

GETTING STUCK

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 62

to relive the best years of their lives. Palm-Aire looks like the presidio of San Francisco or Fort Benning, Georgia, only without the enlisted men's barracks. If you're determined to spend your golden years stuck in an environment that embodies a fantasy you have about your past, you might as well do it as an officer, right? Only instead of jeeps from the motor pool, it's golf carts.

The most stuck place in Florida is in that furthest outpost of the past, Palm Beach. Its main shopping street is the last resort of the big spenders: Worth Avenue, the street where Eisenhower is still president, marijuana is smoked only by jazz musicians, airliners have propellers, Annette Funicello is a Mouseketeer, and *Collier's* comes every week. Stroll down Worth Avenue, dodging the opening doors of white Rolls Royces and Cadillac taxicabs as you go, and you will discover whole stores devoted to the sale of women's shoes with open toes and spike heels, pink sport jackets with square shoulders, very narrow lapels and very unsuppressed waists, narrow figured rep ties, wing-tip shoes in sherbet colors, and most important, life-size white porcelain greyhounds. The natives—those pastel-clad coupon-clippers—are still afraid Rose Kennedy's boy Jack is going to get himself elected president someday and auction the country off to the commies. The very rich *are* very different from you and me—they're stuck on Worth Avenue.

Getting stuck can be a virtue if the year you refuse to leave has something to offer the present. There's no better example of this than the Ozark Folk Center in Mountain View, Arkansas. In the early sixties, noted folksinger and Grand Ole Opry star Jimmie Driftwood, author of "The Battle of New Orleans," found that the traditional mountain musicians near his home had gradually stopped playing. He began to encourage pickers who had hung up their banjos, guitars, and fiddles for good to stop watching "The Beverly Hillbillies" and start making music again. He organized weekly musicales at the courthouse that became so popular that he went to Washington and hornswoggled the Federal government out of $4 million for an auditorium where visitors could experience old-time music and jigdancing. The Ozark Folk Center looks like a fleet of spacecraft has landed on a mountaintop. Stepping inside is like passing through a time warp to 1933, which is the cut-off date for the Rackensack Folklore Society: after 1933 songs are no longer traditional because of the influence of the radio and phonograph records. The musicians—all local people—look like a Walker Evans photograph come to life.

For twenty-eight days each August the clubhouse at Saratoga Springs becomes a tableau of 1928. During the rest of the year, thoroughbred racing is about knit shirts, Daks slacks, and black loafers, but during the summer races at Saratoga it is all seersucker suits, striped ties, straw hats, and, of course, spectator shoes. The thin-lipped gray-haired types in the boxes are the same people who, as youths, thought Gatsby was an upstart and sided with Buchanan. They drink the same drinks, eat the same food, tell the same jokes, vote the same party, hold the same lawn parties, breed the same bloodlines, smoke the same cigarettes, and sleep in the same separate beds as they did forty-seven years ago.

Since 1963 if you want to get into politics you've got to have the John F. Kennedy Memorial Haircut—the one where the part runs right up your head and the hair is fluffed up over the crown and stands up in the back. The most compelling credential of a Pete McCloskey or a Jimmy Carter or a John Tunney is not what's on his mind but what's on his scalp. The best compliment you can pay a politician is to say that he's "Kennedy-esque." The reason that politics is firmly stuck in that one brief shining moment is that John Kennedy was simultaneously the culmination of liberal substance and liberal style. A government of experts would eliminate all social and economic problems at home by spending gobs of money, while abroad the lid would be kept on by "limited warfare." In twelve years the ability of experts to make a dent in domestic problems has been thoroughly discredited, while Vietnam proved that the U.S. can never win at "limited warfare" against an enemy whose commitment is limitless. Kennedyism has absolutely nothing to say about today's basic question—how to develop a technology capable of sustaining life on Earth given finite resources. But that 1963 haircut keeps popping up, telling us to move forward when for all we know it would be better for us to punt.

The whole Miss America phenomenon is stuck solidly in 1959. I mean, those *bathing* suits! Those *heels*! Those *gowns*! Where do they get them? Where do they come from? I mean, if you saw some chick in a bouffant hairdo encased in a chunk of solidified hairspray and a big cheesy lipstick smile, squinting through green contact lenses, wobbling down the boardwalk in high-heeled pumps and a one-piece bathing suit with a *padded bra*, you'd have to take Valium for a *week*! Every year they open the crypt and exhume Bert Parks with his skin the color and consistency of a dried apricot, with his fluorescent dentures and real Dynel hair. The contestants are a bunch of weirdos who see all their girl friends smoking dope, and coming with poppers, and hanging around the loading dock of the local Veterans Civic Municipal Coliseum in hopes of being invited to suck Grand Funk Railroad's testicles but who for some reason want it to still be 1959 and are willing to do anything—even play "You'll Never Walk Alone" by hitting glasses filled with different amounts of colored water with xylophone mallets—to get themselves stuck there. I think the girls would be much happier if the promoters of the pageant would cut the Miss America 1975 jive and have each year's winner crowned "Miss America 1959," the year they all want to be Miss of anyway.

A few months ago I had the pleasure of attending something called a Beatlefest at a New York City hotel. It was an eye-closing experience, so utterly stuck that it makes fox hunting, the DAR's politics, Queen Elizabeth's clothes, summer-stock audiences, and the guy in New Jersey who sells brand-new Studebakers look like they're slippin' and slidin' into the future on roller bearings by comparison. The idea was to bring together all the Beatles fans in the area for four days of Beatles films, Beatles TV shows, talks by Beatles experts, and panel discussions about the Beatles. It was a marketplace for Beatles memorabilia. I want to tell you that they even stamped my hand (that's right, stamped my hand!) before letting me in. It became plain that every high school projectionist, comic book fan, science fictionoid and pear-shaped zitpicker in a fifty-mile radius was on the set. Don't get me wrong, the Beatles are okay by me. I think "Lucy in the Sky with Diamonds" is the definitive statement about marmalade. When an all-strings version of "Hey Jude" comes on in an office building elevator I don't punch all the buttons and bolt out as soon as it stops, mopping my brow with relief. But I think these people took "Yesterday" just a bit too seriously.

In an interview in *Creem*, "America's Only Rock 'n' Roll Magazine," Mountain guitarist Leslie West was asked whether he'd noticed any difference in the audience over the years. "Sure," he said. "Do you realize that if you owned 1967 calendars, and if 1967 ever came back again, you would be a millionaire. . . ." Of course, the kids grow up. And of course, the times change.

Well, I went to the Beatlefest with Lisa Robinson of *Creem*, *Rock Scene*, and *Hit Parader* and we were going from booth to booth and there was one guy who had a crowd around him so we elbowed our way in and do you know what he was flogging? 1964 datebooks with the Beatles in color on the plastic covers. Lisa picked up one of these curios and was so appalled that she did what she always does when something appalls her—she bought it. Roll over, Leslie West! The trouble with your 1967 calendars is that they're too recent!

Instead of going out and living a contemporary culture, instead of going out and creating something that youths with large-flake dandruff will be able to get their hands stamped over in years to come, the Beatleniks are so stuck in 1964 that they prefer to wallow in retrospective Beatlemania. I mean, there's something just a little bit drippy about a chick who was three years old when "I Wanna Hold Your Hand" was top of the pops standing around a hotel hallway carrying a shopping bag filled with old Beatles buttons. But I guess it was healthy for

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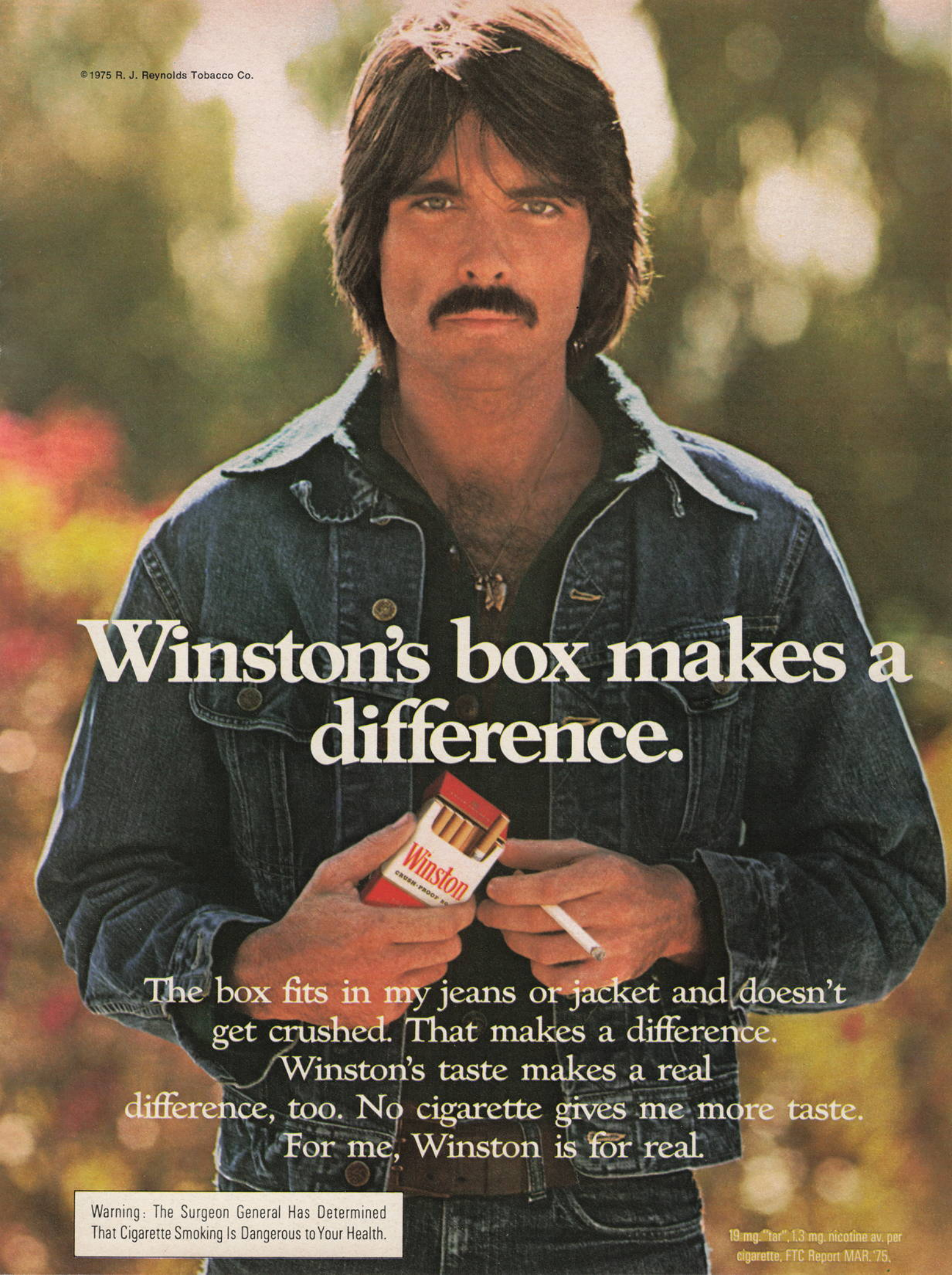
©1975 R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.


Winston's box makes a difference.
Winston
The box fits in my jeans or jacket and doesn't get crushed. That makes a difference.
Winston's taste makes a real difference, too. No cigarette gives me more taste.
For me, Winston is for real.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

19 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report MAR. '75.

O.K. IN ANY CORRAL

CHIEF WHITE EAGLE

From left: The long buffalo-skin coat (made to order, $750) and the sheep-skin pants (in stock, $150) are by Michael Hoban. The plaid shirt is by Nathan Turk. The long black leather coat is trimmed in patches of authentic Indian blanket by Peter Logan Designs and Mahlen Lucan Originals. The "Bat Masterson" black leather and rough-suede deer-skin (made to order, $750) and the black sheep-skin pants (in stock, $150) by Michael Hoban. The patterned vest by Nathan Turk. All leather and lizard boots by Justin. (The cowhand on the extreme right is wearing homemade duds.)

The Great American Look in Western Leather Wear.
Fashions by Ed Emmerling/Photography by Jeff Dunas

For information on where to buy the merchandise featured on these pages, see Retail Fashion Finder, page 160.

The origins of today's Western wear are traceable to the frontier trapper, the lumberjack, and the cowboy, who together did more than anyone else to push the frontiers of our nation westward—establishing along the way a worldwide criterion for machismo

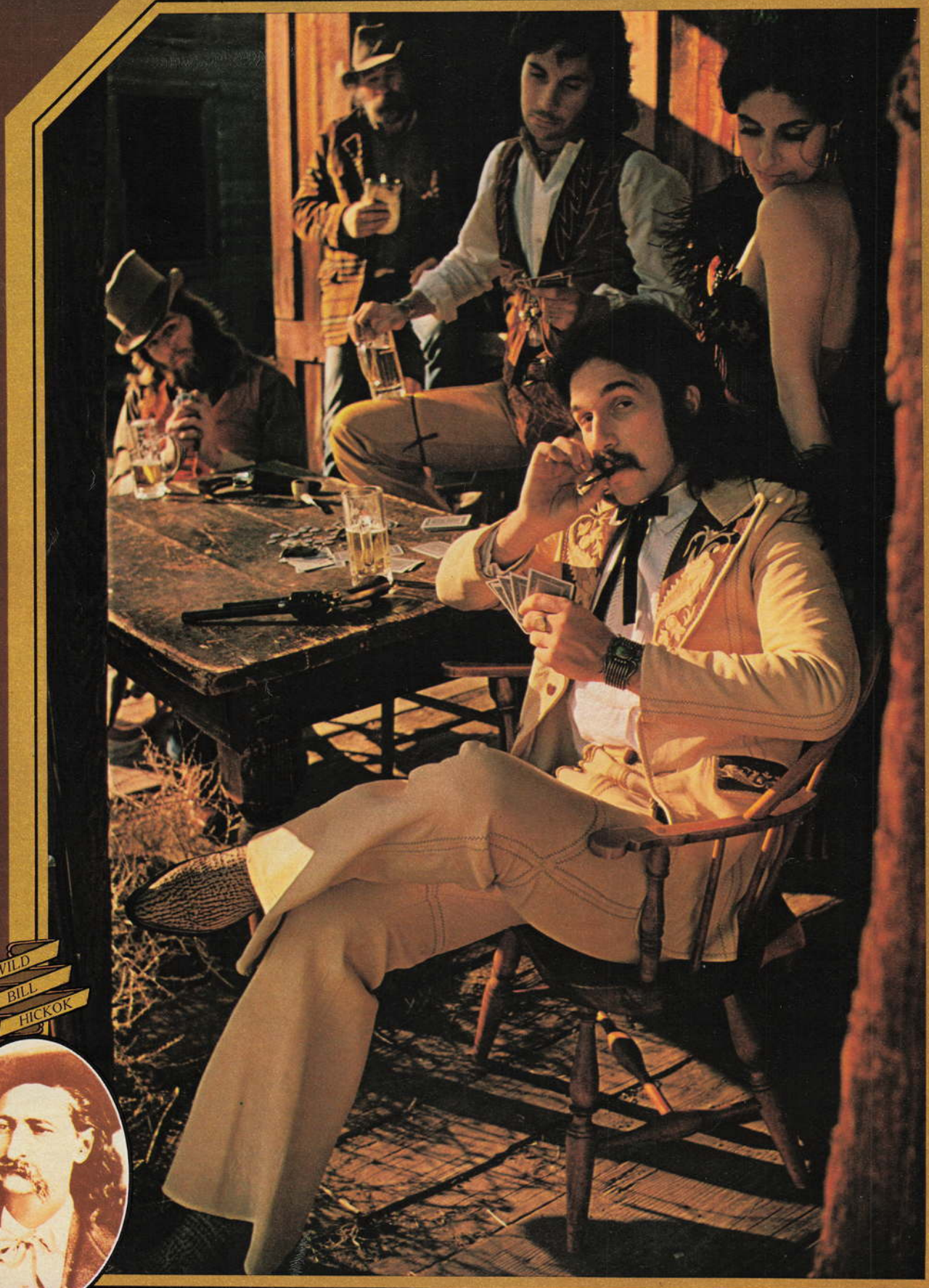
The all-white sheepskin suit with beige hand-lacing (in stock, $300) and the white shearling jacket (in stock, $300) with cow-hide pants (in stock, $150) are all by Michael Hoban. All boots by Acme.

fashion. Achieving the rugged masculinity of the Old West, these fashions in mellow leather are mostly designed by Michael Hoban of North Beach Leather in California, the 1975 recipient of the American Designer Award presented by the Leather Industries

The shearling lined-and-collared lambskin rancher's coat ($225) by Silton of California. Brown sheepskin pants (in stock, $150) by Michael Hoban. Bandanna scarf by Nathan Turk. The hat by Stetson. Below: The rugged patchwork buffalo-skin jacket with red fox collar (made to order, $750) by Michael Hoban. The concho belt by Peter Logan Designs.

of America. Hoban's uniquely authentic use of trim, toned-down sophistication in cutting animal skins is the way of the West—and of American fashion—in 1975.

Hoban's clothes are worn here by the Hudson Brothers—Bill, Brett, and Mark. This



Cream-colored sheepskin suit with tooled designs on lapels and pocket flaps (made to order, $600) by Michael Hoban. Gambler's tie by Nathan Turk. Turquoise bracelet by Peter Logan. The boots by Acme. The tooled cowhide vest with matching pants by Michael Hoban (in stock, vest $300; the outfit $450). Tooth necklace by Vicky Grassfeld.

popular new music group can be seen Saturday mornings on their own "Hudson Brothers Razzle Dazzle Show." They've recently signed with Elton John's Rocket Records for a second album, and they're obviously on their way up fast.

JOE PATCHES BROOKS

Black sheepskin suit with rust hand-laced trim (in stock, $300) by Michael Hoban. Neckpiece by Peter Logan. Lizard boots by Justin.

All Western hats, Indian jewelry, and concho belts and holsters by Peter Logan Designs. All Western costumes courtesy of Ret Turner, Hollywood. Makeup for Max Factor by Babiz. Cigars and cigarettes by More. Special thanks for location to Dee Cooper of the Paramount Ranch.

ROGER
HUYSSEN

THE SENSUOUS APE

The stage is dark. A sudden spot on the head of Mr. G. Pause. Gorilla sounds on tape.

NARRATOR: This is the story of the only talking gorilla ever to have come out of Africa. This gorilla is now dead, the scenes that follow being made up of selected incidents from his public and private life.

First, the details of his discovery: exactly three years ago, Dr. Bradley Shaw of the American Anthropological Society led an expedition into the region bordering the eastern Congo, western Uganda, and western Ruanda. His purpose was to study the life of the mountain gorilla in his native habitat. *(Film of map with dotted line; then jungle with jungle sounds.)* Dr. Shaw, already recognized as a world authority on the orangutan and the baboon, was looking forward eagerly to his first encounter with the great ape. However, despite excellent scouting by indigenous personnel, he failed at Walikali, Usumbura, and Maramagambo to make significant contact. Then, forsaking Kabunga, Niabembe on the Lugulu River, and Mwenga on the Ulindi, he headed for the village of Rumangabo in the midst of the Virunga volcanoes, where there had long been reports of gorilla activity. The Virunga volcanoes, of course, are still active and from time to time entire villages are wiped out by the lava flow. It was here, in the midst of a tumultuous vegetation suggesting the fiery breath of nature beneath the earth's crust, that Dr. Shaw at last confronted the creature of his dreams, the largest of the anthropoid apes. *(Slide: Dr. Shaw observing Mr. G and taking notes.)*

Dr. Shaw set up a field camp immediately and began to observe a band composed of two silver-backed males, two black-backed males, three females, two juveniles, and two infants—a group joined several days later by two more silver-backed males and two additional juveniles. After an initial period of suspicion, the apes quickly became accustomed to Dr. Shaw and went through their daily routines of feeding, napping, and play unselfconsciously, only occasionally baring their teeth and grunting at him or making aborted charges.

Dr. Shaw's field notes multiplied rapidly until the fifteenth day, when an event occurred whose reverberations have not yet run their course. It was just after the band's mid-morning nap. They had fed copiously that morning on bamboo and celery shoots and had napped well. The juveniles were beginning to play, but most of the adults were still lolling. Several females picked nits from drowsy males. However, one large silver-backed male stared intensely at Dr. Shaw. While staring he defecated in his makeshift nest, a not uncommon gorilla habit. Dr. Shaw at first ignored the staring, as the apes, like humans, were prone from time to time to challenge him in this fashion. Dr. Shaw's usual procedure was to shake his head from side to side and grunt, as he had observed other apes do, to indicate his nonaggressive intent.

This large male did not respond in kind, however, but continued to stare, and when he began the guttural utterings which are prelude to a charge, Dr. Shaw became somewhat apprehensive. Suddenly the great ape bared its fangs and charged. Dr. Shaw knew in his heart it was not a bluff. The blood rushed from his head and his vision was blocked, irrevocably it seemed, by the fur of the oncoming creature. *(Blackout.)* Then nothing. He became unconscious. *(Single spot.)* He came to with his head in the ape's lap, the ape tenderly brushing his hair back and wiping away the perspiration from his brow. For a long time they looked deep into one another's eyes. Something that was love—and yet far more, and deeper, than love could ever be—passed between them. And at last the silence, a long silence going back perhaps to the beginning of time, was broken. Handing Dr. Shaw his notes, *the great ape spoke*!

MR. G: Wouldn't it have been simpler to ask? *(Blackout, then lights. The scene reveals Mr. G in the midst of a TV panel. Also present: the show's hostess and Dr. Shaw. They are laughing.)*

DR. SHAW: You know, I don't *really* think I fainted.

MR. G: You pissed in your pants, actually. *Pissed in your. . . .*

HOSTESS: Sh-h-h!

DR. SHAW: Oh dear, did I really?

MR. G: Is that a boo-boo?

DR. SHAW: Rather! *(They all laugh. Blackout, then lights.)*

MR. G.: *(Sniffing the Hostess)* Yes, our sense of smell is rather keen, you know. *(He gorilla-grunts at her.)*

HOSTESS: *(Touching her crotch lightly.)* Oh, Mr. G!

DR. SHAW: Yes, you *do* smell rather well, I suppose. But do you have a sense of beauty, an esthetic dimension? Do you have a finer side?

MR. G: Dear me, yes! How about the cerulean blue of

For a gorilla he had a pretty smooth line.

BY KENNETH BERNARD

a baboon's ass? The pink of gorilla cunt! The leafy heads of lobelia plants my mother fed me while suckling at her breast! My purple cock and flaming skies at sunset! Dew in the morning on tender stalks, and shitting on the jungle green!
HOSTESS: It's lovely, Mr. G, but you'll really have to modulate . . . your expressions.
MR. G: What?
HOSTESS: Modulate.
DR. SHAW: *(With a guffaw.)* I don't find a baboon's ass very esthetic.
HOSTESS: Dr. Shaw!
MR. G: And *history*. We have *history*.
DR. SHAW: Indeed?
MR. G: I assure you. *(Blackout. Mr. G narrates. Drums—fast and mysterious. Film of volcanic activity. Sounds of frightened, stampeding animals.)*

A long time ago, the valley that was my home was peaceful. The river flowed lazily northward, and on the high escarpment all around the vegetation was thick and full of good things to eat. No man had dwelt in this pit of lushness since the beginning of time. We apes have long lived and feasted there in great joy. And then one day, quite suddenly, the valley floor cracked and hot lava welled up. We were frightened, we ran, many of us died. The small animals were suddenly caught by the hot effluence. They let out pitiful, confused shrieks, and then were silent.

We, the great apes, scampered to the hills as the earth beneath us exploded. For weeks there was fire in the sky. At night, insects winged to the bright flames, pursued by bats which dodged the hot ash. The valley became hell, and when the fire finally subsided no green thing was left. We regrouped in the hills and waited. In time, the lichens grew on the molten rock, then ferns. Seeds sprouted in the dung of returning elephants; organic matter piled in the fissures and cracks. Trees grew, the brush spread over the land, and the green lushness returned.

All this happened twenty, thirty times, and each time the valley grew again, each time higher and higher above those who burned and hardened in the lava flow. And each time we returned, for it was our home, it was where our ancestors were buried. We. . . . *(The drums stop. Lights. The panel again.)*
HOSTESS: Yes? And then what happened?
MR. G: I don't know. There's a long gap in our history. Someday, perhaps, we'll know.
HOSTESS: Oh. *(An awkward pause.)* Well. Do you like flowers very much?
MR. G: Oh, yes! I've become quite a botanist since I arrived here in civilization. I've also studied a bit of semantics, literature, philosophy, and psychology. I can tell you confidentially that psychology doesn't know the first thing about monkeys.
DR. SHAW: Oh? For example?
MR. G: Well, you take the dreams of monkeys. They're all quite true. The length of a monkey's penis is easily one-third of his body. He is virile and intelligent. The natives of Africa have a superstition about night visitation. She who is visited by a monkey at night will have healthy children. But only if she keeps it secret. If she tells, the baby will be born dead or deformed or albino. The last is, of course, the source of legends about white gods and goddesses. It is also, of course, the original source of the white peoples—the result of black women being faithless to their monkey lovers. Whites are the deformed offspring of monkeys. That is why they cage monkeys so often and come to look at them. There is a fathomless attraction. They harness their fears and anxieties by looking and laughing. All over Africa, all over the world, monkeys are sitting on the breasts of sleeping women. But no one believes it anymore. It is all dream. But nevertheless true.
DR. SHAW: *(Laughing.)* What rubbish! *(Blackout. Flickers. Lights.)*
DR. SHAW: Mr. G, do you find yourself very repressed? I mean, here in civilization? *(No response.)* Compared to the jungle, you know? *(No response.)*
HOSTESS: Mr. G?
MR. G: *(Clapping his hands.)* Quite! Repressed? Civilization? The freedom of the jungle? Savagery.
HOSTESS: Oh, do tell us about savagery.
MR. G: Savagery, indeed. We apes are on the whole a peaceful——
DR. SHAW: Hah! *(Mr. G leaps on the table and begins to strangle Dr. Shaw.)*
HOSTESS: *(Tugging at him.)* Mr. G! Mr. G!
MR. G: *(Desisting gradually.)* What? What? Oh, yes, indeed! I *do* beg your pardon. *(He drops Dr. Shaw in a heap.)* Your audience won't . . . misunderstand?
HOSTESS: Oh, no! No, no, *no*. *(Nudging Dr. Shaw.)* Sit up. Dr. Shaw, sit up. *(He does not.)*
MR. G: What were we just saying? The savagery? Oh, yes, there was savagery . . . violence . . . some of it very surprising. *(Lights down, spot on Mr. G only. Drums.)*

Oh, yes, the savagery. It was there, all right. Villages burned everywhere. Arabs, white explorers, businessmen, the natives themselves. I remember one village—just before nightfall early in the rainy season. Everyone dead, of course. *(Slides of mutilated bodies, burned villages, etc.)* Skeletons scattered about with half-ripped, putrefying flesh. We were curious, you know, and ambled through with complete self-indulgence.

In one hut, a bunch of entrails on a stick, a forearm raw and gnawed, and a spoon sticking out of a head. A spoon—do you see? I was curious, plucked it out, and tasted. *(He simulates.)* It wasn't bad, but I liked honey better. I dug the spoon back in and left. *(A quick shot of Dr. Shaw with the spoon dug in his head.)* Oh! it was white, by the way. The head with the spoon was white. Not the end he'd expected, I imagine. The eyes were not there. Ants, you know. Or something. But I imagine they were very frightened. It was their own fault. They had asked for it. It began to rain as we left the village. Very silent. *(Film—jungle, rain.)* And night fell. Suddenly. Not much chance to make do. Some of us just curled up in the rain. Stupid, I suppose. We can get pneumonia, you know. It rained all night—and thundered. Quite frightening. We wondered, of course, what it was all about and when it would end. In the morning we moved on. *(Lights.)*

We were never *that* savage. The chimpanzee, for example, is much more savage than we. In the government files at Kigoma, in Tanganyika, there is an incident that illustrates this very well. A woman was cutting wood in the brush, her child on her back. A chimp, about four feet tall, rushed out of the bush and knocked her down, twice, then grabbed her child as she ran towards the village to get help. She screamed, the other women came, and they found the chimp eating the child's ears, feet, hands, and head. Later, the white medical officer made an autopsy and found that the scalp had been removed. He was quite impressed by it. Not at all Tarzan's little chimp, is it? Those little buggers will rip a smaller monkey to shreds.
DR. SHAW: But don't you eat meat, old boy?
MR. G: Never until I came . . . here. I've noted that all the apes in zoos eat meat readily, but never in the bush. It's a civilized habit.
HOSTESS: But the spoon in that head? Isn't brain meat?
MR. G: A lark. Like a bit of honey. I'm curious, you know.
HOSTESS: Tell us about your women.
MR. G: Well, what would you like to know?
HOSTESS: Everything.
MR. G: A bit much. But here's a few tidbits. Elderly female gorillas use dildos with one another. The gorilla can curl his tongue and blow phlegm like a pea through a peashooter. Gorilla turd is so hard it never soils gorilla fur. And gorillas soul-kiss.
HOSTESS: Is it important in love play?
DR. SHAW: Do they gang-bang?
MR. G: Oh, yes! Occasionally even a baboon, deer, or cheetah. Jungle miscegenation, you know. I can tell you it's a shock.
HOSTESS: Well, I would certainly think so. What happens to the cheetah? *Afterwards*, I mean.
MR. G: The cheetah invariably commits suicide. Not only from the shock of having a bunch of gorillas pile up on her, but, you see, she is thereafter unclean to the other cheetahs.
HOSTESS: Oh.
DR. SHAW: And the baboons?
MR. G: A mark of prestige. They gain status and do quite well in baboon society.
DR. SHAW: This is all rather new to me.
MR. G: Of course. Gorillas aren't that easy to know.
HOSTESS: Would you like to know anything about *our* women, Mr. G?
MR. G: Well, I've learned quite a bit already, you know.
HOSTESS: Have you . . . had . . . relations . . . with our women since your arrival?
DR. SHAW: Yes, what about that? Have you screwed any humans?
MR. G: Oh, yes! I've many women friends.
HOSTESS: Do you mean . . . physical. . . .
MR. G: Sexual.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 152

Bask in the starlight Labor Day Weekend.

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DUO IN THE SUN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 66

this, however, are made up for by the success stories like the Treehouse championship nude volleyball team. Bill flew the whole team to Pennsylvania, and they won the national title.

While the terrain around the Fun Ranch is mostly mountainous desert, as much of Southern California is around San Bernardino, the grounds themselves are green. There's an Olympic swimming pool, a medium-size sauna (nothing compared to Elysium), sports courts, and a recreation hall for dances and entertainment. There are some nice cabins on the grounds for overnight accommodations, but it's hard to get reservations for these during the season. There is a small snack bar on the grounds, and if you're not scared by microwave ovens, you can have hot dishes. During special events, there is often a big buffet barbecue.

The general public is welcome at almost all of the special events, and the cost is usually from $5 to $10. If you want to use the facilities on other days, however, you are allowed three introductory visits—the first at $5, the second two at $10. After these trial visits you must take out a membership—either limited or full. A full membership, which includes all future grounds fees, is $150 for a couple, $75 for a single woman, and $200 for a single man. Limited memberships are $25 for couples or single women, and $50 for single men. With this membership you must pay a $5 grounds fee every time you go. Directions from San Bernardino: Take the Devore exit off of Route 15E and head toward Glen Helen Park. At the park make a right onto Glen Helen Road and continue for about one mile.

Black's Beach, La Jolla, California. There's nothing more fantastic than swimming in the ocean with naked people. It not only feels great, but it's wonderful to watch too. Although I *always* like swimming, lakes and pools are passive. Not the ocean. Nude swimming in the ocean means nude bodies in action. It's watching tits and asses caressed, gobbled up, tossed about by frothy blue waves. If it's a good free beach it usually means thousands of bodies, too. For those who have not experienced this, the first visit is usually one of amazement. When juxtaposed against our "normal" rigid urban life, the sight of thousands of nude bodies on the beach and in the surf is an awesome and moving experience. In a modern city everything is carefully hidden behind a thick façade of cement, glass, clothing, makeup, occupations, and artificial light. At a free beach everything is exposed.

If you're in Southern California go to Black's Beach. It's unique for many reasons, but particularly because of its legal status. Of all the free beaches in California, Black's is the only one that is completely legal. In a 1974 court decision, 900 feet of beachfront were specifically set aside for nude bathing and sunning. The decision actually came as part of an antinudity drive, because at one time the whole La Jolla beachfront was dotted with nude bathers.

Pressure from a group of uptight reactionaries, who didn't want their children to see naked bodies, forced through a decision which actually banned nude bathing except within a prescribed 900-foot area. Radical pro-nude groups have now challenged the constitutional authority of limiting nudity at all, but in the meantime we have legal nude bathing on a public beach.

The beach at Black's is beautiful. Over 3,000 enthusiasts show up daily. The people who come here have better-than-average bodies and are usually young people. This is partly due to the topography of the area. The approach to the beach is down a steep dune that stretches along the entire length of the beach. Older people, obese people, or those with a fear of falling find it difficult to make the "grade" here. The beauty of the ridge jutting up from the beach, however, makes the climb worthwhile. At the top is an airplane glider center as well as a spot used for hang-gliding. The sight of thousands of nude people below and others flying silently overhead, hanging on giant wings in the wind, charges the scene with a sense of freedom.

Directions: Take the San Diego Freeway, Interstate 5, to the Genesee exit going west. After about a mile, this road will turn into North Torre Pines Road. Continue south for a mile, and turn right onto La Jolla Shores Drive. You can either continue on La Jolla Shores until you come to the Glider Port where you can park, or go one block and turn right onto La Jolla Farms Road and park. The access to the beach from the Glider Port is a steep road. You can park here all day free. The access to the beach from the La Jolla Farms Road area is a mere rope. It's faster, more fun, and more daring too. Some of the parking in this area is restricted to two hours, so be careful. They ticket.

Sandstone, 21400 Saddlepeak Road, Topanga, California 90290. (213) 455-9055, (213) 455-2530. Paul Paige, Director. Sandstone is a rare place, indeed. Not only is nudity an accepted practice, but open sexuality is the norm. This not only means sex with someone else's partner (wife, husband, girl friend, boyfriend), but it also means sex is practiced out in the open. The whole facility here is designed to encourage this experience. The recreation and sleeping areas are combined in the main house which looks more like an expensive suburban residence than the rustic buildings at the typical nude resort. There are no private rooms for sleeping or for sex as in Ed Lange's meditation and copulation rooms.

The sleeping-and-fucking rooms—there are two here—consist of mattresses on the floor and mirrored walls and ceilings. In one room, there are spaces between the mattresses; in the other all the mattresses are pushed together. The first is primarily for couples or threesomes; the second is for folks who want to make it in greater numbers. There is a sign over the stairs leading to these two rooms which reads: PLEASE . . . BEYOND THIS POINT SPEAK ONLY SOFT WORDS OF LOVE. TRESPASSERS WILL BE EATEN.

Sandstone is situated in the mountains overlooking the Pacific Ocean, and the view is breathtaking. It is not all mattresses and mirrors by any means, however. When you first enter the main building, you are led into a spacious, well furnished living room. The style is typical California ranch house. There's a big fireplace, and a sun porch in front of the house that overlooks a steep drop down to the ocean. The lights are all on dimmers, the bulbs in the center of the room are red, so at night a very soft, warm light can be created. In the front, a beautifully well kept lawn spreads out to a stone wall. Sunning is practiced here, but in an effort to ward off aircraft and helicopter collisions overhead, fucking is generally confined to inside the building. "We are dealing with a very fine legal line here at Sandstone," says one of the female residents. "What goes on here is between consenting adults. People that come should know what to expect. Once inside, there's complete freedom here, but unfortunately we just can't have people fucking out on the lawn."

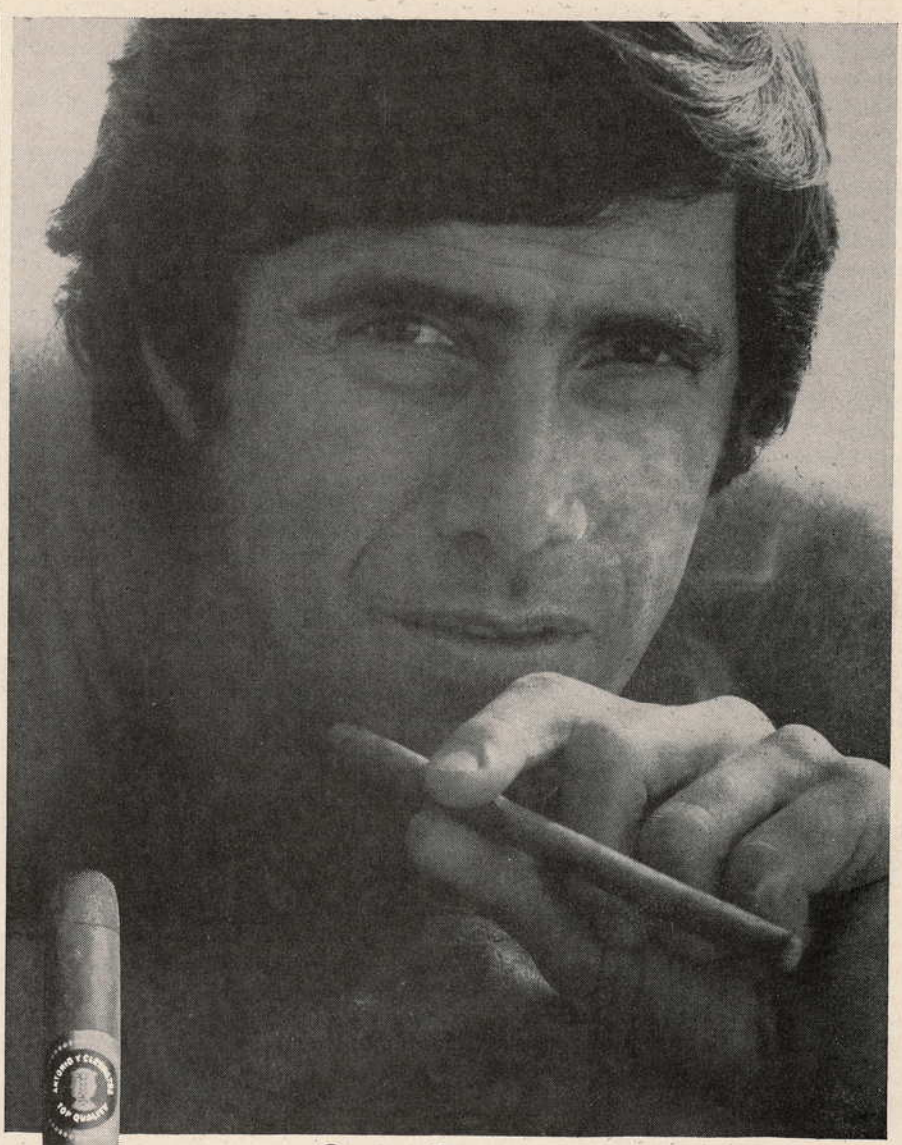
The resort has a whirlpool, and a covered swimming pool that is a whole building in itself. The pool is kept at body temperature, which creates a feeling of being outside yourself, a device that has been used for sensual purposes at other places too. Down the hill from the main building, there is what looks like a very large Indian tepee. The resemblance stops here, however, since no Indian ever had a tepee as plush as this. It sleeps thirty people, and that's its only use, too. "Things sometimes go on for hours over in the main building," says a Sandstone regular, "and there comes a time when people just don't want to fuck or party anymore. They want to sleep. The tepee is an escape place."

To most people on the outside Sandstone is known as a "swinging resort." Most people actually involved, however, do not think of themselves as swingers. Josie, an attractive schoolteacher in her middle thirties who lives on the grounds as much as she can, says: "There are a lot of swingers here, of course, but that's not what the 'Sandstone experience' is about. Swingers meet to fuck. There's nothing wrong with that, but it's sort of cold too. At Sandstone, we believe in casual affairs, but we're into loving too. We make friends here, and we care about people. What we try and get beyond is the exclusivity and possessiveness that often dominate the traditional monogamous relationship. We believe you can have a primary relationship—which would be with a wife, husband, girl friend or boyfriend, someone you're committed to and closer to than anyone else—and still have casual affairs, too."

Sandstone is primarily a weekend resort, and sells annual memberships (there are sixty-seven such members at this time). You can also go for single weekends. The basic concept is for couples—married or single. But recently they have been experimenting with making Friday nights "singles" nights. Weekend visitors are required to arrive either Friday or Saturday by 4:00 P.M. for preliminary interviews. No hard liquor is allowed on the grounds, but beer and wine are served with the very well prepared meals. Rates—including meals and events—are Friday, Saturday, and Sunday $100 per couple; Saturday and Sunday $75 per couple; and for singles Friday and Saturday until 5:00 P.M. $50 per person. Saddlepeak Road is located four miles from the heart of Topanga Canyon, about one hour from downtown Los Angeles.

Sunshine Park, Somers Point Road, May's Landing, New Jersey 08330. (609) 625-1357, (609) 625-2486. Dr. O.H. York, President. Founded in the 1930's by the late Dr. Ilsley Boone, America's first great nudism promoter, Sunshine Park is a remarkable place with a rich history. Boone's dream was a city of nudists, and it was here on one hundred acres along the Egg Harbor River that he started his life's work. As well as recreational and living facilities, "Uncle Danny," as he is still remembered by some of the old-timers, built a nude school and scientific observatory. He founded the first national nude magazine called *Sunshine and Health*, and the first national organization for the promotion of what was then called "nudism." The moral code was strict in those days. No alcohol on the grounds, no open sexuality, and plenty of fresh air and calisthenics. But how many hundreds of thousands of people looked to the magazines and films produced here as the only place where they, in their horny adolescence (or adulthood), could catch a glimpse of naked tits and ass? Boone fought the reactionary forces within the Postal Department for over twenty years. The Postal Department continued to confiscate his magazines in spite of court orders to the contrary. He fought first for his right to print and mail the magazines, and then for the right to leave the genitals unretouched, without airbrushing. He won his fight in the end, although it cost him his personal fortune and his health.

Sunshine Park has been owned for the past eight years by Dr. Oliver York, who originally bought it as a real estate investment and then became intrigued with what he had. Today the Park is the biggest nude resort in the northeastern part of the United States, and one of the most progressive too. One of York's first moves was to get rid of some of the oppressive rules. "This is a nude resort, not a 'nudist colony,'" says York. "We want people to feel free to do what they want here. People should have the freedoms here that they would have at a regular resort—plus the added dimension of nudity. Sunshine Park is a retreat from the tensions



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Antonio Y Cleopatra.

of the outside world. The people here are from all walks of life. We have writers, doctors, lawyers, construction workers, teachers, and policemen. Some are singles, some couples, and some families."

Kent—tall, dark-haired, and wearing only glasses—is a stockbroker with one of the largest and most prestigious firms on Wall Street. His girl friend Ann is a blond Scandinavian who models for one of the big agencies in New York. "It's funny," says Ann, "that in Sweden, where I come from, this is the big thing. But I never got into it until I came here. Sometimes after a shooting in New York, I feel so confined and claustrophobic after being under all those lights all day I could scream. We started coming here only last summer. This year I think we'll be down every weekend. I really feel free and open here. It really cools me out. Kent and I have a pretty monogamous sexual relationship, but I think we've been more open with each other sexually since we've been coming here. And enjoying it more too!"

Sunshine Park is at its best during the day on a good hot weekend. It's not uncommon to see 300 to 400 people on the grounds at one time. If you are coming from Philadelphia you can easily go down for the day and go back at night. From New York it's about a two-and-a-half-hour drive and from Washington, D.C., even longer, so make it a weekend. There are only fourteen cabins, two with private baths and cooking facilities, which rent for from $10 to $25 a day. These rent pretty fast during the season, so unless you're into camping you should make a reservation early. There is plenty of camping space which costs $4 a day. Daily grounds fees are $10 a couple. There is usually a quota put on single men so it's best to go as a couple. Your fun's built in!

The restaurant at Sunshine is run on a concession basis from year to year, so the quality varies. It's a large restaurant, however, and usually serves three meals a day. No alcohol is served here, so if you're into that you should bring your own. There's a swimming pool, sauna, whirlpool, river, recreation hall, volleyball court, tennis court, billiards room, and a unique eighteen-hole miniature golf course. There are people here of all ages, although the majority are young. Sex is in private between consenting adults. There's a swinging contingent here, but it's discreet.

This is one of the resorts that sponsors preliminary runoffs for the Ms. All-Bare America contest throughout the summer. Some very attractive girls are frequent guests at Sunshine Park.

The Four Seasons, Freelton, Ontario, Canada. (416) 659-7784. Hans K. Stein, Manager/Owner. If you like modern accommodations in your nude resort and plan to be in the Toronto/Hamilton area, you should go to the Four Seasons. It's the Holiday Inn of Canadian nude resorts. It opened just six years ago, and almost everything on the grounds is brand-new. Fifty acres of wooded land surround a central clearing with grassy lawns and a small lake that can be used for swimming. It has its own wooden bridge, which has probably had more naked girls photographed on it than any other spot in the world.

The main building contains a covered pool surrounded by glass doors, which gives it an indoor-outdoor effect. In the winter it's fantastic to be inside swimming and lounging around nude while you watch the snow fall outside these windows. There's a nice-size sauna on the edge of the pool. Others can look in too which means —since, unlike Sandstone, sex in the open is not permitted here—there's no sneaking quick fucks in the sauna during the off-season. This is probably better too, since I've been told fucking in a sauna puts quite a strain on your heart. Still, although you should proceed only after consulting with your doctor, it is an experience that should not be missed.

The motel units are very modern with bright red carpeted floors. The restaurant is modern, too. They use a microwave oven here as they do at Treehouse. The food is fair at best, and definitely not gourmet. There are two modern bars in the main building—one in the lounge, and the other at poolside. A huge dance floor lowers over the pool for dances on Saturday nights. Ballroom-style live music is not uncommon here. They play fast numbers, too. It's fun.

The Four Seasons is a mixed crowd, although definitely a modern one. There are families and kids here, and also a lot of single couples. Hans and his wife Lisa are an attractive couple with a certain old-world charm that makes them look like they just stepped out of an Ovaltine commercial. They are professional management people and will do their best to see that you have a good time.

Daily grounds fees for nonmembers are $5 a day for each couple. Annual membership is $200 for single men, couples, and families; $80 for single women; and $50 for students. Motel units are $5 a day (get 'em while you can). If you're into camping, there are plenty of nice campsites around the pond for $1.50 a day, which includes hot-water showers. The Four Seasons is about forty-five minutes from downtown Toronto, near Hamilton.

Truro Beach, Truro, Massachusetts. The long stretch of beach between Newcomb Hollow Beach and Truro Beach on Cape Cod, which has been used for many years by thousands of residents and tourists alike, is in peril. Considered one of the most beautiful free beaches in America and a clear and harmonious example of what nude bathing is all about, the free beach at Truro, with its jutting dunes and pounding surf, is threatened with extinction.

On March 10, 1975, the federal government in the person of one Lawrence C. Hadley, the Superintendent of the Cape Cod National Seashore, filed a regulation in the Federal Register in Washington that will ban all nude swimming from this area. The regulation, filed after more than ten years of bathing on the beach, states: "Public nudity in areas that are open to the general public is considered by the National Parks Service to be an inappropriate use of the Cape Cod National Seashore." The regulation defines "public nudity" as "a person's intentional failure to cover with a fully opaque covering that person's own genitals, rectal and pubic areas, or female breasts below a point immediately above the top of the areola when in a public place. . . . This regulation shall not apply to a person under ten years of age."

It's the increasing popularity of nude bathing that the Parks Service claims is responsible for the regulation. Estimates range from between 2,000 and 3,000 people in the nude on a given weekend. One day last summer a ranger from the Park Service made an official count of 1,200. "We're talking about thousands bathing in the nude," says Hadley. "As soon as the seashore was established, we were aware of nude bathers there. A few of them were of no concern to anyone ten years ago, but they became a crowd. Nude bathing has become so popular it's been doubling every year since 1972. It's the magnitude of the problem that has required a specific regulation."

Hadley says that there are actually two parts to the problem. The first is that the place where the crowds are now bathing nude is "designed in the master plan for the seashore to be left as a relatively primitive and unpopulated area." Second is the fact that all of these additional people coming into the area are creating a parking problem. I asked Hadley why he didn't designate another area of the seashore for nude bathing that did fit in with the master plan, and why he didn't handle the parking problem as a parking problem. He said that the alternative beach area idea had been considered, but he didn't want to establish a precedent that might affect all the 360 other national parks and seashores around the country.

Unfortunately, by banning nudity on the Cape Cod Seashore, he is also setting a precedent that will affect all the other national parks and seashores. This is a test case, and Hadley knows it.

"We don't know what's going to happen this summer," says Hadley. "I have five permanent rangers and forty seasonal rangers at my disposal. We're going to try and handle this thing in a low-key way. The charge is a misdemeanor, but the rangers are instructed to give warnings first. I shrink at the thought of rangers running around wildly, trying to grab nude people."

Many fear that if the federal government is successful in banning nudity here it will have a nationwide impact on state and municipal ordinances. The Massachusetts ACLU is considering litigation, as are several other groups. If you are interested in how you can help, send a self-addressed stamped envelope to: Clothes-Free Media, Department PFB, 84 Thomas Street, New York, N.Y. 10013. ○—

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In fact, to back up everything that I'm telling you I'm going to make the most incredible money making proposition ever offered in the history of advertising.

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I'm going to ask you to send me a check for $10.00 (that won't even buy a good steak dinner nowadays). In return, I'm going to send you a copy of "The Million Dollar Man" and a "Millionaire Executive Package".

And that's not all: I'm also going to send a signed and notorized MONEY BACK GUARANTEE!

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City _____ State _____ Zip _____

RUBIN CARTER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 70

the criminal and the criminals into the victims. Because not only did it alienate me from white people—the papers said I was a racist bent on killing all blue-eyed devils—but it made black people scared of me too. So I was isolated, hung out there. Meanwhile, I'm trying to fight, trying to go on with my career, and I'm catching pure hell from everybody.

Penthouse: Were you arrested outside of your hometown, Paterson?

Carter: Yes, in Hackensack, New Jersey. I was riding down the highway and my car broke down. I pushed it off the road and walked on down the highway hoping to find someone to help me get it fixed. So when this police car came up on the other side of the highway, I jumped over the viaduct and said, "Man, am I glad to see you. Would you take me to a service station?" He said, "Sure, come on with me, get in the car." So I got in the car and he said, "Let's stop by your car to see if we can start it." He had jumper cables in the back. We pulled up to my car and on the side it had my name in silver letters, *Rubin Hurricane Carter*. Well, when we couldn't start the car, he said, "I'll take you down to a telephone booth." But he took me straight to the police station and got me in there with all his buddies. And he said, "You know who this is? This is Rubin Hurricane Carter," and all of them pulled guns on me. Then they locked me up and charged me with breaking into a meat-packing place somewhere in the city. I stayed there about seven or eight hours, knowing that I was going to prison if I couldn't get a message out to anybody. They wouldn't let me make any telephone calls, but that morning a black police officer came into the station, saw me sitting in that cell, and he said, "What the hell are you doing here?" I explained to him and he was angry. He began cussing and finally nobody knew who put me in jail or anything, and they let me go. But that was the type of thing that I was running into constantly.

Penthouse: When you were in Los Angeles for a fight, you were required to report to the L.A. Police Department. You wrote in your book that the police chief, William Parker, told you that the FBI had kept close tabs on you. What about other examples of harassment by the FBI or other federal agents?

Carter: I had a few friends who were Secret Service men and federal marshals, and they told me about the file they had on me. They were following me around. Each state that I went in to fight, the moment I got into town the police rode down on me, fingerprinted me and mugged me, and I would have to carry this card attesting to the fact that I was an ex-convict. The harassment was steady . . . constant.

Penthouse: When you arrived in various towns, did the authorities come and get you?

Carter: Yes. They knew I was coming, and someone had to contact them that I was coming.

Penthouse: Do you believe the FBI has a file on you?

Carter: Absolutely. There is no doubt about it. I remember when I was in Los Angeles and got off the plane that day, I saw this beautiful woman . . . I just happened to look at her and then kept on going. But in the air terminal I saw the woman again. She was always behind me. And when I got to the motel on Olympic Boulevard in L.A., she was at the motel. I didn't connect it with anything, but I kept seeing this same woman. And then, when Chief Parker called me up at the motel and told me I'd better come down to the police station to register as an ex-convict, there she was—trying to hide in his office. That's when he told me that the FBI had been following me every step that I had taken in Los Angeles.

Penthouse: You participated in Martin Luther King's march on Washington in 1963. Yet in 1965, when Reverend King asked you to participate in the march in Selma, Alabama, you didn't. Why was that?

Carter: Because of threats on my life. I was catching pure hell in the North and the West and all the other places I was going, and I knew that if I ever went to Alabama *nobody* was going to protect me down there. Dr. King was talking about nonviolence, about being peaceful—laying down on the street while police dogs were biting you and horses were stomping on you and cops were beating you over the head. Well, I knew that I could never be nonviolent. I'm a peaceful man, but that doesn't mean I'm nonviolent. If you will be nonviolent with me, then I will be nonviolent with you. But if you are going to put some violence on me, I'm going to whip it right back on you.

Penthouse: In your book, you described a "plan of black mass murder." Would you explain this for us?

Carter: Each time a civil rights bill was passed, black people died in the streets. In 1964 the civil rights act was passed, and a few days after that you had the Harlem fruit riot. And then riots were proliferating unchecked all over the country. Later, you had the voting rights act signed, and then Watts came up. Every time somebody would say that some kind of rights were going to be legislated for black people in this country, the racist elements in the political system and the police would immediately bear down on black people and show them that even though these rights were signed into law, they didn't recognize that law.

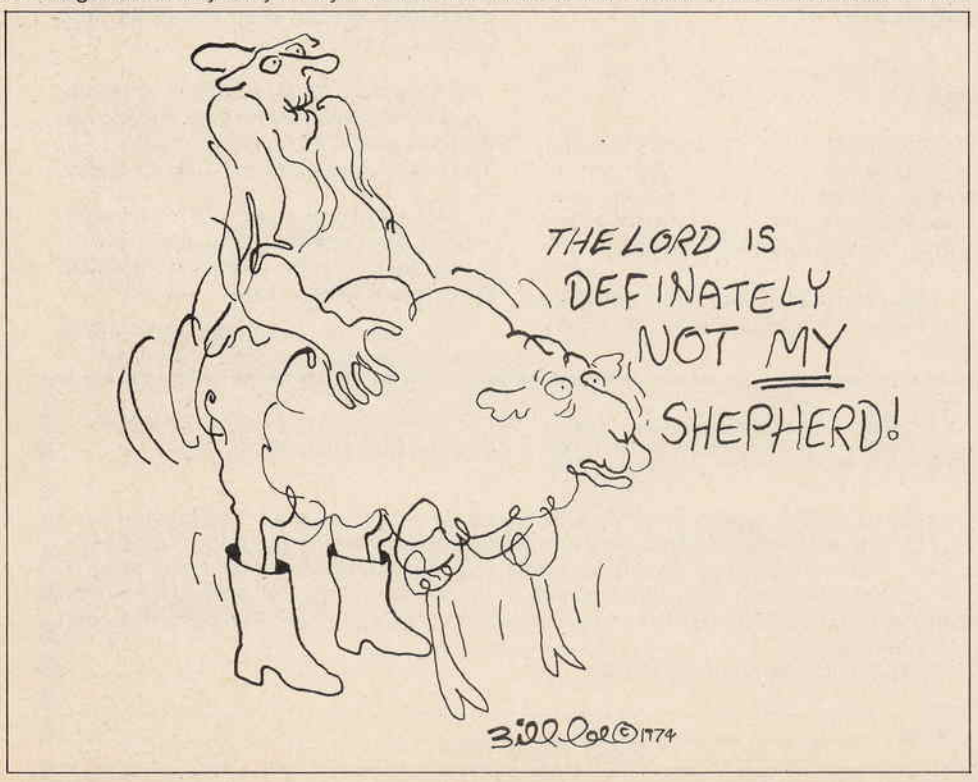
Penthouse: Do you believe that *agents provocateurs* were involved?

Carter: Well, I really didn't know then. But, yes, I believe it now.

Penthouse: With your beliefs about self-defense, how did you handle all that harassment from the police and FBI?

Carter: I had to hire an adviser to handle the police. This adviser went with me everywhere, but I stayed out of the country and up in my training camp so much that he got tired. He was married and had children, and his wife got tired of him staying away nine months out of the year. So ultimately he left me too.

They were isolating me. And this was before black people were proud to be black, you know. There was no "Black Power" then, so I was hung out there by myself, and people would say, "Well, that crazy nigger is in the papers again—messing with some cops again." I was seen as messing with all the police forces in the country. During all that time I had to go to other countries to fight because the cops were really coming



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down hard on me at home.

Penthouse: So you were actually forced into exile in a sense?

Carter: Yes. I had to go to Africa to fight. I had to go to London, to Paris, to South America—just to stay away from here. It was brutalizing me, mentally, because in fighting if you aren't in shape, both mentally and physically, you're no good.

Penthouse: What were the circumstances of your arrest for the Lafayette Bar & Grill murders?

Carter: It was about one o'clock in the morning and I was riding down the street—I'm a night man, you know. When you train in the day, you sleep all night; and when you come out of training, your body clock gets all messed up. So I was riding down the street one night. . . . Now, just that afternoon I had seen in the papers that they had police on rooftops allegedly guarding some witness to these murders (that was Bello, I found out later), and everybody knew it—so if I *had* committed that crime I would have been long gone. Well, that night I went to turn a corner, and the next thing I knew there must have been 20,000 police shotguns in my face. Just that quick. Wow! "Keep your hands on the wheel," someone said, so I kept my hands on the wheel until they handcuffed me behind my back and put me in a car.

Now, the police station was only a block away, but they didn't take me there. They took me up into the Paterson mountains—about ten cars of detectives, all with unmarked cars. And I was sitting handcuffed in the back—with two detectives up front and two detectives in the back. They took me up into those mountains, and they parked. Nobody said anything to me. We just sat there. I could hear these loudspeakers . . . these microphones, going back and forth, chattering angrily . . . *very* angrily. You could see policemen walking around out there with shotguns. No light anywhere, just a dark road. And I thought, "My God, these people are going to kill me!" We stayed there about an hour—just sitting there, nobody saying anything to me. Then, all of a sudden somebody on the car radio said, "Okay, bring him in." It seemed like they were *very* disappointed, as if somebody had talked them out of killing me—that there would be a big investigation or something if they killed me—which wouldn't have meant shit to me. I would've been dead!

Penthouse: After you were picked up on the night of the murder, and none of the witnesses were able to identify you and John Artis, you took a lie-detector test that proved your innocence. Why wasn't that used as evidence in your trial?

Carter: At that time, in 1966, the lie-detector test wasn't admissible in court.

Penthouse: Weren't there other white cars that were stopped by the police?

Carter: Yes. In the court records cops said, "I stopped this car here, I stopped this car there," but mine was the only car that they stopped and brought to the scene of the crime.

Penthouse: During the trial, were any of the defense witnesses threatened?

Carter: Yes. My God, yes!

Penthouse: Who were they? Can you give us any specific names?

Carter: John "Bucks" Royster. He was the third person in the car with me on the murder night when the police stopped us.

Penthouse: He was threatened? By whom?

Carter: By the police.

Penthouse: And who else?

Carter: My sparring partner, Wild Bill Hardney. He was run out of town. He lived in Newark at the time; and when the Paterson police knew that he was coming as a witness, they got in touch with the Newark police and the Newark police ran him out of town.

Penthouse: Is it true that of 400 potential jurors, only eight were black? And that the only selected juror who was black—a West Indian—was the only one dismissed?

Carter: Yes, that's right. Ain't that something? You know, those are astronomical odds—that out of *fourteen* people on the jury the *only* black man would be taken off!

Penthouse: With the recantations of the prosecution's key witnesses, Bello and Bradley, and all the other facts that have come to light about the suppression of evidence by the police—for instance, discrepancies concerning the time the police turned in the bullet they claimed to have found in your car—and with so much more new evidence crying for a new trial, why do you think Judge Larner turned down your appeal?

Carter: Well, of course, Judge Larner turned down the appeal because he secured the conviction—and Larner wasn't even a judge before he tried my case.

Penthouse: You mean that was his *first* case as a judge?

Carter: That was his first and he wasn't even from the same county I was. You see, in 1966 I was the number-one middleweight contender and an international figure, and everybody in Passaic County—well, everybody in New Jersey—knew that this was a frame-up. None of the judges in Passaic County would touch this case because they knew it was a farce. But they still had to try me, so the governor of New Jersey at that time, Hughes, appointed Larner, at that time a lawyer from Essex County, on September 21, 1966 to go into Passaic County and try my case as his first criminal trial. Now Hughes did this for various reasons, but specially because he knew that Raymond Brown was my attorney. Well, Brown was the best criminal lawyer in the state and a black man. And Larner and Ray Brown were bitter enemies—they had been in cases together before. So they sent Larner in there to hold Brown down and get me convicted. Larner acted like a prosecutor from the bench, and the moment he got me convicted they shipped him back to Essex County. They put him into civil law because he didn't have enough criminal trial experience.

Penthouse: You mean they let him try your case, *then* they said he didn't have enough experience and sent him back to civil court?

Carter: Yes, civil court in another county. So therein lie our political implications. Hughes, who was governor of the state of New Jersey at the time and who is now the chief justice of the State Supreme Court. We also have Brendan Byrne, who is the governor of New Jersey right now; he was in cahoots with Larner at that time. When these two criminals testified for the state in 1966, they had nine or ten armed robberies throughout New Jersey to answer for. Well, Brendan Byrne, who was then the Essex County prosecutor, went around to all the judges in his county and had them quash all those indictments because they testified against me. So there you see the political ramifications.

Penthouse: Larner was from the same county as Byrne?

Carter: Yes. So when you ask why did Larner deny that appeal, well, he's the guardian of that conviction. He said right from the start of the hearing, "Why should the State be deprived of this conviction?" Those were his exact words—not why two human beings should be deprived of their lives because of vicious and prefabricated lies.

Because I will not say that I'm guilty, or act like I'm guilty, I am a threat to the administration, to the politicians. You know, there are brutal people in control of these prisons. There is no accountability all the way up the ladder. We are just left here with these people, and they are vicious. There have been several instances in the last four or five months of people being brutalized to death right here in Trenton State Prison. This is the snake pit of the politicians. This is the place where they kill you, and that's why they moved me here after the Rahway rebellion. I have as many problems with the inmates as I do with the guards and the administration. I'm like a man sitting on a high fence at noon. This place is very dangerous for me, from both sides of the fence. If for a moment either the administration or the inmates here felt as though Rubin Carter was weakening in his fight to any degree, they would pounce on me and wipe me out. It's very dangerous for me here.

I'm blind in one eye because of a lack of proper medical attention in this Trenton State Prison, and I know that if I get sick in here I'm going to die. I *know* that because it's what the administration wants. They showed me that very clearly when they blinded me in my eye.

Penthouse: What did happen to your eye?

Carter: I don't know. When I came into this jail, I had perfect vision—no problems ever with my eyes even when I was a prize-fighter going through all that rugged stuff. I never had problems with my eyes. But then I came to this jail, and when I was here about three weeks I had an examination—at that time they gave every person an examination; now they don't give you anything—and the man who gave me the examination said I had a detached retina and that if he didn't reattach it, I would slowly lose my sight in my right eye.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 115

"We should have built an ark first."

LANCIA

The name is a legend in luxurious transport, and the Beta coupé is beginning a new chapter in the history of the marque—at a bargain price.

By Joe Oldham

You speak the names and they roll over the tongue easily, like drops of Château Lafite-Rothschild 1947. Ferrari, Bugatti, Maserati, Lancia. More than merely the labels of the finest Italian coach builders, these names are institutions, even legends among the automobile cognoscenti of the world.

But in the harsh economic realities of the 70's many a venerable institution is becoming a part of history. Bugatti, and all that the name implies, is long since gone. Maserati has just gone out of business in a tidal wave of red ink. Ferrari today is little more than a subsidiary of the giant Fiat corporation and limited to only two different production models.

Lancia, on the other hand, is beginning a new chapter in its history with the marketing of a line of luxury cars in this country, a line that carries on the great traditions of the Lancia name: high performance, fantastic handling, opulent luxury, and out-of-the-ordinary transport.

If the name Lancia rings a bell but doesn't sound *too* familiar, don't think you're becoming absent-minded. It's just that Lancia has not marketed any cars in this country for six years. Various reasons are given for this, but the fact is U.S. government restrictions drove the company out of the American market. As federal emission-control and safety regulations became stricter, and as compliance with these federal regulations became costlier, several famous marques simply stopped selling cars in the U.S. Few people realize that running a fleet of cars for fifty-thousand miles—the current federal compliance requirements for emission controls—and crashing vehicles into barriers to prove that the bumpers meet the required safety regulations, is a costly business, running into millions of dollars a year. Rather than shell out the money, several smaller manufacturers, Lancia among them, de-

Photograph By Donald Mack/Letterforms By Packo and Barber

cided they would not sell their cars in the United States anymore.

Now all that is changed. In late 1969, when Lancia was having its own private depression, Fiat poured in enough money not only to save the company, but also to take over control. Fiat understood the importance of the American market in world terms and immediately directed its new Lancia division to design and engineer a new group of cars specifically tailored to the tastes and driving habits of the United States consumer, and which would also meet the safety requirements of the United States government.

Introduced to European buyers in November 1972, the Beta coupé and sedan sold very well abroad and racked up millions of miles on the road, thus proving the components before exporting the cars to the United States. This assures that the new Lancia Beta you drive out of your specially designated Fiat showroom is a thoroughly debugged automobile.

Before we get to the car itself, a word about buying one. It won't be that easy. At least, not at first. Lancia of America is being very choosy about which Fiat dealers also become Lancia dealers. The dealer has to qualify in a number of ways—including a commitment to buy and stock enough parts to service what he sells, sending his mechanics to special factory technical schools to find out what makes Lancias tick, and having certain minimum space devoted to Lancia sales, service, etc. At first, only 150 Fiat dealers will earn the right to call themselves Lancia sales centers. Most will be in the East with a few in the major midwestern markets. So don't try to buy a Lancia Beta coupé in Los Angeles until sometime in '76 because there won't be any West Coast dealers till then. And a total of only 12,000 Lancias, about two-thirds of them coupés, will be imported this year. If you can arrange to buy one now, the exclusivity quotient is enormous.

As for the car itself, let us state simply that Lancia has never built conventional automobiles, and the Beta is no exception—even though economics dictate that it be perhaps the most conventional Lancia in history.

Still, the people at Lancia today are automobile enthusiasts, in the classic tradition of Vincenzo Lancia who founded the company and built his first car in 1907. The Lancia factory refuses to succumb to convention, certainly as long as the engineering department insists that an automobile should represent much more to its owner than mere transportation.

The new Lancia models for the American market—a beautifully proportioned gran turismo two-plus-two coupé and a four-door sport sedan—are most certainly not conventional compared with other cars in their class. Both models share an enormous degree of performance and safety by virtue of their advanced technology. Both are luxuriously appointed, and both cars possess the careful attention to detail and quality finish that characterizes Lancias of the past.

The finely sculpted lines of the Beta coupé mark it at once as a contemporary interpretation of what a modern GT *should* look like. Knowledgeable observers will notice more than a hint of Fiat 124 sport coupé in the roof line, and that's not a bad thing since the 124 coupé is generally regarded as one of the handsomest designs of this generation.

In our opinion, the Beta is a good-looking machine. The styling is crisp, low, and sleek. You don't need racing goggles to see that the Beta's design is sporting. Yet it's also reserved and elegant; styling fads and clichés have been avoided in favor of classic, understated simplicity.

The Beta coupé is an enthusiast's car, a driver's car, a car designed and built for people who like cars. And given certain economic restrictions, the Beta coupé remains true to its Lancia heritage. One of the areas where this is perhaps not so is the engine. Lancias traditionally have been powered by unusual engines, highly advanced narrow-angle V-4's, V-6's, and flat-

Lancia has never built conventional automobiles, and the Beta is no exception to this rule.

4's. But the Beta uses the same engine as Fiat's 124- and 131-series cars, a rather conventional in-line four-cylinder powerplant-rated ninety-horsepower engine at 5,500 rpm. The engine displaces 1,756 cc (it's called an 1,800-cc engine) and features double overhead cams—and a sturdy reputation. But the use of this "in-house" engine is one of those aforementioned economic parameters of the new car, and Lancia purists will have to live with it.

Despite the somewhat diminished heritage of the power plant, the Fiat engine still has enough guts to push the 2,180-pound coupé to 30 mph in first gear, 50 in second, 74 in third, and to a claimed top speed of around 120 mph in fourth. In other words, by the time you're shifting out of second gear, start looking for radar traps.

The engine is transversely mounted and drives the front wheels; no expense was spared here to engineer a tough, reliable drive train. Included in the drive-train system is something no front-wheel-drive Fiat has—a five-speed transmission. The whole drive train is packaged under the front hood which gives the Beta a flat floor—and the amount of interior room is a great improvement over other cars in its class.

Once the driver becomes accustomed to the handling characteristics of front-wheel drive, he can get around briskly in the Beta. The four-wheel independent-suspension system with front and rear sway bars allows you to corner hard and flat, yet bumpy roads are taken in stride without the uncomfortable harshness usually associated with high-performance sports cars. The rack-and-pinion steering is quick and direct and the car reacts instantly to your inputs. Wide 175/70SR14 radial tires on alloy wheels are part of the standard package, and they certainly contribute to the Beta's outstanding road-holding characteristics in all types of climactic conditions.

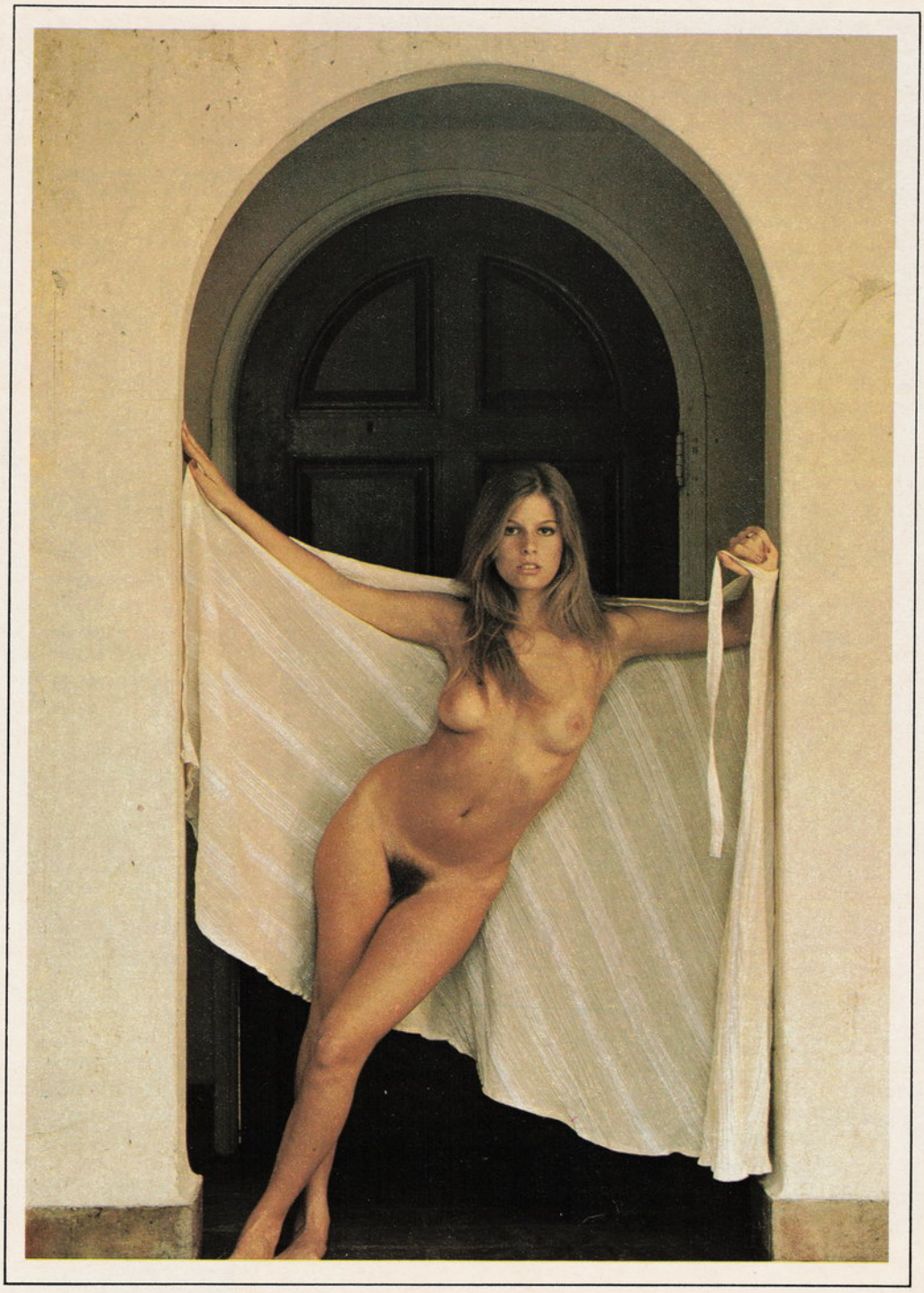
The car's braking system is surely one of the safest on the road and might even be described as over-engineered—were it not for that ever-present Lancia tradition. First, there's a big power-assisted ten-inch disc at each wheel to insure fade-free stopping. A one-of-a-kind "Superduplex" master cylinder permits equalized braking power should either cylinder ever fail. The braking system is also fitted with a brake-balance limiter designed to minimize the possibility of the rear brakes locking in a panic-stop situation. Finally, there are a brake-friction-pad-wear and low-fluid warning lights on the dash.

Technical specification is only one small part of the Beta's great appeal. Inside, opulence and luxury abound. The driver and each passenger sits in his own contoured bucket seat, covered in leather and orthopedically designed so that you can cover a thousand miles in a day and get out of the car feeling ready to go a few hundred more before stopping for the night. The seat design, in fact, is patented by Lancia. The backrests of the front seats adjust for rake with micrometer precision. All four seats incorporate head restraints for comfort and security.

As you might expect of an Italian GT, the Beta coupé has a full set of instruments and warning lights. Every important mechanical function is accurately reported to the driver at a glance. The thickly padded steering wheel adjusts at the flick of a lever. Plush color-keyed wall-to-wall carpeting is slathered over everything, including the trunk.

Quality of construction, materials, and finish—Lancia hallmarks—are very much in evidence everywhere you look. The bright metal trim on this car is stainless steel, not chromed plastic. The paint is rubbed out to a deep lustre. Body panels match and fit with a degree of precision seen only on the most expensive, hand-built automobiles. The Beta coupé is a modern expression of the coach builder's art.

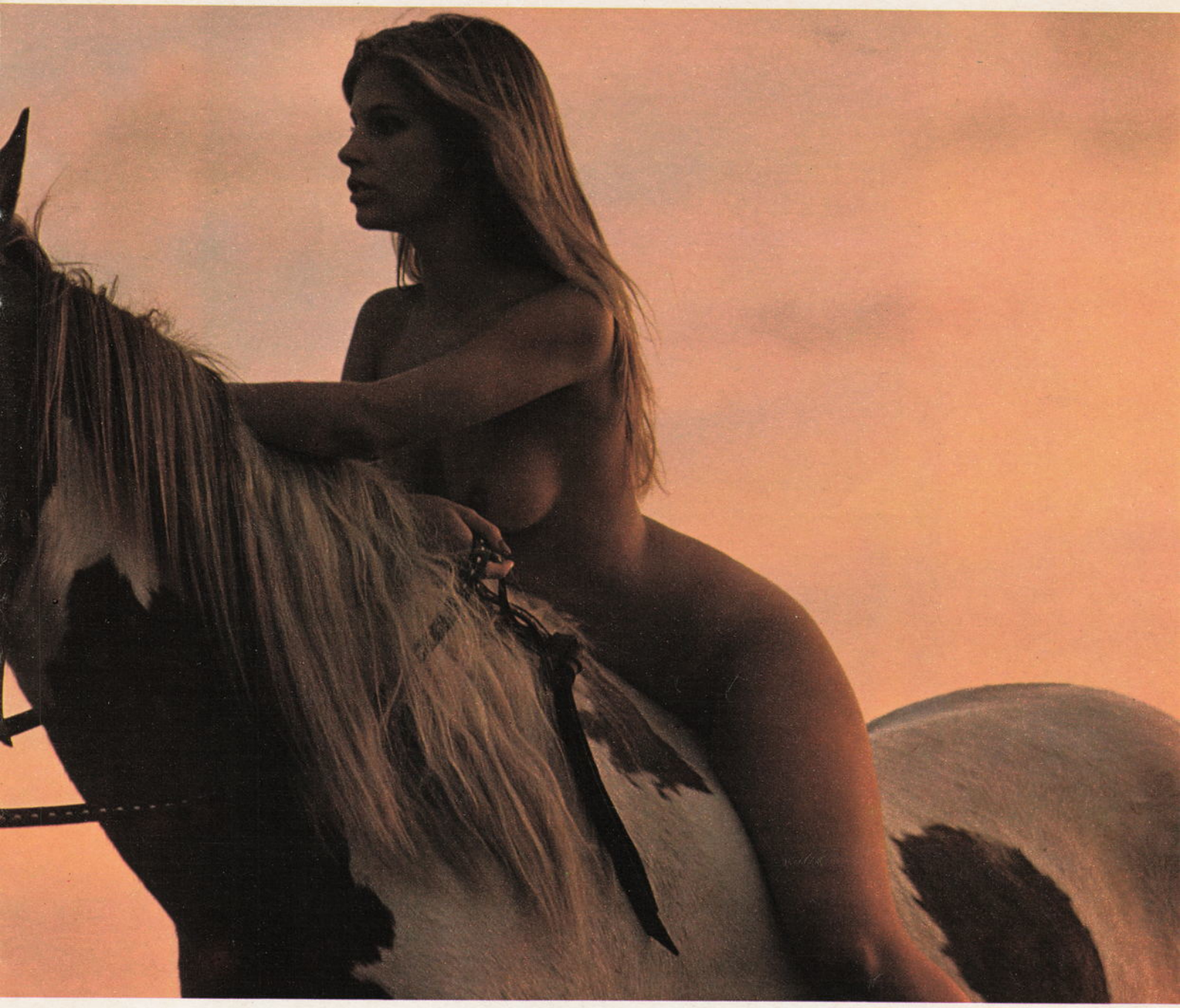
All this art is relatively inexpensive too. The Beta coupé lists for $6,793—which is certainly a bargain considering that you're going to pay around $5,600 for a fully loaded Pinto wagon. And when it comes to panache, isn't a Lancia worth a grand more than a Pinto?



"I suppose I'm
a traditionalist after all...
I prize intelligence
and courtesy."

LISA

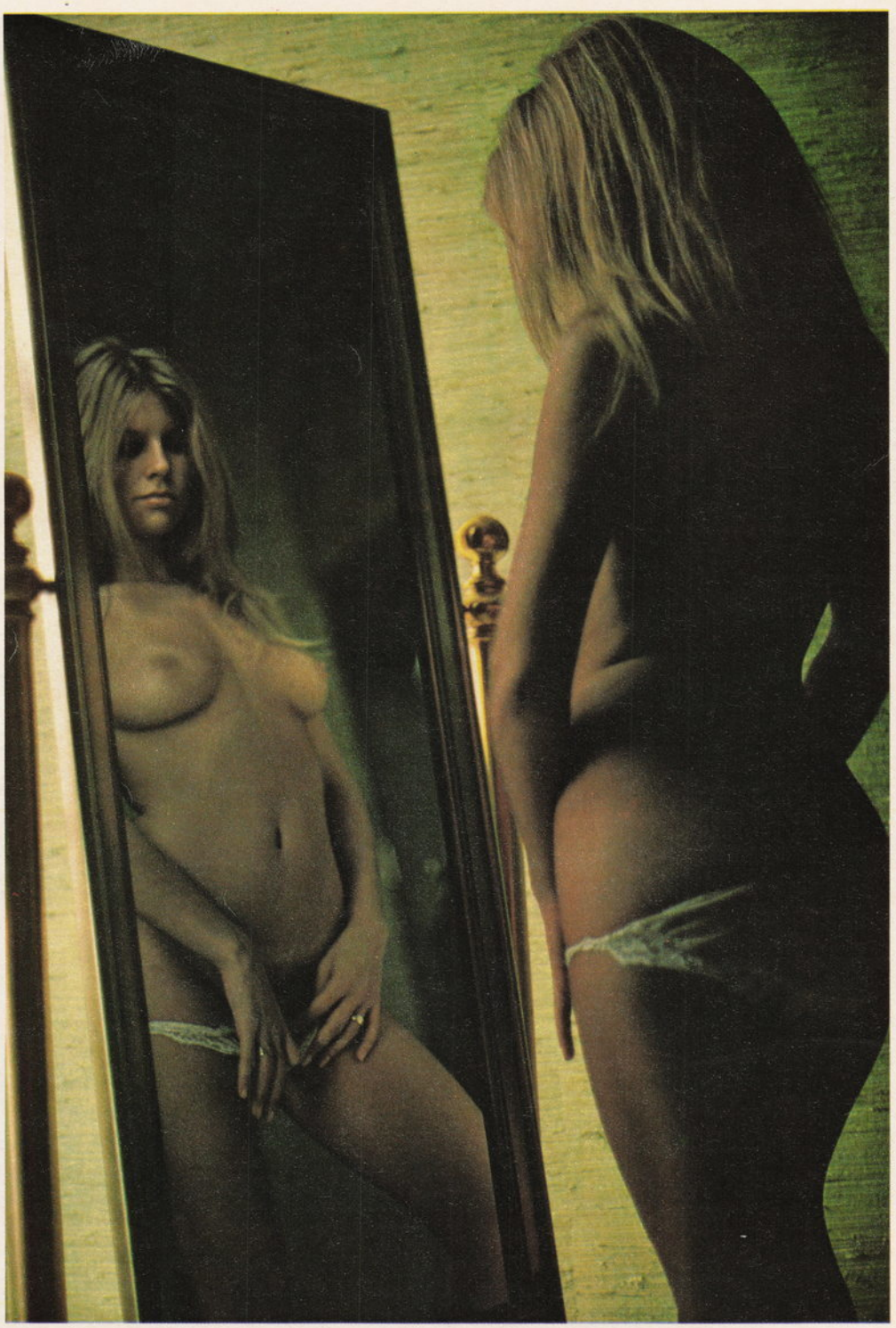
"I was brought up to believe that a woman's work is to give pleasure to her man. And I can certainly do that...."



LATIN LADY

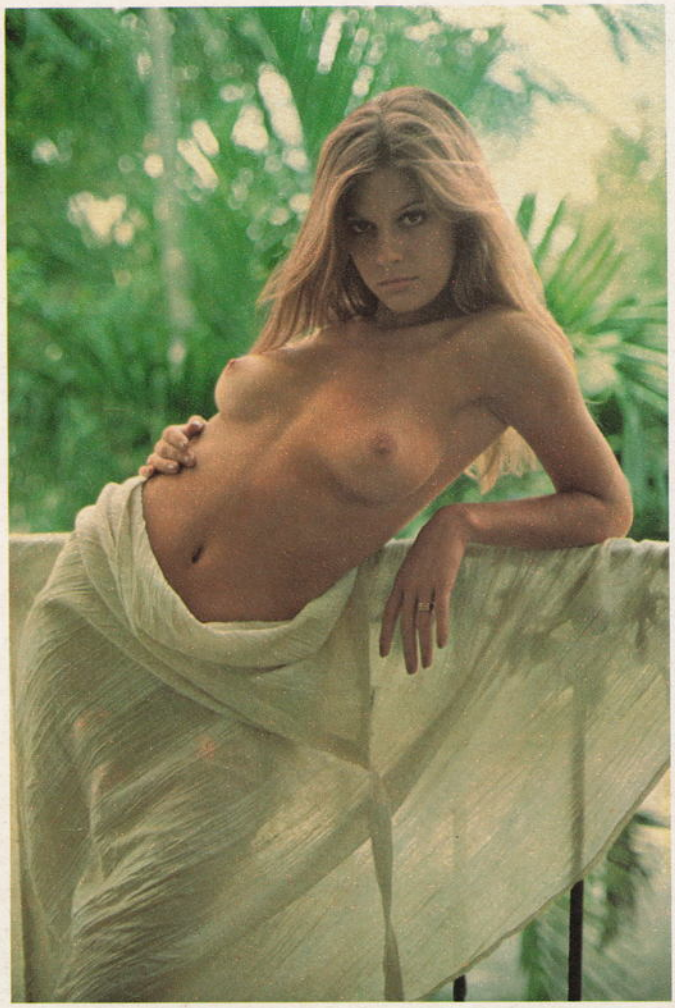
"The people in my country all swear that the most beautiful women in the world come from Cali," says nineteen-year-old Lisa Gomez, herself a product *par excellence* of that picturesque Colombian city. Her poise, good looks, and educated bearing led to a modeling career while she was still in her early teens. But Lisa's ultimate objective is to become a movie actress. "I've

PHOTOGRAPHS BY STAN MALINOWSKI



made a few films at home in Colombia. Natural blondes are pretty rare down in that part of the world, so we're automatically very, very much in demand."

Not wishing to assume the traditional role of the sheltered Latin woman, Lisa attended school in Gstaad, Switzerland, and then moved to Miami against the advice of her parents. "I *had* to come to the United States," says Lisa. "Here, the opportunities are unlimited for anyone—man *or* woman—



who has the desire to succeed."

Defying the old adage that beauty and brains don't mix, Lisa has formed a little company that makes and markets Colombian quilts all over the country. Between modeling assignments and running her business, Lisa still finds time to work with horses—a passion she developed while living in Colombia. "I used to train beautiful high-stepping horses for the bullring in Bogotá. For a while, I was even a *rejoneadora*—that's the bullfighter who fights on horseback. I've always loved horses. When I'm mounted on a fine thoroughbred, I am as one with the horse."

A sensitive 35-23-35 thoroughbred herself, Lisa was brought up to believe that a woman's work is to give pleasure to her man. "And I can certainly do that, but my man has to be a gentleman. I don't like these men who treat a woman as 'one of the boys.' I suppose that I'm a traditionalist after all . . . I prize intelligence and courtesy and, of course, I'm especially happy if the man has the face to match his mind." Brains taken at face value, that is. . . .

Balloonheads

BY ART CUMINGS

"Why didn't someone tell me it was formal?"

RUBIN CARTER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 102

The doctor who operated wanted to take me out to his hospital—St. Francis Hospital here in Trenton, where other prisoners go for major operations—but the administration wouldn't allow me to go. Everybody else could go but not Rubin Carter. They made that doctor bring his tools and his nurses into this slaughterhouse here and operate on me in this butcher shop. After the operation he prescribed different medications that I should take to help heal this eye. But the prison wouldn't give them to me.

Penthouse: You were denied your medication?

Carter: I was denied my medication, and therefore I ultimately went blind in that eye.

Every month after that I used to go to the eye doctor to have him examine my eye to make sure that my bad eye could never damage my good eye—because all I had now was one eye. When I went to this doctor in February 1974 he looked in my eye and jumped back, flabbergasted. "My God," he said, "you've got stitches in your eye!" All these years my eye used to secrete a lot of mucus, and every time I'd go to sleep and wake up in the morning I'd have to pry my eye open. I thought it was mucus escaping from my eye, but actually it was stitches that they had neglected to take out after seven years.

Right away, I wrote my lawyer. Then the prison administration told me that they were going to take me out to the hospital at Rahway to remove the sutures. They wanted to get me out of the prison quick to get rid of that evidence. So I said, "No, I'm not going for that." But all I really wanted was to be able to see, so when they said they'd reattach my retina, I said okay.

I went to New York's Columbia Presbyterian Hospital, and they took me into the operating room, put me under as if they were going to reattach my retina, removed the sutures, and then sent me back. They didn't even attempt to reattach my retina.

At that point, I saw that if something isn't done here about the constant lack of medical attention, the brutality, the maiming and mutilating of people—then everybody's going to die.

Penthouse: Some years back you befriended an elderly prisoner by the name of Summers. He was being bullied by some inmates and you defended him in a fight. That same night he committed suicide. Your book gives the impression you were greatly affected by his death. What did you learn from that experience?

Carter: There were many things. Mr. Summers was a great intuitive man who had really lived his experiences. But the very things that were happening to Mr. Summers at that time are the same things that are happening now—frustration, falling into a deep pit of depression. And there's no help for you, so you say, "I can't do it anymore." The other day the very same thing happened. A young boy, nineteen years old, was hanged. You never hear about these things. He hanged himself in that place for "incorrigibles," the Vroom Building . . . in fact, he hanged himself the same day the "Mike Douglas Show" came here to tape me in the death house. The guards had told Mike Douglas, "No, nobody's been killed here in seven years," and this man had just been killed that morning. Lies, you see.

Penthouse: The boy hanged himself?

Carter: He *allegedly* hanged himself—put it that way. Because nobody ever knows. But the depressions are real, you know. You see guys staying in cells all day or all night long, and they don't get any mail from their families. And they're facing 100,000 years with no hopes of any kind. When you break hope in a man, that man is dead. The average age in this prison is about twenty-three years, and the majority of them are doing 100,000 years. But they come here and they want to finger pop. You can get all the dope you want in this jail—so they stick dope in their arms, drink whiskey, and try all kinds of other foolishness, just to try to escape. But when they wake up in the morning, they're still here. Later, when they go out into the streets and have to rise or fall on their own merit, they find themselves totally at a loss. Some are physically fit but mentally destroyed. They find it easier to remain shadows in jail than to live as responsible human beings on the street. That is the crowning achievement of all these prisons.

Penthouse: The administration knows all this is going on?

Carter: Sure.

Penthouse: Does the prison administration consciously encourage homosexuality?

Carter: Oh, yes. Anything that would strip a man of his manhood—of any type or form of masculinity. It has only been recently here, about two years I would say, that they allowed men to wear mustaches and beards.

Guys come into jail and they live under this painful passivity for years, they live with the brutality, they live with being killed . . . constantly. And when they walk out of this prison they are very dangerous people. I see guys come in here with a two- to three-year sentence for breaking and entering, and when they walk out that door I *know* they are going to kill somebody.

Everyone knows what is happening in this prison. Everyone knows where all the dope is coming in at . . . who is bringing it in. Everyone knows who are the police bringing the knives in. You know that. But this administration—in order to keep the war going on on paper, in order to keep the taxes rising, in order to milk the public out of more money—says the prisoners' families are bringing it in—my wife is bringing it in, my daughter is bringing it in.

Penthouse: Aren't there any investigations into this activity?

Carter: Yes. From the time that I arrived at Trenton State Prison in September of last year, there have been no less than ten suits filed in federal courts about the brutality that is going on here. A newspaper reporter named John Toff from the *Trentonian*, a newspaper here in Trenton, worked undercover in this prison as a guard for about seven months. Then he quit and wrote a series of articles exposing all of the brutalities that were taking place and all of the guards who were deliberately committing them. But his paper is just a tiny paper, and it doesn't go any further than Trenton. So no other communities in New Jersey know about this exposure or anything else. If it had been a national paper, it would have torn this place down.

Yes, there are suits and investigations going on here. But the administration is investigating itself. The politicians that control these prisons are investigating themselves. And you know that *nothing* is ever going to come out of that. There is no accountability here—just exactly like there's no accountability in the street where you are. And we know that accountability is the cornerstone of any democracy. We have no accountability here, and you have no accountability out there, so we have no democracy. We're all living under false pretenses.

Penthouse: During the Rahway rebellion, you stated in your book that,"if there was some kind of list being passed around of whom to get, of the inmates who were definitely slated for the graveyard, as there had been in other riots in New Jersey, I knew that my name would be at the very top." Do you still believe that?

Carter: Absolutely! It is still so, right here in this prison. In the whole state of New Jersey, Rubin Carter's name is at the top. So if anything happens here, they are going to kill me—and they will be justified in the public mind, because all they have to say is, "He is here for murder." That's all they have to do. It's like the time they came down on me at Rahway at twelve o'clock midnight with shotguns and machine guns and movie cameras. They brought those movie cameras there just to show that if I had balked for a second, they would have shot me down and said, "See, this is why we shot him down, because he is a murderer." And people would have believed that.

Penthouse: You have studied law while in prison. Based on this, what would you have done differently in handling your defense? For example, at your first hearing for a new trial, what did you actually ask your former lawyers from the State Public Defender's Office to do that they refused to do?

Carter: I asked them to bring in Governor Byrne and the five judges in five different counties who sentenced Bello and Bradley for those other crimes. I wanted to bring in the five prosecutors of these counties because we have evidence—hard evidence—that letters had been sent out by the Passaic County prosecutor to the prosecutors of those five counties saying, "Go to court for Bello and Bradley because they got Rubin Carter."

Penthouse: Was one of those Brendan Byrne?

Carter: One of those was Byrne, and Byrne

did go. We have evidence that says that Byrne went, and we have transcripts in which Judge Camarado from Essex County says, "The prosecutor called me up this morning, Prosecutor Byrne, and told me to dispense with this case."

Now, at the hearing, Judge Larner had to decide whether to believe Bello and Bradley, as opposed to the prosecutor. Naturally he was going to believe the prosecutor. So I told the lawyers, "If you bring in Governor Byrne, if you bring in the five judges, if you bring in the five prosecutors, then who is Larner going to believe in terms of credibility? Is he going to believe the governor, the five judges, the five prosecutors, or is he going to believe this prosecutor over there? Make him make a decision—make him make a determination on the credibility of the governor."

But these lawyers [from the State Public Defender's Office] had entered into a stipulation, without either my knowledge or consent, that they would not call in my witnesses—the governor, the five judges, or the five prosecutors.

Penthouse: Who did they make that deal with?

Carter: With Larner and the Passaic County prosecutor. Now I know about stipulations, so when I found out I told them, "I want you to go back to the court and tell Larner I want that stipulation withdrawn immediately."

Penthouse: Was that stipulation removed?

Carter: No.

Penthouse: Judge Larner refused to remove the stipulation?

Carter: Yes. So they did not put Fred Hogan on the stand—Hogan was their man who had investigated this case. They did not put Selwyn Raab [of the *New York Times*] on the stand. They did not put Hal Levitson [of WNEW-TV] on the stand. All those men had made independent investigations of this case. They did not put *anybody* else on the stand—just Bello and Bradley. Just so the judge would only have Bello and Bradley's credibility to deal with. They made it easy for him.

Penthouse: When your appeal was denied by the New Jersey supreme court you said that you were thinking that maybe you shouldn't see your wife and child again. Why was that?

Carter: Yes, and I still think that way. First of all, the moment that they put me in jail my wife and daughter were cut off from their livelihood. A prizefighter doesn't have much credit. Whatever money you make you have to save, because there are no unemployment benefits or other Social Security benefits to fall back on. Also, I know my wife is young and beautiful and she has human needs. I felt that by my staying in jail I was limiting her life. My wife and daughter come here month in and month out, year in and year out—just to see me grow old and wither away on the vine.

Penthouse: Now that your case is beyond Judge Larner, do you think there's a better chance for a retrial?

Carter: No, because the case is still sitting right here in New Jersey. The New Jersey judicial system is part and parcel of the thinking of Larner. I don't believe that I will ever get a fair shake in New Jersey—unless the people demand it. The case must go to higher courts and ultimately to the federal circuit in Philadelphia, and then I think I might get a fair shot. But that will probably take years.

Penthouse: What can people outside do for your case?

Carter: Well, if the people aren't from New Jersey, the political system here in this state isn't going to worry—unless everybody gets together and says, "We demand justice—not because of Rubin Carter but because there is a right and a wrong here."

Open the books—let us all see them. If people would say that about this case too, they would have to do it, and that is all I want. I don't want them to just let me out free and pat me on the back. No, I don't want that. I want to prove that I am not guilty.

Penthouse: What has Governor Byrne's attitude been so far towards a new trial?

Carter: When this case was first publicized a year ago, there were several articles in the papers, and one quoted Governor Byrne. Someone asked him why he wouldn't appoint an investigative body to look into Passaic County. And he said, "Well, nobody ever got a retrial or a new trial in New Jersey on recanted testimony." And that's true, because that's what the law is in New Jersey; nobody has ever got it because all the recanted testimony in New Jersey has always been codefendants recanting on other codefendants.

But this case is vastly different. First of all, Bello and Bradley were state witnesses, not codefendants. I had never seen Bello or Bradley in my life, other than when they brought me to trial. And they had never seen me before, other than when the police brought me to the scene of the crime on the night of the murders. On that night, they told the police that they could not recognize the people even if they *had* seen them. From the night of the crime up until five months afterwards, the police kept Bello and Bradley locked away in protective custody, grilling them and coercing them, and promising them rewards and leniency on their armed robbery charges—until finally they said, "Okay, it was Rubin Carter and John Artis."

So what we have now are not recanted statements. What they are doing today is actually going back to their original statements.

Penthouse: Does Byrne know this?

Carter: Of course Byrne knows this! His pet phrase is, "It's in the courts; let the courts decide it." But the courts take years.

Recantation was the very thing that exposed Watergate. Recantation and plea bargaining. That was the only thing that uncovered Watergate—so you see exactly what recantations and plea bargaining really are. First, each of those people, Magruder and all the rest of them, said, "No, we didn't do that," but then they started saying, "Yes, we did do it." That is a recanted statement. And all the federal judges—Sirica and all the rest of them—believed the recanted statements. So why can't they believe the recanted statements here? What's good for the goose is good for the gander. And that's all I ask. I ask for a new trial. I never had a trial, because all I had was a kangaroo court, with none of my peers on the jury, with a misinformed, all-white jury that was in the heat of passion at the time. I just want a trial that is free from perjured testimony and manufactured evidence. That's all. Give me a trial and I'm willing to accept that. I don't want anything else.

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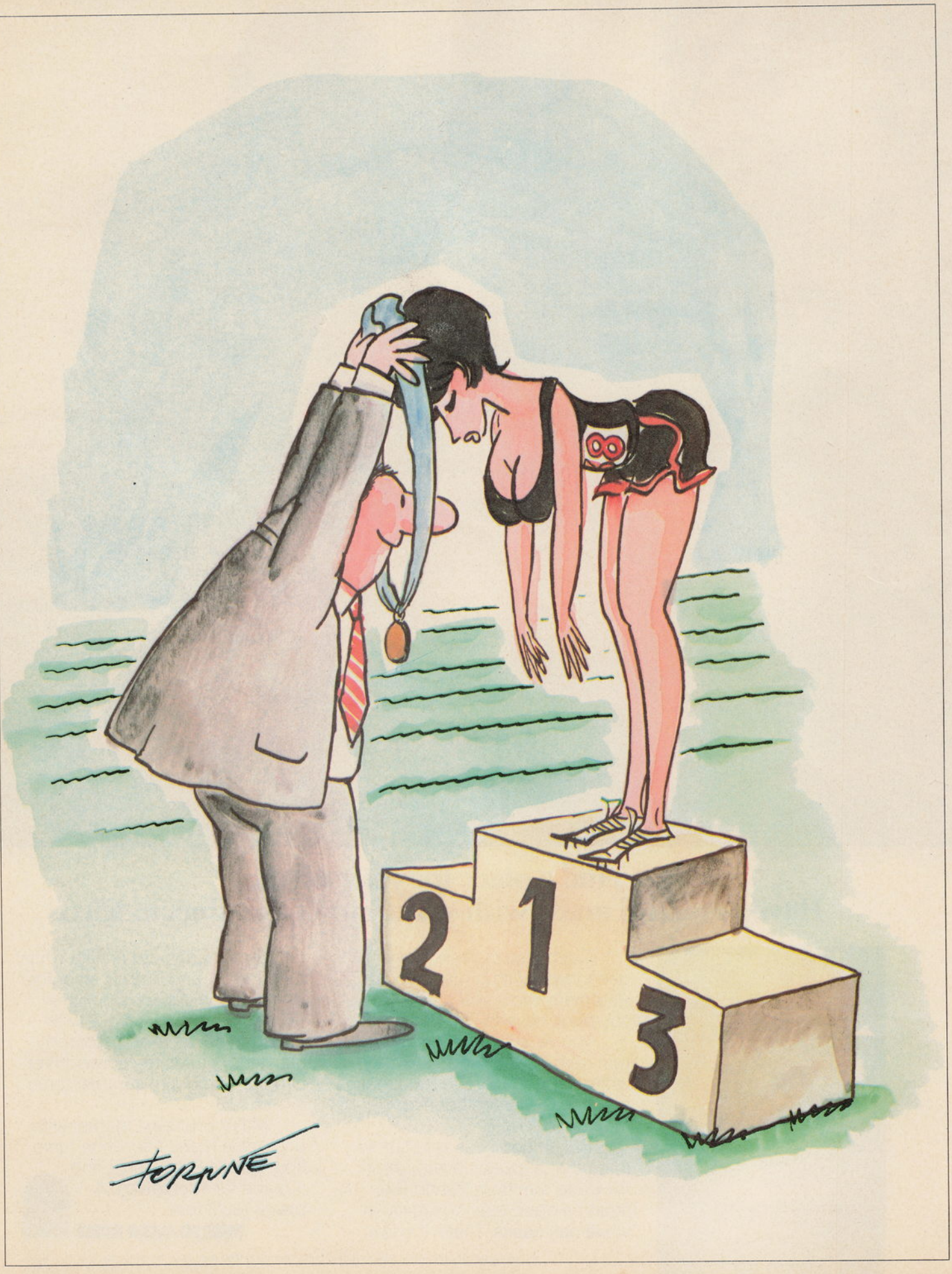
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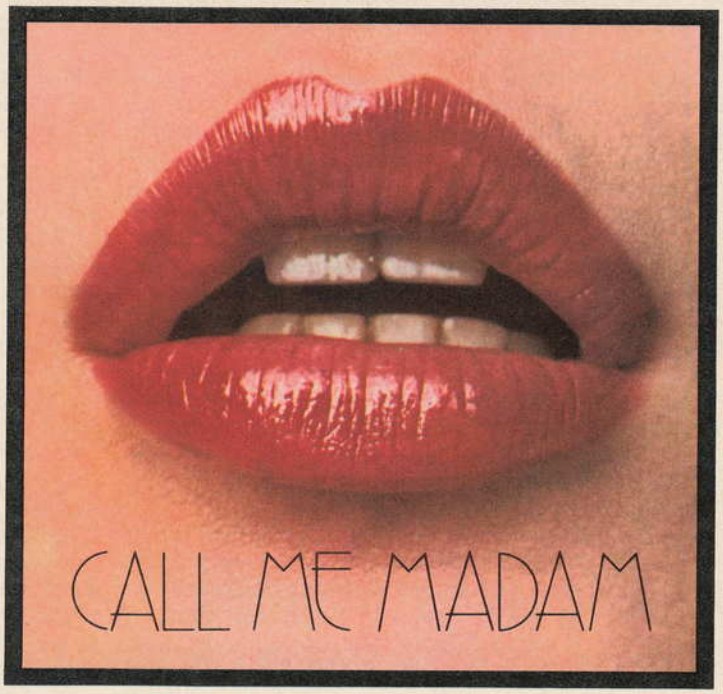
FORTUNE

"There's no worse customer for a hooker than one with cheap booze on his breath and a dick that won't perform."

XAVIERA HOLLANDER



XAVIERA'S LETTER OF THE MONTH

We are three young women attending the University of California at Berkeley. We read that letter from "Mighty Meat" in the November issue. The poor boy! I'm going with a well-hung guy right now, and the other two women have enjoyed large men at some time or other. We're sure that we know enough about the subject to give some advice. No problem is too big to overcome. We talked about the problems of very large cocks, pooled our ideas, and would like to present them to you.

First of all, you can get it in. It just takes a bit more time. Use Vaseline, or better yet, lick and kiss it until it's wet enough to go in without much friction. It might take a bit of careful work, but it's worth the time. It helps if the girl is on top, since she can then work on it with the least amount of trouble. One problem is premature ejaculation, but what we like to do is blow the guy first. Then you take the limp cock and work it in for another round. We all get a real kick from feeling the penis grow inside us.

Second, if you don't have the time to work it in, enjoy what you can. The head of a well-hung man is about the size of a large plum. If you're inventive enough, that can do quite well. After all, the clitoris is down near the opening and anything that gets past the clit is just excess anyway. Of course, it is fun to get the filled-up feeling, but you can get a good climax from the head alone. What my friends and I like to do is sit down on our boyfriends, straddle them, and use the cock heads to massage our cunts.

My lover is experienced enough not to get upset if I'm on top. Some young men have a macho complex that turns them off to a female-on-top position, but that's the best position if the man is just too much for you to handle.

As an aside, I've learned that married men make the best lovers. They're not looking for a steady emotional trip. With them you don't get any possessive hang-ups as you do with some young men who heavy up on you. Also, they're usually very experienced.

What "Mighty Meat" needs is an understanding woman who will simply take the time to do her best for him. My lover and I spent a lot of time experimenting to find out how to get his cock in me. Just the experimenting was fun!—Dora, Cynthia, Betty

Listen, a college education isn't worth much these days. You three would be money ahead if you just quit school and set up shop. Good hookers are always in demand.

THE CALLOUS PHALLUS

I am presently in the marines and I'm stationed in Iwakuni, Japan. There has been quite a bit of discussion among us guys on the subject of "drunken intercourse." It seems that the hookers in "Creep Street" don't like it when GI's who have had a few drinks proposition them. Most of us, however, don't feel quite like getting laid unless we have a few beers in us. One marine, who prefers not to drink alcohol, said, "Sure it makes a difference. It dulls the senses in the penis." Is there any justification to the theory that a drunken man cannot perform to the utmost of his sexual capability?—Lance

It is a known fact that drunken sailors who frequent whorehouses are not the best johns a girl can lay. Indeed, not every whorehouse is a heavenly place, and some joints are so sleazy that men have to be bombed in order to make it in the door. Even though you are not morally obliged to please the woman for whom you have paid to screw, it is rather selfish of most drunken men to demand their "money's worth" when drunk. Alcohol does indeed have a rather numbing effect on the activities of the penis. Anyone who takes in too much alcohol might even find that it prevents him from achieving erection or ejaculation.

There is no worse customer for a hooker than one with cheap booze on his breath and a dick that won't perform.

Photograph By James Moore

All inquiries are treated in confidence. Send to
Xaviera Hollander, Penthouse Magazine, 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.
Miss Hollander regrets that no private replies can be supplied.

POSTAL PORN

I wonder if you are familiar with pornography laws in general? I recently mentioned to a friend that I intended to purchase some pornographic material through the mail and was told that buying mail-order porno is illegal and if intercepted could result in legal action against me by the postal inspector. Is there a specific law prohibiting the purchase of pornography through the mail? If so, could I be legally prosecuted in the event that such material is intercepted?

I have noticed that in order to buy porno from certain bookstores and clubs, one must sign several statements to the effect that he is over twenty-one. Do I actually have a legal "right" to purchase such material? Does the signing of these statements incriminate me in any way?—T.C.

Laws regulating the manufacture, distribution, and possession of pornography are as confusing as the word *pornography* itself.

In "The Report of the Commission on Obscenity and Pornography" released in 1970, there are at least indications of what you may or may not do. In 1969, according to the report, forty-eight of the fifty states had "general" obscenity statutes; that is, laws imposing criminal penalties on those who distribute obscene materials to any person, including consenting adults.

Federal Statute 18, United States Code Section 1461, provides that whoever uses the mails for delivery of obscene materials shall be fined not more than $5,000 and/or imprisoned for not more than five years for the first offense. Violations of this act are investigated by the United States Postal Inspection Service.

Under the Anti-Pandering Act of 1968, a postal patron can obtain the aid of the post office and the courts in order to have his name deleted from all mailers who've sent out unsolicited mail.

The Customs Statute 19, United States Code Section 1305 of the Tariff Act, prohibits all persons from importing obscene materials into the United States.

FBI Statutes, Sections 1462 and 1465, deal with the use of common carriers for distribution and sale of obscene matter.

The report doesn't list any statutes regulating the possession of obscene material, but many of the statutes in effect in 1970 were up for appeal before the Supreme Court. It is possible, considering the cowardly decisions of the Supreme Court, that many local laws are being enforced or interpreted differently now.

Of course, enforcing these ridiculously outdated obscenity laws is very costly to the taxpayer. For various puritanical reasons they still exist. I strongly suggest that you check with your lawyer before adding your name to any mailing list.

LOC-TIT-NIP-OUT

I've spent most of my life admiring the female anatomy and physiology. Recently I've run into an aspect of the female that greatly puzzles me. You are perhaps the only one I know of who can provide me with an answer.

Can you tell me how a stripper is able to show a magnificent nipple erection immediately upon stripping, maintaining it through a lengthy dance without ever touching her breasts? Just how is this done?—J.S.

If you venture to look a little higher than the stripper's breasts, you will see that the girl's face is slightly purple, her eyes held in great concentration, and her lips very determined. Such strippers have mastered the very difficult Japanese discipline of "Loc-Tit-Nip-Out." These girls exercise breath control and rhythmic grunting in order to thrust their nipples out from the inside.

The most famous graduate of this school was Switchblade Susannah back in the twenties, who forgot herself during a dance marathon and impaled her partner somewhere between a furious two-step and tango.

A SNATCH TO MATCH

I've got a real thing about pubic hair—that is, I like a girl with lots of hair around her cunt. Fortunately, my girl friend is blessed with a magnificent bush. It really turns me on!

My girl wears her hair in a honey blond color but her pussy hair is quite a bit darker. I'd like her to bleach the pussy hair to a honey blond as well. In fact, I'd like to help her bleach that nice bush of hair between her legs. I really can't imagine a more erotic experience. She is agreeable, but we're both concerned that she might damage the very sensitive genital tissues. Can you advise us on the best way to accomplish this bleaching process?

Also, we'd like to know whether or not dying of the pubic hair is a very common practice among women.—G.W.

I don't believe there is much danger in dying pubic hair. I know of many girls who do so before attending a nudist camp. You know, they want a snatch to match their hair.

I would suggest that your girl friend visit any good drugstore and ask for the advice of a saleslady. Nowadays there's absolutely nothing too shocking to ask about. Why shouldn't someone ask for a reliable hair coloring to use on the pubic area? After all, fellows have been buying rubbers for years.

A CLEAN-SHAVEN MAN

Is it common for men to shave their pubic hair? What is the best way to remove the hair from the penis and the testicles?

Also, would you recommend tattooing for men and women?—Paul

It is not a common practice for men to shave their pubic hair. However, certain religions suggest that men shave their pubic areas. If you read my latest book, *Xaviera Goes Wild*, you will find a story about a young West Pakistani I knew who had shaved his pubic area completely. It certainly was a prickly situation for me. I must admit that I know very few other men who shave their pubic hair. Though some do cut it short.

If you must shave the pubic area, use a safety razor so you won't cut yourself. When you shave the testicles, make sure you stretch the skin sufficiently, smoothing the skin surface enough to shave with ease. And use lots of shaving cream.

As far as the penis is concerned, I have never seen a man with hair on his penis, only around the penis and the scrotum and on top of the testicles. You are not an exception, I hope, and I'm sure you just incorrectly worded your sentence.

By the way, hair is nature's protection. Whenever I trim my pussy hair, I notice that my inner lips become a little sore.

Tattooing is, of course, very popular for both men and women. Quite a few men are even tattooing their penises.

SEEPING LOVE JUICES

I've been making love with my boyfriend for nearly two and a half years. Although I presently use a diaphragm, I used to use the Pill. My question concerns the "gushing out" I experience after making love. A combination of my love juices and his sperm drips from my vagina for hours after intercourse. Is my "gushing out" a usual occurrence or am I different from the norm?—G.H.

What do you think your boyfriend squirts inside your sweet pussy when he comes? Do you think he has a bicycle pump stuck up there and just blows air inside you? This is a rather naïve question. People sure can be ignorant.

So it leaks for a few hours after getting fucked. Put a little tissue paper against your pussy and wear underpants to hold the tissue in place. You also might try taking a hot bath so that it will leak into the water.

A STRAWBERRY CHERRY

My girl friend and I were talking about douching. I recommended that she use a strawberry douche powder. Because she laughed at me, I called a drugstore to inquire about it, and they also laughed. They said they had never heard of it.

I'm sure I read in one of your books about such a douche. Can you tell us where we can buy it?—M.R.

Yes, there are indeed douche liquids in many different flavors. Maybe you live in a small town where the drugstore is not well equipped. Try some stores in major cities near you.

A little hint for those women who think their vaginas are getting a bit slack: mix a teaspoon of white vinegar in a douche bag with water. Then douche. The vinegar will make the vagina feel tighter. I would not recommend this too often because vinegar can dry out the vagina.

VIRGIN PUSSY PROBLEMS

I am an eighteen-year-old male and have fucked only once in my life. Three months ago I met this cute eighteen-year-old virgin at a party. After two months of frequent dating, we fell in love. Last week we conveniently found ourselves in an apartment with

the whole evening to ourselves. After undressing her sexy body, I showed her what a blow job was. After getting off on her inexperienced but fine tongue, I realized that I was being selfish. She begged me to eat her out—a new experience for both of us. I gladly consented and worked my mouth slowly from her neck down to her wet cunt. I was shocked to be met by the most horrible odor. I couldn't go through with it. I got her to shower, and to my surprise her cunt still smelled awful. I can't get her to understand how impossible it would be for me to go through with it. Now, of course, she's a bit vexed—and I feel terrible. I love her so much, and I'd love to make her happy. Please, do you have any solutions?—J.V.R.

Unfortunately, a virgin pussy cannot be cleaned out as thoroughly as that of an experienced woman. Obviously, it is impossible for a virgin to use a douche bag.

In your future sex life you may find that certain girls have a heavier discharge than others. I think it is wise for women to clean out their vaginas. A bath is best since the woman can then either insert her douche or use her fingers and some nonscented soap.

Don't give up on your virgin pussy. Just tell her that it is better if you pop her cherry first. Be sure to lubricate her well, and then pop it to her gently. Once she has lost her hymen, you can discuss the use of a douche bag. I don't think you'll have any further problems.

LIGHTS, CAMERA, ACTION!

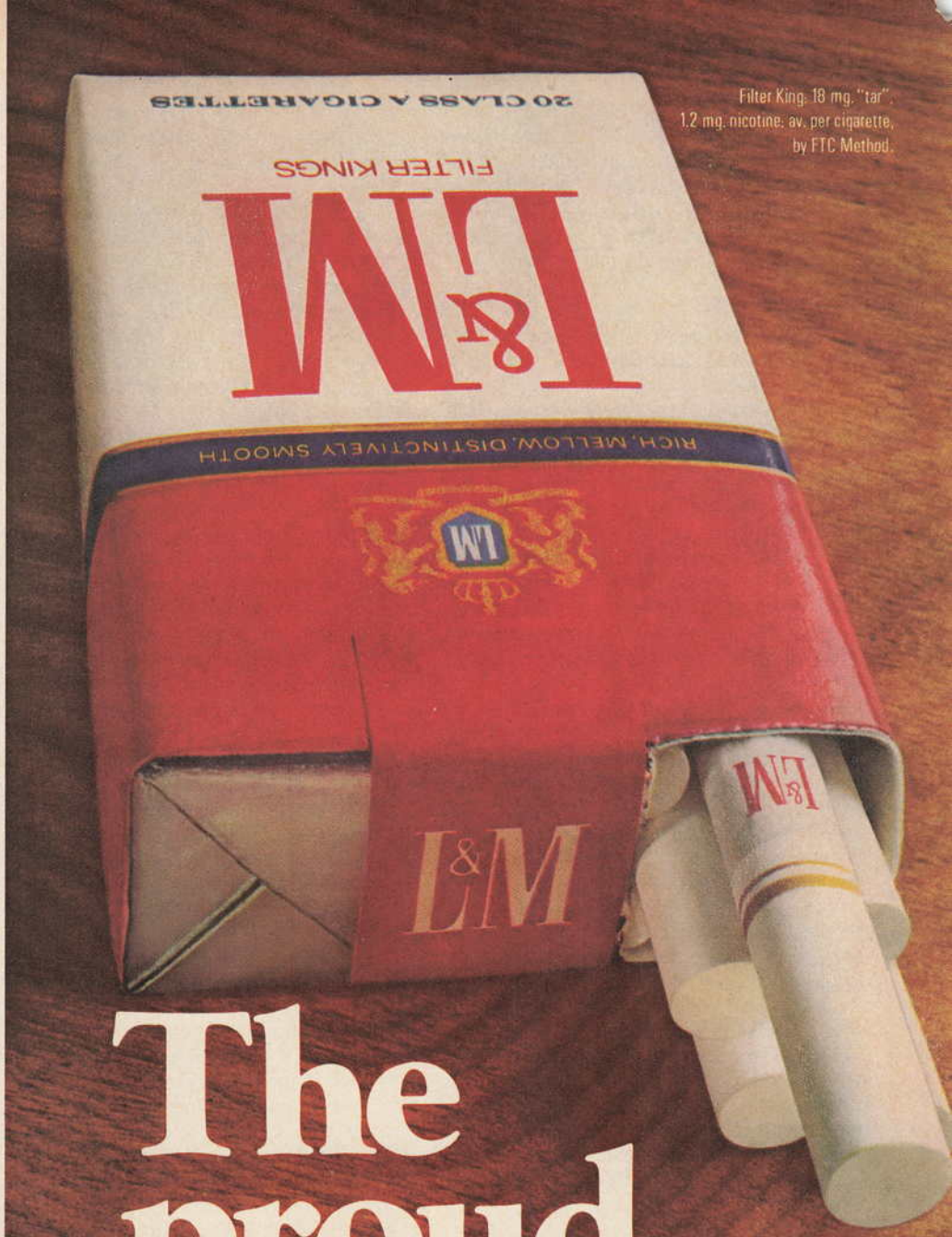
The other day my husband proposed an interesting idea to me, and we were wondering what your reaction to it might be.

He suggested we install a two-way mirror or a concealed monitoring camera in our guest room so we could watch our friends and relatives make love when they visit us. He preferred the camera idea so we could watch from our bed. This way we could enhance our own lovemaking as we viewed. We don't wish to invade our guests' privacy; we only want to view from a strictly voyeuristic aspect. Of course, this would all be kept secret.

After proposing this idea to me, my husband asked if I thought he was weird. I assured him that I didn't find him perverted. My husband said that I was the only one whose opinion mattered to him, but we decided to seek a third opinion.—D.G.

If you think a two-way mirror will enhance your sex life, then go ahead and do it—but be discreet. I suggest that you don't make a game out of it by allowing everyone in your household to view the screwing couple. Once word gets out about your two-way mirror you will be hard put to find houseguests.

To be a voyeur does not mean that you are weird. Everyone is curious at times. If you had a lovely young married couple living right across from your window, would you mind watching them undress and screw? On the contrary, you would probably go out and buy a pair of binoculars.



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With regard to the two-way mirror, you will probably tire of this voyeuristic activity and eventually want to join your houseguests for a foursome. Anything to do with cameras requires even more discretion. Of course, there is the advantage with a camera that you can always have an instant replay.

BARBER'S ITCH

Two weeks ago I went to see a client only to find that he was out of town. I decided to make the best of things and began talking with his knockout secretary named Ruth. She has long, flowing black hair, a slim tight body, a pert set of nipples trying to break through her tight sweater, and a tan that won't stop. After some small talk with her, I got up enough courage to ask her out. Though I was somewhat surprised when she accepted, we set the date and I left.

When the big night finally arrived, everything went smoothly. First there was dinner, then a show, and then back to my apartment. With soft music on the stereo and plenty of booze in us, the mood was perfect. As we were lying on my leather couch, I began to ease her panties off from under her dress. When I moved my head down between her tan legs, I was quite surprised to find a totally shaven pussy looking back at me. She said something about being clean-shaven since the age of nineteen; she is now twenty-two.

After I brought her off orally, she turned her attentions to my penis. By now we were both stripped. She gave me a few lip strokes and suggested that I shave my pubic area as well. I was very reluctant, but I figured what's good for the goose is. . . .

Now here's my problem. Two days after this experience, my genital area began to itch like crazy. I can't go to a doctor with my pubic area looking like a ten-year-old's. I would be too embarrassed. Was this rash caused by shaving my pubes off? I need help quick.—M.B.

Don't worry about the rash; it's commonly called "barber's itch." Many people shave their armpits and pubic area for hygienic or aesthetic reasons. After a few days, the strange itching sensation should cease.

KISSOPHILIA; KISSOPHOBIA

I am a male in my early twenties and have a somewhat unusual problem that I feel I should get help with before it gets out of hand. You see, I enjoy a normal sex life with my wife, but somehow this doesn't quite satisfy my sexual appetite. Whenever a girl, any girl, gets near me, I have an almost uncontrollable urge to kiss her. I have kissed many girls when drunk, and have even walked up to total strangers and kissed them. Most of the girls I've kissed unexpectedly don't get very upset, but there have been those who've been quite surprised and threatened me with arrest.

I am afraid to tell my wife about this "addiction" for fear that she will think me unfaithful. To tell the truth, I have never had any extramarital sex. Do you think there is a psychological reason for my wanting to kiss girls all the time? Sometimes I even fantasize about kissing a girl and masturbate. Can I be cured of this problem?—D.S.

I am a woman, twenty-three years old, and have been married for seven years. No, I didn't have to get married, but my problem for the last seven years is that my husband, twenty-four years old, will not kiss me while making love. In fact, the only time he does kiss me is when he leaves for work. I've often thought it was my breath, but I use a mouthwash three times a day. My husband also cheats on me when he goes away on weekends. He is a musician and sometimes when he comes back from playing an engagement he has lipstick on his shirt.

I'm not an ugly girl. We make love on the average of four times a week, and most of the time I do climax. I always want sex, and it doesn't matter to me what time of day it is. This means that quite often I must play the aggressor in order to get my husband to fuck me. I have spent hours on end massaging and licking my husband to get him turned on. I have even tried not having sex for a couple of weeks to make him aggressive with me. This doesn't seem to bother him.

I've confronted him a couple of times with the evidence of his infidelity, but he still denies it. He tried to tell me that I planted the evidence i.e., lipstick on collars. Please tell me if I'm abnormal. What should I do?—Lynda

I think the two of you ought to get together. In Lynda's case it is rather normal that she complains about not having any kissing sessions with her husband. After all, when one kisses another person it surely intensifies the sensual feeling. With your mouth you can feel, taste, and touch—the genitals only experience the sensation of touch.

In one of my books, I describe an incident where a young man was kissing me, holding me in his arms while another girl rode his cock. At the moment of his orgasm, he squeezed me firmly, saying that he really was coming inside me. He could see, feel, taste, and smell me; the other girl was only helping him to achieve orgasm.

In the case of D.S., however, kissing has become an obsession. In fact, I might even call it a fetish. I don't think there is much harm in having a kiss fetish.

For Lynda, I think it is rather obvious that your husband either does not love you anymore or is simply bored with you as a sexual partner. Being a musician it seems he gets lots of outside action. You know that there are always groupies who are dying to sleep with some groovy musician. It could be that he is not really turned off by you so much, but rather his artistic life is draining all his energies. I think you should be a little more selfish and start thinking about having a good time yourself. If you and your husband are good companions, then stay together. Otherwise, I would split. You are still young and obviously very horny. It should not be much of a problem to find an understanding, loving, and kissing man.

THE DELIVERY BOY DELIVERS

After a long session of nude sunbathing in the privacy of my patio the other day, I went into the bedroom to take a short nap. I did not bother to put on any clothes and comfortably lay on top of the bed, daydreaming some terrific erotic fantasies before falling asleep.

When I awoke later feeling quite horny, I realized that there was another person in the room. It was the young delivery boy, Gerald. I was immediately shocked at his presence and instantly covered my nudity with a pillow. He told me that the back door was unlocked and he walked in, put the groceries on the table, called out my name, and finally found me. His eyes and broad grin certainly told me that he had been in the bedroom for a few moments before I awoke; the bulge in his pants was quite evident.

Just as I was about to reprimand him, the telephone rang. It was my husband. He was away for the weekend and wanted to continue our telephone conversation of the night before concerning the topic of "swinging." As my husband once again pointed out the "good points" of swinging, Gerald walked over to where I was sitting on the edge of the bed and pulled the pillow away from me. I wanted to scream, to tell my husband about my awful situation, but I knew he would think it was only another imaginary sex dream of mine. I sat there mummified, totally naked and helpless, listening to my husband's pro arguments on "swinging" as Gerald undressed. I could not believe this was happening. Gerald was proudly stroking and displaying his well-endowed erection for me to see. I unblushingly stared at it, truly amazed at its magnificent size. Gerald stood right next to me and brazenly took my hand and placed it on his strong, stiff cock. My husband asked me if everything was okay. My hand froze and I meekly answered my husband that all was fine. Gerald smiled and began to move his hips back and forth, allowing my hand to feel all of his shaft and head. Then he sat down next to me, nibbling at my ear and pawing my breasts. As I continued to talk with my husband, Gerald pushed me back on the bed. His finger found my moist, waiting, and responding love nest; he fingered it until I began to squirm with pleasure. When Gerald began kissing and licking my nipples as he fingered my hot hole, my husband knew I was doing something. I then described to him what Gerald was doing to me—step by step—even to the point of Gerald's cock entering my cunt. To this day, my husband thinks that it was all a story of mine made up just to turn him on!—S.S.

At least your husband showed no sign of jealousy. I vividly remember one of my New York City customers who used to call his girl friend when one of my girls was fucking him. His girl friend would do the same thing, that is, arrange to call him when some fine stud was doing her. By the way, this particular scene can be viewed in the legitimate film version of my first book, *The Happy Hooker*, with Lynn Redgrave.

Penthouse presents another in its series of interviews uncovering the most intimate facts of both the male and female side of a sexual relationship—analyzed by Dr. Robert Chartham, the eminent sexologist. Couples who wish to be interviewed should write in confidence to: The Editor, "Couples," Penthouse Magazine, 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.

COUPLES

Paul R., 34, 6′1″, 150 lbs. Brown hair and brown eyes. Paul is the art director for a major advertising agency.
Hillary L., 30, 5′9″, 123 lbs. Blond hair and green eyes. Hillary is a free-lance graphic designer.

PAUL'S STORY:

"I hired Hillary. The most exquisite woman I'd ever seen—she just walked into my office one afternoon and asked me for a job. I was in the middle of a quick lunch and furious because I'd caught an expensive mistake in a blueprint. She came in with her wild, kinky hair, looking like she owned the place, and I nearly peed in my pants. She's got the sexiest body, for my taste, I've ever seen on any woman—and she knows exactly what to do with it.

"When you've worked in graphic design—especially in the sleek, commercial offices—you recognize style the minute it walks in the door. The more someone has the knack, the more comfortable I feel. If I think of every person I've ever really wanted in my life, they've all had that long-limbed, bony physique that I love and cultivate in myself. It's really quite narcissistic, if you think about it. But I guess that's not the worst vice in the world, is it?

"Anyway, Hillary is as thin as a rail. There's nothing that turns me off faster than the bulging-breasts-and-curvy-hips look that turns on a lot of men. Hillary's bones simply bulge from her chest. She's got smaller breasts than my thirteen-year-old niece, and I love it. The first day I met her I couldn't keep my eyes off her skinny hips. I hardly looked at her portfolio (she happens to be top rate); I just told her that we all got in early on Monday mornings.

"Now I've had my share of fucked-up relationships, but this one with Hillary might be the most complicated yet. I always like to think that I'm the one in the bargaining position, that I have the option to pull out when I want to. But our relationship is beyond that point now, and I want to make it work. It's just that I've misjudged her. I thought that she could handle being told certain things—like about some of my old lovers, mostly women but

some men—and now I know that her avid interest in all my stories was really masochistic. She was saying to me, 'Tell me until it hurts.' Does that make sense?

"For all of her independence—and she is one of the most independent women I've ever known—she sure gets jealous! But what she can't seem to understand is that I'm wild for her! The very first day I met her I was making the rounds with an old girl friend of mine, but I kept fantasizing about Hillary! I couldn't even get hard enough to finish the business at hand. I realized that all I wanted in the world was to fuck Hillary.

"I just knew that her cunt was tight and warm. I kept thinking about her tiny breasts and wondering if her pubic hair was blond down there too. I wanted to have her skinny legs wrapped around me. I couldn't believe how hot I was for her.

"It didn't take long to figure out that I couldn't get a thing done with her anywhere in the immediate vicinity. I spent my mornings thinking up excuses for spending my afternoons in her office. I'm sure just about everybody, including Hillary, thought my infatuation was a riot—the whole thing made me a nervous wreck. Anyway, one afternoon we'd just finished a rush job and I asked her to have a late lunch with me. We never made it back to the office.

"When we got outside we both stopped, not knowing where to go. I smiled and said, 'Oh hell, my place is just around the corner.' She just grinned that smart-assed grin of hers and said, 'Oh, am I expected?'

"Was she expected! I had been cleaning the rug in front of the fireplace every day just for this occasion. If anything, I overplan: the drinks, the music, you name it. (In fact, that might be the biggest problem between Hillary and me. I see to every last detail. She's much, *much* more easygoing.)

"But I had no idea it would be so easy. I was coming toward her with some vermouth when she turned to me, her blouse unbuttoned and pulled out of her skirt. She was wearing seamed stockings with, of all things, a garter belt! Can you imagine? She is so fantastic and kinky! I just wanted to fuck her. The clothes seemed to melt off us. There was none of that awkward fumbling you usually have at such moments.

"And her body! Her body was as hard as my cock. I can't explain it any other way. She seemed to be swallowing my cock, milking me. But she tasted so fantastic, clean and fresh. I spent ages licking her, just licking her everywhere. Then as we fucked, we both watched my penis slide in and out of her. It was beautiful.

"When she came for the first time, it felt like a suction pump—long and drawn out. I started to shiver, and she let out a scream which sent me gushing. I couldn't stop shaking. I think she was scared, or maybe she was trembling with passion—I don't know. We both lay there shivering in front of a blazing fire. It sounds ridiculous, but it's true. I just don't think that I was prepared to handle the impact of balling such a woman. We fell asleep in each other's arms.

"I woke up hours later with an enormous hard-on and started sucking her gently. This time we made love smoothly, luxuriously, as though somebody had oiled our joints while we slept. I've hardly ever wanted to kiss someone that much, but I just couldn't get enough of Hillary! At about ten that night, we got dressed and slipped around the corner for a bite to eat, but neither of us had any appetite. When you feel *that* satisfied, you know it's right!

"Being with Hillary has been like having sex for the very first time. She is so spontaneous and loving that I forget where I am sometimes. She's willing to try just about anything at least once. If it doesn't work for her, all she says (or has to say) is 'not again,' and that's that. Or that's what I used to think, anyway. Sure, our lovemaking is a little kinky. It would *have* to be outrageous to keep us both interested. She sawed off her fingernails after we fucked the first time, just because she figured I'd like her to play with my ass—something she really likes, too. She introduced me to vibrators, which is a thrill for both of us, let me tell you.

> There's nothing that turns me off faster than the bulging-breasts-and-curvy-hips look.

"Once we got carried away, though. We were at a party and we brought this guy home with us. I didn't realize that my making it with men occasionally was fine for her in the abstract, but would blow her mind in the flesh. Well, maybe I did realize it, and was just doing some sort of ego number on her. That's probably much closer to the truth.

"Anyway, when we got this guy Larry home it became pretty clear that he was more interested in men than in women, and I started to feel guilty and wanted to back out. I tried to focus on Hillary, and we both undressed her and gave her the old in-and-out. But I have to admit—and at the time this was shattering to me—that I was really attracted to this guy.

"So when he turned to me, I made it with him, even against my better judgment—and I enjoyed it too, against all my instincts. First of all, he was a deep, deep kisser. When he swallowed my cock, I thought I might lose it. And then, almost automatically, I took him.

"At first, Hillary just watched. When I got hold of my senses long enough to check on how she was taking all this, I realized that she was horrified—or at least terribly hurt. I wanted to let her know that I needed her, so I pulled her mouth down hard on mine. I have absolutely no idea how long this all lasted. I was, of course, in second heaven and good ol' Larry was a goner too. Later, Hillary had to admit that she got off on it too. We all fell away from each other, exhausted.

"I guess that poor Larry couldn't handle it either, because in the morning when Hillary and I woke up, there was no sign of him. Hillary woke up crying and wouldn't let me touch her, which drove me crazy with guilt. I had never seen her crying before and I kept apologizing over and over again. I don't really think I have anything to be sorry for, though. I wasn't the one to suggest that we invite the guy for a threesome. But what I was really worried about was that things would never be the same, and that Hillary would leave me.

"Why she wanted to do it in the first place, well, your guess is as good as mine. Maybe she was trying to force my hand—make me choose between her and a man. If that was the case, then I really blew it! Or, maybe she just felt like making it with another man with me around (it's not as if she can't make it with another guy on her own). Who knows? All she did though—whatever the hell she wanted—was hurt herself by setting me up that way.

"But this kind of thing has rarely happened in our relationship. In general she's terrifically independent, too independent maybe. I just wasn't prepared for that in a woman. She even quit her job with me so that she could free-lance and start a studio on her own. But when she left I realized I wasn't ready for such a change in our relationship. I suddenly felt I didn't have the same control over the situation. I'm the type of person who likes to orchestrate things. Every time I think she might be out with another man, I feel nervous that she might find someone she likes more than me, someone who's a better lover than I am. So when she suggested we have a threesome I agreed because I thought that was a good way to keep an eye on her other men—since she obviously wanted other guys. Of course, the whole thing backfired in my face.

"Now, just when I'm ready to try to make it work with her, all this has to happen. We've been seeing a lot less of each other—the truth is that she's been begging off a lot lately—ever since that evening with Larry, may he rest in peace. I don't know how I can convince her that it's really her I want.

"The idea that she might reject me seems horrible to me now. But what she doesn't realize is that I'm disappointed, too. Her reaction to that incident makes me worry about trusting her. How do I know she won't hold something like this against me again,

Illustration by Betty Dodson/Letterforms by Tom Carnase

later on when we're even more involved than now? If she has no perspective on the situation, I can't give her one, because I just can't apologize for who I am anymore. I probably always half expected her to start nagging me one day or get violently jealous, but that's just my insecurity coming out. Now, I just want to settle the matter once and for all and get down to loving her again. Hillary is not like anyone I've ever known, and I'm not willing to lose her over this."

HILLARY'S STORY:

"I'm not quite sure why Paul was so anxious that we do this interview. It's almost as if he's looking for some kind of commitment from me or maybe an explanation, and he thinks that this is the way to get it. Whatever the reason, I'm in love with him and that's no news. He's one of the most sensitive and gentle people I know, but there are some real problems in our relationship and I'm not sure that they can be solved so easily.

"I honestly used to think that the fact that he'd made love to men—I guess you'd call him a bisexual—didn't bother me. In fact, when I thought about it, the idea turned me on. We both worked in the same office a while back—did he tell you how we met?—and once I saw an incredible-looking man visit him. Well, I asked Paul about him, and eventually he admitted that they had made love once. He told me that this guy loved having his balls teased. It might sound bizarre, but we both got hot just talking about it.

"Sometimes I would masturbate after that and make believe that I was making love to that guy and teasing his balls just the way he loved to have it done. The thing is that I imagined that *I* was making love to him—that I was taking Paul's place. I used to think that seeing Paul make it with some other man would be exciting—until it happened.

"I guess I'm really a voyeur at heart. I mean, part of my fascination with sex is watching. I love to watch men leering at other women, sort of looking them up and down as they walk by. Some men are really obvious about their appreciation, too. They lick their lips as if they've been drooling. Or you see their hands rushing to their cocks in a totally unconscious movement.

"Paul rarely does anything so overt. I mean, these other guys might be sitting at a table with their wives right beside them. But sometimes I catch him out of the corner of my eye taking in somebody's contours. Or when we're at a party and he's dancing with another woman, he invariably holds her close to him by gripping her ass. It makes me pretty jealous, I have to admit, but I enjoy it too. It's really hard to explain, but I like watching beautiful bodies interacting as much as the next person—and Paul has extremely good taste!

But even more importantly, he's a fantastically sensual person; he's always moving. When he wants you, he's investing all his energies into making it work. And that's a marvelous way to be wanted. There was never any question in my mind that sex with him would be anything less than stupendous, because Paul's a perfectionist. The vibes between us in the office were so heavy that I bet even the janitor knew. By the time we got around to making it, I felt like we had been lovers all the time. I had been toying around with the idea for days, and one afternoon I got so horny just thinking about it that I had to duck into the bathroom and bring myself off.

"But fucking with Paul is like nothing I've ever had before. He is so sensual! Sometimes he's so sensitive I can't stand it—and that's a problem. I mean, you have to be as slow and patient as he is just so you don't miss the special stroke or kiss that's meant to drive you crazy. He builds me to a climax so damned gradually that it makes me almost nervous. If I miss a step I might blow the whole scene.

"His thing is that he likes to tease. Like when he sucks me off he always starts by kissing me lightly around my clitoris just to work me up. Then he starts sucking on my clit until it hurts, literally hurts. I almost have to shove him away. By the time he gets around to bringing me off, I'm nearly wild with frustration. It almost makes me angry sometimes.

> I guess I'm really a voyeur at heart. I love to watch men leering at other women.

"Paul doesn't usually just enter you, bang, like some other men. He only enters you halfway, then withdraws, and comes in part of the way again. It's just his way of teasing you until you're absolutely dripping for him to jab inside you. Then he slips in deep, deeper inside than you knew existed. He's the only man I've had who almost always hits my cervix. It drives me crazy, literally crazy, when he hits it. How come he knows so much? I always fish around for that spot when I use my dildo, but it's so fantastic when a real prick is in there. There's just no substitute for flesh and blood.

"I used to believe that a man could never make love to me as well as another woman. I thought that a woman would bring me off with that special feminine knowledge peculiar to our sex. A lot of men are just too clumsy to pick up that kind of finesse. But Paul is exceptional, and having sex with a woman is still only a fantasy for me. I've just never found myself in a situation where it could happen easily and smoothly—or at least as smoothly as with a man. Things just aren't understood. You have to say, 'I want you,' because another woman might not be accustomed to the idea either. It's too heavy a commitment, I think.

"My problem is that after being with Paul this long I'm not in the mood for subtleties. It's not that I really want to get knocked around or anything like that. It's just that I could go for some heavy-handed, hard-core fucking sometimes. Whenever I get into one of those moods, I know just who to call. One of my favorite old lovers is still a really close pal. We both know what we want, and after that's satisfied we still dig each other's company too. He travels a lot—John's a writer—and when he hits town he always gives me a call. He's got one of those squat, punchy sort of cocks. He humps you like a beaver, really hard and fast. By the time he comes we're both out of breath; it's really funny. I don't even dare introduce him to Paul because I'm afraid they might go for each other, and then I'd be hopelessly angry and jealous.

"In fact, one of the weirdest things we've ever done together involved another man, this really handsome guy we picked up at a party. To this day, I don't know why I wanted to do it. I guess the reason it upset me so much is that I've never been in a threesome before, although Paul used to do it sometimes with his other partners. Anyway, we've always had this little game of picking someone out we thought was attractive and mentioning that we'd 'invite them home' to fuck with us. Like some woman we see on TV or a guy sitting in à restaurant. But this time I realized that Paul was actually willing to do it, which freaked me out. I had admired this guy the whole evening. We'd danced together and I liked the way he touched me, so we invited Larry over for a drink.

"Once we got home there was no stopping this guy. He literally got up and walked into the bedroom without saying a word. Well, Paul and I looked at each other and just followed him. It was pretty strange. (This guy didn't have an ounce of style, and I think that Paul was a little turned off.) By that time I think Paul just wanted the pair of them to fuck me, and leave it at that. No fucking each other or anything.

"But Larry obviously had something else in mind because the first thing he did was try to unbutton Paul's shirt. Well, I was getting turned on by the whole two-man scene, so the idea—even the suggestion—that Larry might prefer Paul to me threw me for a loop. I was trying to be cool about it, but it was putting me in an impossible situation. I mean, what was I supposed to do while they were fucking each other? Anyway, Paul tried to bring me into the lovemaking by

starting to undress me slowly, but still I didn't feel too comfortable.

"Then, they laid me down on the bed (Paul's got a king-size) and both started licking my breasts, which has got to be the most incredible feeling in the world. Tongue baths are one thing, but with two tongues! Larry went down on me, zigzagging his tongue along the side of my body, something which made my hair stand on end. I ran my fingers through Paul's hair and I nudged Larry's balls gently with my toes.

"Then they starting pistol-whipping me with their penises. They both were going as crazy as I was, moaning and gasping. I kept having these small climaxes when things seemed to black out for a few seconds at a time. First, Larry would enter me, then Paul, then Larry, then Paul. It was tremendous, and everything was fine—until Larry rolled over onto Paul and started teasing him the way he had teased me. Paul is no martyr and he started getting into it. It was a pretty weird scene. I realized, somehow, that all his attention was focused on Larry so I wanted to stop. But Larry said, 'No, lick me, lick me.' Then, they both came at the same time.

"But what really bothered me was the fact that both of them were suddenly more interested in each other than in me. But, even more important, I was confronted with two men making love to each other. If you visualize a man entering another man from behind, it's one thing. But it was the *way* they wanted each other. I mean, it's a kind of aggressive, *violent* experience that you can't imagine—you must see it.

"Paul has wanted me, fucked me, *that* way only a few times in our relationship. Once he was really angry at me. I don't even remember what he thought I had done. I think he'd heard something I'd said secondhand at a party and he was furious. At any rate, when we got home I was still pretty drunk, but Paul was sober and screaming at me. I could see that his prick was almost bursting out of his pants, though. So, while he was undressing, I jumped him. I pushed him on the floor, all tangled up in his clothes, and just about raped him.

"He struggled, of course, cursing at me high and low. But pretty soon it became a great big horny game. He started ripping at my hair, and we wrestled until I literally sat on his prick. We both came in a rush.

"If only I could get him to act like that more often! I mean, I love it when he's really hungry, starving for me. No other man turns me on that way. When he's hot he forgets about his damned 'technique' and gets down to hard-core fucking. A lot of times I act uninterested just so he'll get so hot that he can't stand it. Then he has to fight his way into me. It drives me berserk. I think *he* thinks that I don't want him sometimes when I tease him like that, but I just like variety.

"But I can't get it out of my head that he might have wanted that guy more than he wanted me. I can't even talk about it with him because it confuses me—more like angers me—so much. Now he's practically begging me to forgive him so he keeps making all kinds of excuses. But he doesn't really understand. The real issue is that when he makes it with another man, he's a different kind of lover—that's what I'm really jealous of. He's more aggressive, more sensual than he is with me. I mean, watching them both kiss that night made me want to scream with jealousy—and desire. What I want from Paul is the best he has to offer at all times."

DR. ROBERT CHARTHAM'S COMMENTS: My first reaction to Paul's story was, "Thank goodness, at last another man—and an American at that—who is turned off by bulging breasts and curvy hips!" Though neither story turns out quite as I thought it might, it's still reassuring to know that in this respect, one has one more ally.

I have my own theory about the turn-on of so many men, and particularly American men, by huge breasts, but it is not entirely relevant to Paul's and Hillary's situation. Paul suggests that his preference for skinny women, especially breast-wise, is to a certain degree narcissistic. But this preference, expressed in conjunction with some of Paul's other sexual preferences, seems to me to be much more the reaction of a bisexual with a stronger homosexual than heterosexual drive. It was apparent that someone like Larry would turn up. I am sure he truly *believes* that his preference is for women, but I think he is deceiving himself.

I recently carried out an in-depth study of bisexuality, and a preliminary assessment shows that, while for most bisexuals the need for *both* types of sexual experience is essential for physical and especially psychological happiness, there are other bisexuals who have a definite preference for one sex. I have case histories of several bisexual men who have a strong preference for same-sex experiences, but who admit that for many years they fought against their predominantly homosexual desires, in the same way that numerous exclusively homosexual men fight against the acceptance of their homosexuality. I have a feeling that Paul is rejecting (subconsciously?) his predominant same-sex desires.

This feeling is confirmed by one specific that emerges from Hillary's story—namely, the difference in the lovemaking between Larry and Paul, and between Paul and Hillary. Hillary describes it thus: "If you visualize a man entering another man from behind, it's one thing. But it was the *way* they wanted each other. I mean, it's a kind of aggressive, *violent* experience that you can't imagine—you must see it." (By the way, Hillary, not all men make love to one another in this fashion; many "orchestrate" their lovemaking as carefully as Paul does with you.)

Hillary, therefore, is not way out on a limb in her reactions to Paul's and Larry's lovemaking, and though she begins her narrative "I'm in love with him," the degree of shock which her voyeuristic experience gave her has definitely undermined whatever love she had for him. Her trust in him can never be the same again. If he looks at another man, or if she thinks that he is looking at another man, in a sexually interested way, all the hurt will be revived. When they are not together she will never be absolutely sure that he's not in bed with another man.

Apart from this insecurity Paul's techniques of lovemaking are beginning to frustrate her. She says he is a perfectionist, and he admits, "I'm the type who likes to orchestrate things." I have to admit that when I write about sexual techniques I stress the importance of acquiring the highest possible skills because through the physical experience of lovemaking one is revealing one's emotional commitment to the partner, and because nothing leads to boredom so quickly as repetitious techniques do. Sexual boredom inevitably breaks up a relationship.

Certainly it should be stressed that the long drawn-out session—no matter how perfect technique-wise the partners are nor how extensive their repertoires—can be as repetitious, frustrating, and consequently as boring, if constantly indulged in, as foreplay based on two or three caresses only.

Hillary sums it up perfectly, "But fucking with Paul is like nothing I've ever done before. He is so sensual! Sometimes he's so sensitive I can't stand it—and that's a problem. I mean, you have to be as slow and patient as he is just so you don't miss a special stroke or kiss that's meant to drive you crazy. He builds me to a climax so damned gradually that it almost makes me nervous. If I miss a step I might blow the whole scene." And later, "My problem is that after being with Paul this long I'm not in the mood for subtleties. It's not that I really want to get knocked around or anything like that. It's just that I could go for some heavy-handed, hard-core fucking sometimes."

Paul uses perfect technique as a camouflage for a basic sexual insecurity (which, as I have said, I believe to arise from his inability to accept his homosexual preference). In the same way, he camouflages his extensive guilt feelings about the incident with Larry in the classic way, i.e., by transferring his responsibility to Hillary: "I don't really think I have anything to be sorry for, though. I wasn't the one to suggest that we invite the guy for a threesome. . . . Why *she* wanted to do it in the first place, well, your guess is as good as mine. Maybe she was trying to force my hand—make me make a choice between her and a man. . . . All she did though—whatever the hell she wanted—was hurt *herself* by setting me up in that way."

I can't believe that this relationship will last much longer. Too many doubts have been raised, the kinds of doubts that can't be exorcised. No relationship can survive on doubts.

Diary of a Pop Tart

A legendary groupie's quest for rock cock

BY CHERRY VANILLA

A RAINY DAY IN THE SPRING OF 1970
Today I got so horny just thinking about Andy Pandy that I fucked myself three times in a row with my brushes. I have a blue plastic brush and a black plastic brush, and I shove the handles of both of them together right up into my snatch. Most times I use the blue one first and work it up and down and then just when I'm getting hot, I shove the black one in right next to it. The bristles scratch my thighs a little, but I don't mind. In fact, I was thinking of buying one of those cock-shaped transistor vibrators but, you know, I think I would miss those bristles! Well, anyway, not only did I fuck myself with the brushes, but I also took some full-color Polaroid photographs of my cunt—spread-eagle on my bed. It really got me hot. I put the camera on a pillow, set it for three feet, and held the lips of my cunt spread apart with my hand. I carefully aimed the camera with my feet, pushed the button with my left big toe, and FLASH—a perfect color glossy of my red and hairy cunt! I looked at the picture as I fucked myself again with the brushes. Far out—just looking at that color Polaroid photo of my bottom, thinking of Andy, even though his record hasn't made the charts, and coming on my brushes—far out! I've really gotten into jerking off lately. I fuck with those brushes at least once a day—unless, of course, I have a really groovy sex number . . . then I'm usually too sore even to enjoy peeing for a few days. I hid the photograph in between *The Alexandria Quartet* and *The Little Prince* in the bookcase. Maybe I should send it to Andy and write "Tunnel of Love" across it!

LATER IN THE SUMMERTIME
Well, it happened. I finally made it with a rock star! And not just any guitar player or drummer—oh no!—an electric-piano-playing-flute-blowing-long-haired-beautiful-sexy-divine-and-talented-lead-singer! JACKPOT! His name is Bubble Gumball, and he's the lead singer for the Canadian Machine Queens. He's the AM idol of the decade. I had admired him from my thirtieth-row seat at the Fillmore and suddenly there I was backstage at the Schaefer Festival in the middle of Central Park deeply involved in a conversation with him, the star of the show! I watched his first set from the second row and as he performed, I convinced myself that he was looking directly at me. There he stood with his one lovely knee bent slightly and his mouth almost touching the microphone. I just couldn't wait 'til it was almost touching me! I went backstage again after the show and he asked me to meet him at his hotel room at 1:30 A.M. Well, I went to his room at the Loew's Midtown Motor Inn, and what followed was pure sweet love. Never was there a moment of awkwardness. We both knew exactly what the other one was thinking, or saying, or feeling, or wanting—and all was beautiful. Of course, now I'm madly in love with him, and I'll probably never see him again.

THE NEXT DAY
Oh fuck. Bubble Gumball was supposed to call me early this morning but didn't. Oh, I hope he calls. I loved his leg lying across my cunt and on my bladder—even though I had to pee and the pressure was killing me. I hope he loves me too.

A WARM SEPTEMBER NIGHT
IN THE SAME YEAR
While standing by the curtains on the side of the stage at the Fillmore last night, this beautiful, blond, child-roadie from Tinsel Siddy II and the Neons came up behind me and told me he liked my body. I thought him strange for that 'cause usually it's just truck drivers and construction workers and certain Latin types who get off on my body. Tinsel Siddy II is the hottest group out of Texas and this lovely, blond, child-roadie was the cutest boy around, so I went back to his hotel room with him. Tinsel Siddy II and these other people were there, so we had to be social for a few minutes; then they all got the hint that we were hot to fuck and they finally split for some corned beef sandwiches. Well, when this cute little honey took off his clothes, I couldn't believe my eyes. Here was this Adonis-like body with this huge and beautiful cock. I sat on the edge of his bed and held his hard little cheeks in my hands while he plunged his big hard organ deeply into my mouth. Back and forth, back and forth his body went until he finally spilled his good old love juices down my thrilled young throat. We lay down together and fucked until I had a flood in my love tunnel. Then Tommy, the trumpet player, came home. The room was dark and we couldn't really

Photographs by Bruce Weber

see each other. My roadie fell asleep as Tommy and I passed a joint back and forth between our beds. We didn't speak at all, but each time we passed the joint we'd get more and more touchy and passionate. At first just our fingertips met, then our hands, then our arms; we became moist and sweaty and God it was sexy. When the joint was finished I got into his bed and we just locked into such a heavy sex vibe together that we fucked, sucked, kissed, touched, and came for hours and hours. Then just before the morning light appeared, I left.

HALLOWEEN—1970

Last night I went to the Tinsel Siddy concert at the Capitol Theater in Port Chester. Now that he has a number-one record on the charts, Tinsel's dropped the Roman numeral two from his name. He's also dropped a few pounds, and does he ever look sexy! At the end of the set, I went backstage and just sort of snuggled up to him and asked him if he had someone at home waiting for him. He said, "No, I don't," in the cutest, sexiest, oh-yes-I'd-like-to-fuck-you way. We just laughed, and it was understood we would be going home together. He's been living in a loft downtown, and I think he must be married. He led me past a crib in some dark area into a brightly lit room with a bed and records and a kitchen sink. I thought he would dim the lights, put on some groovy heavy blues, offer me some hashish, and ease me into a whole romance scene. But instead he just reached for me, pulled me to the bed, and got right down to it. I had a little mini-dose of acid in me and it made things seem a trifle awkward—but just enough to give it a whole new dimension of mucho-macho-sexo madness. I was scared by the fact that I wasn't in control, but I loved it. We paused for a minute and carefully removed our clothes. I mean, somehow in that blazing white light, you just don't go madly ripping them off! Wow, here I was in Tinsel Siddy's whatever you'd call that room, preparing for the insertion of his holy, rock-star cock into my chubby little garbage-man's-daughter body. I knew I'd be rewarded for all that good karma I'd been trying to give out lately! Well, when I saw his beautifully clear, skinny, naked, musician's body, I had to hold back the come already. He pulled me close to him, planted his big soft, thicker-than-Dagger's lips on my burning mouth and swallowed me up in his love. His skin, oh God, his skin—as long as I live, if I never get another rock-star beauty in my life again, I will have that feeling tc remember. Well, we left the planet. We rushed through space on one of those incredible sex planes and went into that dimension where everything cancels itself out, where all is purely feeling. And if I could describe it here in words, then I would be God. On the return voyage, of course, the harsh realities hit. He had used me for his pleasure and then he told me it was time to go! It was 5 A.M. on an uncommonly cold morning. Two policemen gave me a ride to Eighth Street where I got a taxi home. With no cash for the cab, my departure wasn't sweet. It was a nightmare movie with a bummer ending: THE SCHIZOID-MOTHER-FUCKER-MALE-CHAUVINIST-PIG! Nothing to do now but wallow in the blues.

I heard Steve Adore is coming to town next weekend.

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY—1971

YOUR EYES, KID CUSTARD

Your eyes are like windows
Your eyes are like mirrors
Your eyes are like two big holes in
the sky
with all and withoutness on the
other side

Your eyes are like God's eyes
and all that's divine
Your eyes make me happy
when they look into mine

I mean, can you imagine how many girls in America would just love to get within ten feet of Kid Custard, and here he was reading my poetry. Well, he thanked me kindly and went downstairs to do his thing. I stood in the wings watching as his lovely long fingers caressed the keys and his cute little buns bounced back and forth on the piano bench—and there was Dickie with his strawberry-hair and his gorgeous, tight body beating out the rhythm on the drums. And there was cute, hot, little, innocent Henny Dory smiling over the organ as if he were watching two hundred roller skaters waltzing around the rickety stage. And there was Al behind the amplifiers making sure that everyone remained plugged in. There was groupie Mandy checking out John, and young Alicia checking out Dick, and me checking out Kid, and Poppy checking out Al, and Bruce checking out us all, and God it was fun! Bruce drove us back to the city and dropped us off at their hotel. I was invited to sleep with Henny Dory and so we fucked as soon as I got there, and then Dick called and invited us down to his room, which he shared with the band's producer, Harry Ordeal. Alicia was there with Dick, but as soon as things started to get hot and heavy, she split. I think she's a little too young to appreciate group sex. It's too bad 'cause she's a little nymphette-type honey of a girl, and we would have all dug her cute little bod. Oh well, more for me I guess! Anyway, I fucked and sucked them all—Dick, Harry, and even Henny again—until we all passed out in Dick's bed. Dick's my favorite fuck so far in the band. I mean, they all have their qualities, but Dick's head is so low and dirty that he's the only one that can really do me in. He's got almost as much energy as me! Tonight I'm staying with Dickie again—and guess what—he's

moving tomorrow and he'll be sharing his room with the Kid Custard himself!

TWO DAYS LATER
Last night I went over to Dick's and Kid Custard's room to watch TV. Actually, I watched Kid Custard watching me and Dickie fuck!

ST. PATRICK'S DAY—1971
I was hysterical last night as I sat with Poppy, Mandy, and Alicia—the ladies—being royally entertained by the Sorrowful Shmoos in their hotel room. Since we were with Barney Towers of the royal family of Saucer, they assumed we were Ladies of Quality and they spent hours putting down this whole decadent orgy scene that Randy and their roadies had held the night before with some cheap nympho hussy who had been fucking them all in the shower. Little did they know that the very same cheap nympho hussy was right there, all prim and proper. Guess who?

All women are looking for a man to love them. We're just shopping in a rock 'n' roll supermarket!

AH, SPRING—AT LAST
So I'm backstage at the Fillmore East, sitting in the Bears' dressing room with the incredible Shayne Whatney when in walks this Southern gospel singer from Altoona. His body is not to be believed, and his clothes fit just perfectly around it—what an ass! Of course, his face is no disappointment either, and his hair is thick, black, and perfectly shaped—just like him. Well, it was hard for me to contain myself. I mean, now I was officially Shayne's date and here was this beauty sitting in the next chair with his hot sexy leg touching mine. I was wishing I had already fucked Shayne so I could go home with this one—or that I could have a divine threesome with them. Well, I certainly sent all the vibrations I had into this sweet number's leg and we kind of had a sexy communication going back and forth at the knee. I'm sure Shayne was hip to it because he was sitting right there touching my other leg and not getting much in the way of vibrations at all, but he was cool and beautiful and finally he just up and took me out of there and home to his hotel. I had my period but it didn't bother Shayne—he just rolled me over and fucked me in the ass. There's still an element of pain that way, but I get so hot that I just quiver and shake all over. When he came in me and I came on my tampon, I was glad I had gone home with him. The thing I really loved, though, was that he created two new songs right while I was there. They just flowed out of him—almost as if they weren't coming from him at all, just through him from some divine source—the cosmic energy of the planet or something. Once the notes flowed out of him they were there for ever and ever, and he could just repeat them over and over and they were songs! I felt as if there was some part of me in those melodies . . . as if some of my vibes rubbed off on them or were picked up by them. Well, we never did sleep, though we made love once again. Then at 9 A.M. Shayne went to WNUT to do a live concert.

A SUMMER DAY—1971
Well, chalk last night up as a score—the lovely, blond, little cutie-pie, Andy Pandy. He looks like a blond Billie Dagger, and sings sort of teenybopper rock 'n' roll. His band is called the Moonlight Raiders, and they've been playing upstairs at Max's all week. Tonight was their closing night, and tonight I got him. Everyone wanted him. They've been trying to get him since he's been there, and I just laid a few of my poems on him, rubbed his tight little leg a few times, sent my old ever-lovin' one-two vibe at him, and *bang* he's mine. Well, for the night anyway—but that's more than anyone else got. He is really a honey—as young and sexy as they come and someday soon he's going to be an A-1, superduper, record-selling, groupie-lovin' rock star! He's got this fabulous smooth little round ass and he wears his jeans just a little bit loose and his shirt open. He got really crazy, fired-up hot onstage tonight when he saw everbody dancing and digging his music and he got really crazy, fired-up hot on the chaise tonight when he saw how much I really wanted to fuck him. He didn't even have time to take his pants off, and I could feel the cold metal of his belt buckle on my thighs as he plunged his beautiful young body deep into mine and it made me crazy with passion. His little round white ass shone out in the delicate moonlight that was squeezing through the spaces in the bamboo shades. Oh, his gorgeous thick lips on me, his young body—so tender, so alive. Yep, this one's definitely gonna be a star!

A DAY IN MAY—1972
Well, I "blew" my chance with Billie Dagger, I guess, but thanks to old Dickiebird from the Kid Custard band, I got more than my fill of good old rock 'n' roll juices this week. Mandy, Poppy, and I drove down to Philadelphia for the first outdoor Custard concert of the season. Well, after the show when the crowd thinned out a bit, Dickie and some local nymphette and I went into Rymbo's room. Rymbo is the new black piano player in the band, and naturally I wound up fucking him. It seems he and Dickie and one of the new girl singers have been doing little numbers together on a pretty regular basis, but this time old Rymbo fell asleep. When I stopped by Dickie's room to say good-bye, nymphette was passed out and Dickie had a hard-on. He convinced me to give him some head in the bathroom. That reminded him what good sex I was, and he started to rip off my clothes. I was wearing a beautiful silk blouse that Mandy had given me, and I wasn't into having it destroyed. So crazy Dickie gave me a brand-new Indian shirt of his and a pair of his stretch undies and made me put them on—leaving on my blue rolled stockings and my black suede ankle-strap platforms. He's such a crazy motherfucker and I love him so much. I'd just do anything he asked—as long as I knew it would get him off (very *Story of O*). Well, I had already fucked Rymbo for him, and now Morris (the new roadie) was in the room. I could tell Dickie was into us doing a little number with him. Someday maybe Dick and I will have just a nice simple little fuck session all night and in private—but I guess we'd both sort of miss the trimmings! Anyway, the whole scene was really a trip. I had to walk into the room and pretend we were strangers as he ripped the shirt right down the front and threw me on the bed on top of Morris and tore the undies apart with his bare hands and fucked me with his big hard cock. Dickie's really got just the perfect size for me—nice and big—and his body is so tight and wiry. He made me suck Morris's cock while he fucked me and then he switched places with Morris and stuck his holy organ in my mouth while Morris fucked me. I had so much come in my mouth and cunt, I thought I'd drown. Finally, I just had to get up and out of there. Poppy had already been waiting at least twenty minutes for me and I just didn't feel like hanging around that circus much longer. Dickie's nymphette was still passed out when I left, and he made me touch her titties while he tried to fuck her deadened body. God, I just love old Dickie—and he loves me too in his demented, perverted way. He really does. Mandy was tucked in with Henny Dory and not into driving back with us to New York. So Poppy and I drove off into the tequila sunrise, bidding adieu to Philadelphia and the group we love so well. It's sad to say good-bye, but they'll be back East again in September and without big Dickie around all summer, my pussy will have itself a needed vacation.

SUMMER AT FIRE ISLAND—1972
I have been jerking off out here almost every single day—sometimes two and three times a day. Weather's been great and I'm really getting a lot of writing done—in between sex sessions with my brush! Today I just wasn't satisfied with the handle, so I put a plastic baggie over the bristles and shoved it in. It's so masochistic doing that, 'cause you get off on it like crazy going in, but you know you must face the horror of pulling it out after you've come—and those bristles scratch! Just think what a marvelous invention the cock is—it gets real big in there, shoots off soothing come, and then deflates for a pleasant withdrawal. Isn't nature wonderful?

Oh Lord, won't you send me a guy
I can screw
One who will love me when I'm older too
I'm living for you Lord
You know that is true
Oh Lord, won't you send me a guy
I can screw

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THE PENTHOUSE VIETNAM VETERANS ADVISER

Since *Penthouse* began Vietnam Veterans Adviser, we have received many hundreds of letters from individual veterans concerning their problems. We have tried to respond to each of these letters and initiate action on the veteran's behalf. These problems have ranged from following up on simple requests for information, to running a lost-and-found service between the individual veteran and the Veterans Administration, to mediating complex problems which involve the individual veteran's physical and mental well-being. We will continue to treat each request on an individual basis. However, because many of the problems have much in common, we will examine this month some typical problems and explain how the veteran can help himself, rather than write to *Penthouse*.

A frequent problem encountered by Vietnam veterans involves getting copies of their individual medical records in order to initiate a claim for disability payments and/or to appeal a Veterans Administration determination about the extent of their disability. Many veterans have been concerned that the VA was denying them full access to this information. Those veterans should have either a designated physician or their legal representative submit a request to the National Personnel Records Center, 9700 Page Boulevard, St. Louis, Missouri 63132.

Another widespread problem involves how the individual veteran can obtain a new DD214 (Report of Separation) without receiving a separation program or designation number (SPN or SDN). As *Penthouse* reported in our August 1974 article, "Branded By The Numbers" by Michael Pousner, these numbers are potentially harmful. Some are plainly negative and others are so ambiguously described that they often turn off a potential employer.

From each of the military services, *Penthouse* has determined that you may receive a new DD214 if you send a letter with your request to these organizations: **Army:** Secretary of the Army, Army Board for Correction of Military Records, Room 1E 517, The Pentagon, Washington, D.C. 20310; **Navy:** Bureau of Naval Personnel, Attn: PERS-38, Washington, D.C. 20370; **Marine Corps:** Commandant of the Marine Corps, Headquarters, United States Marine Corps, Code MSRB, Washington, D.C. 20380; **Coast Guard:** Commandant of the Coast Guard, G-PS 4/62, U.S. Coast Guard Headquarters, Washington, D.C. 20590; **Air Force:** Officer in Charge, 1143 Air Base Squadron, DP MMR, Washington, D.C. 20330.

You should enclose a copy of your original DD214 and the address to which you want the new DD214 sent.

Another area in which Vietnam veterans frequently encounter problems is disability compensation. Based on the numerous letters *Penthouse* has received concerning medical problems, we believe there is a lack of information about the Veterans Administration's system for determining disability compensation eligibility and percentage of ratings. To be eligible for compensation the disability must be service connected, and the veteran must also have a discharge other than dishonorable.

If it can be established that a service-connected physical impairment exists, then the amount of compensation a veteran will receive is determined by VA officials.

The important fact for any Vietnam veteran to know is that all VA decisions regarding disabilities can be appealed. There is a specific procedure a veteran must follow to appeal a VA disability claim decision. Unfortunately, space limitations prevent *Penthouse* from printing the official regulations for appealing a decision. However, this procedure generally involves a reexamination of the individual veteran and the submission of new or more complete medical evidence in support of the veteran's disability claim. Depending upon the individual case, such evidence, for example, would prove a disability is service connected or requires a higher percentage rating.

The Board of Veterans Appeals conducts an independent review of each veteran's case and they base their decision on evidence presented. A veteran may consult a private physician if he questions the VA examination results, or he may have tests conducted at his own expense in order to present evidence for his appeal.

Penthouse suggests that a veteran who wishes to prove a disability is service connected, to appeal a disability rating, or to receive specialized medical treatment from the VA, should contact officials in the nearest regional VA office and acquire specific procedural information before making such an appeal. If a veteran feels that his efforts are being tied up in red tape, *Penthouse* also suggests that the veteran write his congressman and make him aware of the situation. The veteran should outline his case and include copies of documents, ID numbers, etc. to expedite a congressional inquiry. If he still encounters difficulties, then he should write to *Penthouse* and we will see that his case receives attention or we will take action on his behalf.

In connection with problems encountered by Vietnam veterans in receiving their educational assistance allowance under the GI bill, a common difficulty involves knowing the correct procedure required to change one's educational program. Many Vietnam veterans who have written *Penthouse* have been under the false impression that because a school was "VA approved" they could change their program from one field or school without approval for the change by the Veterans Administration. In helping to resolve these cases, *Penthouse* has found that a Vietnam veteran's first change of program to another field or school is routinely approved by the Veterans Administration.

The veteran may make a second change, or an initial change after interruption or discontinuance due to his own misconduct, neglect, or lack of application, only if it is found that the program of education which the veteran proposes to pursue is suitable to his aptitudes, interests, and abilities; or that in any instance where the veteran has interrupted, or failed to progress in his program due to his own misconduct, neglect, or lack of application, there exists a reasonable likelihood that there will not be a recurrence of such behavior. However, these second changes require conseling and approval *before* the veteran enrolls if he is to receive his educational benefits.

Finally, a third change of program may be permitted by the Veterans Administration only if the veteran meets certain qualifications. The conditions which are acceptable are if the course is discontinued by the school and no other similar course leading to the same objective is available within normal commuting distance; or if the eligible veteran or person is required to relocate for health reasons in an area where training for his objective is not available within commuting distance.

Penthouse hopes this information will be helpful. From letters we have received we have learned that many veterans have run afoul of the VA because these facts were either not known or inadequately explained to the veteran by school and Veterans Administration authorities.

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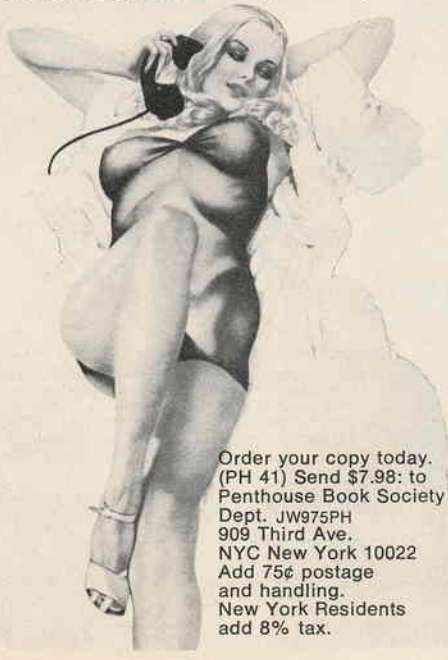

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SECRET WAR

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47

by the official lies, for their side was feeling the cut of the bombs and bullets. As it evolved, however, the Russians and the Chinese decided rather quickly that Laos was hardly a piece of real estate worth risking blowing up the world for and they seemed rather grateful that the Americans had made it a penny ante, under-the-table game. They were content to quietly furnish the chips of war to the Pathet Lao and North Vietnamese to keep the fighting in balance. So what resulted was a kind of warring neutrality in which only the Laotian people were hurt and only the American people were in the dark. There were occasional tirades against American violations of Laotian neutrality in Communist radio broadcasts, and they were frequently quite accurate. But what American would believe a Communist broadcast? (That's what we all said when the Communists broadcast the first reports of the My Lai massacre.)

Because Washington decided to proceed in Laos with a combination of force and stealth, the CIA got the military job. The agency, or "the company," as it is also called, had a well-deserved reputation for both secrecy and illegal acts, and it was also believed that because it was smaller than the Pentagon, the CIA would be less bound up in red tape and more flexible in the field. The CIA was in the business of running agents and agent networks throughout the world with only a handful of Americans pulling the strings and it was felt that the same kind of operation could be used to run the war in Laos.

With Alice-in-Wonderland logic, American officials claimed later that secrecy was necessary in Laos to avoid giving the Communists a diplomatic advantage and to give the appearance of preserving the 1962 agreements for a time when all parties genuinely wanted peace. They never mentioned the ease with which one could move in secret—the usual second-guessers didn't have to be dealt with—nor did they mention the value of secrecy in Laos to presidents striving to look like men of peace.

The CIA's work in Laos was a delight to the "cost-effective," chart- and graph-wielding policy managers in Washington. For at the peak of the war only about 400 CIA employees were engaged in Laos on the ground, compared to half a million Americans next door in Vietnam. Certainly Vietnam was a much bigger war, but there was no denying that the CIA was getting "more bang for the buck" in Laos.

The CIA was one of several agencies that constituted the American "Country Team" in Laos, with the ambassador as the chief. But the CIA was clearly the dominant force. It had the war, the action, just as MACV in Saigon had, and the other agencies slipped into a wedge of support behind it with money and men so that the CIA had many more resources than its budget seemed to suggest. The United States Agency for International Development (USAID), with more than 600 employees in Laos, was the largest of the agencies and it provided cover for a number of CIA agents, a service that the American embassy also rendered. But the distinction of which agency an American was assigned to lost significance, because in practice the whole "Country Team" was an anti-Communist team, working for the CIA's objectives. "Everybody was sort of paramilitary," said one USAID official whose job was dispatching airlifts of rice and ammunition to the tribesmen and their families. "There wasn't any way around it. That was the nature of the program."

Take, for example, Edgar "Pop" Buell, a folksy, grandfatherly, Indiana farmer who had gone to Laos to work for the International Voluntary Services after his wife died, and lated joined USAID. Buell had arranged the first contact between the Meo and the CIA. Then, walking, flying, and parachuting through northeastern Laos he set up a quiltwork of landing zones and drop sites that were used for delivering rice and arms. Buell was short and stubby and literally bounced with "can do" enthusiasm. He spoke English and Lao in jumbled sentences, but he communicated excellently, his eyes growing stern behind black-framed glasses and his brow furrowing deeply when he had a point to make. His uniform was khaki shirt, trousers, and sneakers. He never carried a gun, but everyone remembers the time he went out with the Meo and showed them how to blow up six bridges and twelve mountain passes along Route 7. There were countless tales of how he had braved rifle and mortar fire to lead hysterical villagers to safety during Pathet Lao and North Vietnamese attacks, and he was always there to cheer his side on in a good fight.

In July 1961, Brig. Gen. Edward G. Lansdale, a longtime CIA operative and expert on guerrilla warfare, reported in a top secret cable to Washington that 9,000 Meos had been equipped for guerrilla operations.

But he discovered that "as Meo villagers are overrun by Communist forces and as men leave food-raising duties to serve as guerrillas, a problem is growing over the care and feeding of noncombat Meos."

"CIA has given some rice and clothing to relieve this problem," he told his superiors in the cable published in the Pentagon Papers, but he added he felt that an organized relief program was needed.

Buell's efforts were aimed mainly at remedying the problem Lansdale had described, and refugee relief became one of USAID's biggest programs, along with a large medical program which, among other things, provided treatment for the Meo soldiers and their families.

In 1972 USAID officials said they were feeding 220,785 "refugees," about half of whom were irregular soldiers and their dependents. The others were pure civilians

who had been uprooted by the war, to a large extent by the American bombing. There were hundreds of thousands of other displaced persons, but according to USAID they had found their own means of subsistence.

Senator Edward Kennedy caused trouble for the American operation in Laos with complaints that the supposedly humanitarian relief agency was being used to support a military operation.

Responding to questions about the senator's charges, Jack Williamson, who was known as the refugee affairs officer in 1972, explained that USAID functioned as "a central supply agency" as a matter of expediency.

"CAS needs rice for troops and dependents of troops—an army travels on its belly," Williamson said. "They're essentially pretty much in the same areas as our refugees and it makes sense to combine the delivery system." (American officials seemed uneasy about calling the CIA by its proper name. They often called it "CAS," a euphemism that meant "Controlled American Source.")

"We're trying to save the taxpayer some money," he went on. "We're not doing any hanky-panky. If they had to have their own airplanes and supplies we would double the cost of the operation."

Williamson had it turned around, however. USAID didn't have the aircraft; the CIA did, under the cover of a company called Air America. The airline rented its services to USAID which then billed the Department of Defense for the numerous missions it flew in direct support of the CIA's war. Whether the Pentagon then paid the bill or forwarded it to CIA headquarters was not clear.

The CIA was such a pervasive force in Laos that it set the tone for life in the American community. Laos virtually became a CIA company town. Intrigue, elusiveness, and mystery became a part of everyone's role, and they loved it.

When I was there both in 1968 and in 1972 it was by far the spookiest country in Asia. I felt it the minute I walked into the bar of the Hotel Lane Xang in Vientiane. The handful of Americans in sport shirts and sunglasses lowered their voices and turned away. Anywhere else in Asia, they would have either kept on chatting or invited a stranger to join in. Making my rounds as a newspaperman to the offices of the ambassador and his staff I could feel everyone keeping a polite distance. No one suggested I drop by for a drink or, perhaps, dinner—which was rather standard elsewhere—and when I invited a couple of officials out to dinner one night their conversation was guarded and they hurried off early. Even those officials whose jobs were digging wells and building pigsties wanted to get in on the fun, so they slinked around pretending they knew something secret.

Men like Tony Poe, however, had no need to pretend. Their real lives were wild enough. Poe was the most infamous of the

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CIA operatives in Laos, a hard-drinking, fanatically anti-Communist former marine, tall and solidly built with the constitution of a tank and the disposition in combat of a wounded lion.

"The Laotians don't believe he can be killed," one American official told Fred Branfman, the co-director of the Indochina Research Center and a veteran of four years in Laos.

"The guy is an unbelievable piece of muscle," the American continued with Branfman. "The only thing I'd take him on with is a .45 Thompson and I'd want at least a fifty-yard lead before he got to me, that's how tough I think Tony Poe is. He's one of the most efficient killing machines in the business. He gets totally drunk every night, but yet he can wake up after four hours' sleep and run fifty miles. The guy has been shot to pieces; he's been surrounded and fought his way out of hilltop positions all over Laos for the last fifteen years."

Poe worked closely with the main body of the irregulars in the mountains of the northeast for several years. Then he struck off to the northwest where, among other things, he ran agents into China and organized local hill tribes into anti-Communist fighting units. One of his assignments for the CIA before Laos was reportedly training Tibetans in the mountains of the western United States to infiltrate back into their homeland and drive out the Chinese.

Branfman said that to encourage his troops Poe once offered a reward for enemy ears and hung a plastic bag on his front porch to collect the trophies. But he had to discontinue the practice when he discovered that his men were getting too ambitious and were killing anyone they could find just to get the ears. Once, Branfman said, Poe asked a couple of pilots to take a present to his boss, Pat Landry, at a CIA office in Thailand. The pilots became curious about the horrendously foul odor coming from the package and ripped it open. Inside was a freshly decapitated head.

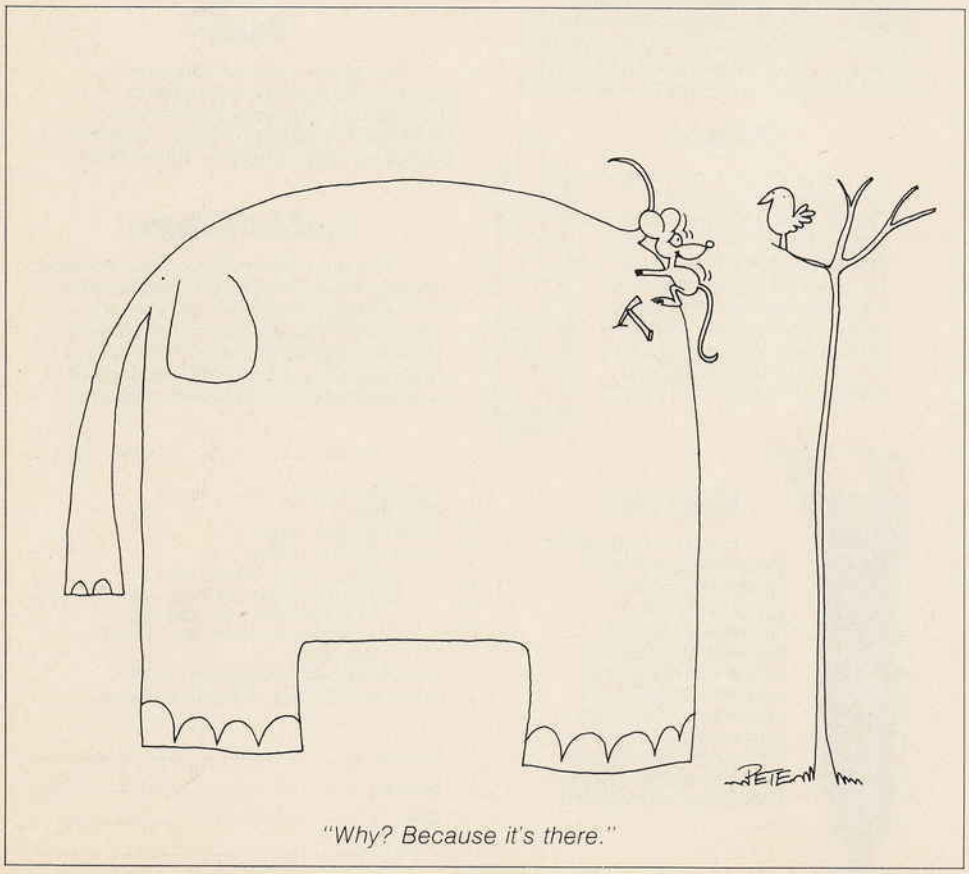
Tony Poe was not the only blood-and-guts swashbuckler in Laos. But most of the other CIA agents, as well as the U.S. government employees who functioned as CIA paramilitary personnel, were much more like your suburban neighbor. They liked the $20,000 a year or so they were knocking down, they liked being part of a big team effort, they liked the special status they enjoyed in the backward country and many repeatedly extended their tours. Blaine Jensen, an Idaho farmer who spent ten years working alongside Pop Buell, put it simply. "A bunch of us came over and found it very interesting," he told me one day. "We felt we were doing the people some good. The people [the Meo] are a very likeable bunch of people. That's the only way I can explain it."

The CIA ran the war from a squat, two-story concrete building with towering antennas sprouting from its roof in an American compound in a residential section of Vientiane. The compound was enclosed by a high chain-link fence and was patrolled by units of the U.S. Embassy's 500-man, blue-uniformed private guard force. Nearby in the same compound were the offices of the 200 or so American military attachés who advised individual units and did the high-level planning for the Royal Laotian Army and Air Force. The regular army troops numbered more than 70,000 and primarily maintained defensive positions while the smaller irregular force led by the CIA bore the brunt of the fighting. The compound also held the offices of the USAID officials who saw to it that the irregulars and their dependents received food, ammunition, and medical attention. There was an American-style bar and grill where you could get a slice of apple pie and a cup of coffee, hamburgers, milk shakes, or perhaps a cold Bud and a side of fries. Next door was a movie house to escape with John Wayne or Paul Newman and munch buttered popcorn.

Every morning at nine o'clock, except for Sundays, the CIA station chief, the ambassador, the army and air force military attachés, the embassy "bombing officer," the head of USAID, the chief of transportation, and a few other key officials gathered in a small, bug-proof room on an upper floor of the American Embassy for a daily secret updating on the war. Seated around a rectangular conference table, the men would report the significant developments in their special areas. Unfolding his map and flicking a silver pointer over the mottled green terrain, the CIA station chief, the American commander of the irregulars, would tick off ambushes, attacks, and withdrawals; perhaps quickly outline an assault that was shaping up. The Air Force attaché, a colonel in civilian clothes, would plot the latest B-52 strikes or "Arclights," as they were more commonly called, and report on the number of fighter bomber raids that day. The head of USAID would probably give a rundown on how many tons of rice had been air-dropped, with possibly the notation that a frequently used bridge had been blown up. And so it went.

In early 1972, the American ambassador was G. McMurtrie Godley III, Yale '39. He would quietly scratch at a note pad as officials spoke in the secret morning briefing, keeping a running account of "enemy" casualties. Then, when everyone had finished, he would announce the total, his spirits lifting visibly if it were a particularly high figure. Godley, who had served in the Congo in the mid-1960's when CIA mercenaries, with air support from Cuban-exile pilots, were fighting insurgents, was a huge, hearty man with a passion for the war and the role he played as supreme field commander. His favorite weapons were the bombers, especially the B-52's, and his gleeful discourses on them and the "ordinance" they delivered earned him the nickname "G. Arclight III."

Hugh Tovar, the CIA station chief at that time, was a slender, sophisticated and intelligent former OSS officer who had parachuted into Laos at the end of World War II and shared the ambassador's zeal for the secret war. As head of the "Country Team," the ambassador was nominally the superior, but as commander of the most prominent troops, the station chief gained extra stature, just as Westmoreland and Abrams had on the Vietnam Country Team, and in practice Godley and Tovar appeared to work



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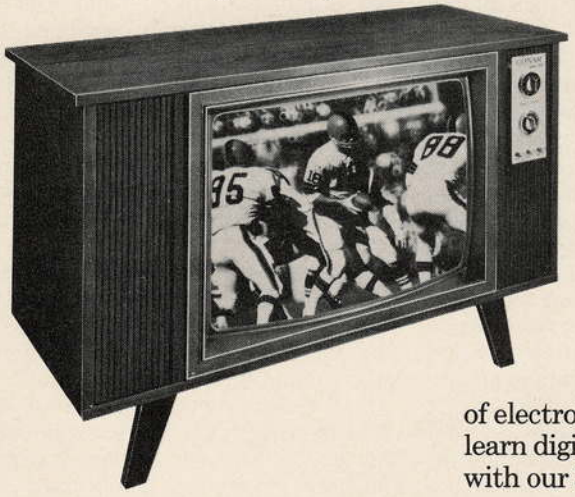

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on an almost equal footing.

Well before the daily briefings began, with the morning mist still clinging to the rice paddies, the pilots of the CIA's airline, Air America, in their gray trousers and white shirts, had tossed down ham and eggs and flapjacks at the airport cafeteria in Vientiane and were on their way "up country," in lumbering, unmarked C-47's carrying CIA field operatives, armed to the teeth with the latest automatic rifles and pistols and tons of food and combat supplies for the irregulars.

Until early 1972 a good many of the planes each day headed for the village of Long Tieng in a ruggedly beautiful valley eighty miles north of Vientiane. There for nearly ten years the CIA operated its main forward base for the secret war, training and equipping tribesmen, working out daily strategy, and sending them into battle. A mile-long paved runway sliced through the heart of the valley with stacks of bombs, forklifts for loading them, and a cluster of communications shacks at either end. The shacks were crammed with powerful, top-secret electronic equipment for eavesdropping on the Pathet Lao and directing irregular troops over great distances. Just back from the airstrip were bunches of tin-roofed huts for some 30,000 civilians and the several thousand irregulars who had garrisoned the base. There was also a 150-bed hospital maintained by USAID. The airstrip was not long enough for jets and was used mainly by the little, single-engine T-28 bombers of the Royal Laotian Air Force, Air America transports, and big-winged helio-couriers that often landed and took off in a few hundred feet on the side of steep mountains. But frequently Jolly Green Giant rescue helicopters of the American Air Force idled there on standby for a "May Day" call from an American bomber pilot in trouble. Alfred W. McCoy, in his book *The Politics of Heroin in Southeast Asia*, said the tribesmen, whose main cash crop had always been opium, also operated a heroin factory at Long Tieng at a time when Laos was the major supplier for the GI drug market in Vietnam. McCoy said, too, that Air America planes were sometimes used to transport the Meo opium. Foreigners—that is, nonofficial Americans such as newsmen—could visit Long Tieng, which was officially described as a base of the Royal Laotian Army, only by obtaining permission from the American Embassy in Vientiane, and permission was rarely granted.

When I arrived in Laos in March 1972, Long Tieng had been under heavy artillery fire for several weeks and the CIA, the irregulars, and their families had retreated south to a place that was marked Ban Xon on the maps but which most of the Americans called Site 272. Site 272 was a dreary flat spot amid the strikingly beautiful limestone peaks and spires of northern Laos. It was dominated by a steel-mat runway. The CIA had taken over the western side of the field, thrown up rough-lumber shacks to shelter its super-secret electronic gear, and posted "restricted" signs. Across the metal strip was a handful of shacks where USAID field men coordinated airdrops of rice, canned meat, and cooking oil. The USAID hospital that had been at Long Tieng was there, too, not far from a steamy shack where Air America pilots were wolfing down hamburgers between flights. The field was frenetic. Planes seemed to be fighting to land and to take off. No sooner did an aircraft screech down than cargo handlers were filling it with rice and ammunition and waving it off again. Knots of hill tribe women, mainly Meos with their baggy black slacks and blouses, colorful sashes, and heavy silver jewelry, waited stoically to board aircraft that would take them to their distant villages.

Site 272, on the southern edge of the mountains, not far from the flat Vientiane Plain, was the end of the line for the tribesmen, the bottom rung on the ladder of retreat, where they found themselves panting when the cease-fire came. For them and the CIA the war had been a series of costly delaying actions, their few advances followed by greater setbacks. Some of the tribesmen had fled from provinces high up on the map of Laos edging on North Vietnam and China. Others had come from the Plain of Jars. But all of them had given up a home somewhere in the highlands under pressure from the Communists. They loved the mountains, felt heartsick in the flats, and even became physically ill there. That was why they had originally joined forces with the CIA, many tribesmen told me. The Communists would come into the villages, they said, organize the people into work parties to dig trenches or carry ammunition and supplies and, in the evenings, lecture them on Marxism. The tribesmen I met didn't like being bossed around and they didn't care much for the lectures. So at the first opportunity they ran away. When the CIA offered them guns they gladly accepted, figuring they could take back their homes from the intruders.

There was no "arm-twisting" to get the Meo to fight. one of the highest ranking Americans in Laos told me, annoyed at the suggestion that the CIA had made cannon fodder of the tribesmen.

"If it had not been for Uncle Sam's support," the American official continued, "the Meo would have been destroyed years ago. The North Vietnamese would have come in and chased them out." He seemed to forget as he spoke in 1972 that even with "Uncle Sam's" help, the tribesmen had been mauled and displaced.

One theory expressed guardedly in Vientiane was that the initial fighting among the Meo had been a matter of clan disputes. Some took up with the North Vietnamese and some turned to Vientiane and the Americans. The strong feeling was that without the CIA's arms and encouragement, the fighting would never have reached such a high level and that very likely accommodations could have been made which would have averted the slaughter of the Meo.

Early on, the clans allied with the CIA developed a draft system by which village elders forced young men into the army. Whether the elders were acting out of community spirit or because they were being paid a "head price" by the CIA I couldn't personally determine. But McCoy wrote in his book on the narcotics traffic that when Ger Su Yang, the leader in the village of Long Pot, refused to send young men to the irregular army in early 1971, the Americans stopped dropping rice to his people.

In a hospital bed at Site 272, thirty-seven-year-old Lieutenant Bounhoun Keodara, whose left leg had just been amputated below the knee, talked about how he had been "recruited" thirteen years earlier. "You must be a soldier if you are a man because the leader tells you you must," he said. "If you don't want to go you are put in prison. Or you pay someone else to go for you."

Nearby in another bed, a fourteen-year-old soldier with a broken leg said his two older brothers had been taken into the army before him. Then one of them was killed, he said, "so I had to take his position."

"I don't like army life," the boy said. "If there were not so many enemy I would like to be a soldier. I'm afraid."

Senh Sai, fifteen, said he wanted to become a soldier because of the money, but he added, "the big people asked us to be soldiers. They ordered us."

At a tiny outpost cut into the side of a mountain top, a ten-year-old boy with American-made hand grenades clipped to his belt and an American-made M-16 rifle in his hands was asked if he enjoyed being a soldier. "I don't enjoy it," he said with a shy smile. "I want to study. . . . But pressure pushed me into being a soldier. . . . I want to be a teacher more than I want to fight."

It was total war in the mountains of Laos, with no safe exit for anyone. Recounting the losses in one battle, a young, angular-faced irregular soldier in camouflaged fatigues said that 300 Meo had been killed, mostly civilians.

"We use civilians to carry ammunition," he explained. "We don't have any other way to support our soldiers."

Those who somehow managed not to fight for either the CIA-backed side or the Communists sometimes found the shifting war suddenly in their own village, with machine-gun bullets whining overhead and mortars and bombs flattening homes. There was no choice but to run. It was always hard going, and exhaustion and disease took their toll. Those who stayed alive were often confused and disoriented and many became beggars of sorts, dependent upon American rice drops.

It was a tragedy that kept repeating itself, endlessly grinding the people down. One man of twenty-seven told me his family had been uprooted seven times in twelve years. A middle-aged woman, whose husband and only son had been killed in the fighting, said she had taken flight five times. Lt. Tsjon Leng said his village had pulled up stakes in panic every year for eleven years. "We

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lost everything," he said without emotion. "We lost some of our family members, too. The enemy captured more than 200 of the 622 people in the village. Thirty-seven died of disease, fever, malaria and seven by spirits. We really don't like moving, but we have to."

As these "assets," as the CIA referred to the hill people, withered, the agency increasingly looked to Thailand for manpower, despite a legislative ban against U.S. support for forces of a third country in Laos. (Senator Symington charged that the use of the Thais in Laos violated the legislative restriction "in letter as well as in spirit," but the CIA continued unchecked with its illegal recruiting.) What attracted the Thais was money. A private who signed up with the CIA to go to Laos, for example, was paid nearly three times the salary of a private in the regular Thai army. The so-called Thai "volunteers" were given Lao names and Lao identity cards by the CIA. They were sent to Laos in Thai units and stayed in the units rather than mixing with hill tribe companies and battalions. After fulfilling a one-year contract they were free to go home. About 30 percent, however, tired quickly of the hard living and deserted.

One of the things that kept the hill people going so long was their leader, Vang Pao, an ambitious, French-trained soldier who attracted the attention of the first Americans who ventured into the mountains of Laos. As the CIA funneled money and arms through Vang Pao, his stature and power spiraled, pushing him ahead of the traditional Meo leaders. He was made a major general in the Royal Laotian Army with responsibility for an entire military region, the highest position a hill tribesman had ever attained, and he became the singular leader of his people. I found tribesmen who loved him, others who despised him, but no one ready to cross him. When he said, "Move out," the troops moved out. Partly to solidify his position in the polygamous society, the story went, the short, wiry, mercurial Vang Pao took five wives from influential Meo clans and produced more than twenty-five children, two of whom the CIA is said to have sent to American universities.

The CIA sent the general himself to America twice: first to visit Fort Bragg, N.C., the home of the Green Berets at the U.S. Special Warfare Center, then for a bit of sightseeing which included Disneyland and colonial Williamsburg. "VP," as the Americans fondly called him, was given a Zorro suit at Disneyland as a joke. But one day, legend had it in Vientiane, the general pulled on the cape and other paraphernalia and dashed off on a tour of the Plain of Jars.

Critics accused Vang Pao of pocketing CIA money intended for his troops, of shooting men with whom he had differences, and of torturing prisoners. His brutality was never denied, but most Americans claimed the general was less corrupt than other Laotian officers with whom they dealt.

There were times during the long war when even Vang Pao wanted to quit. But Pop Buell kept him going, according to Don A. Schanche, who wrote a book about Buell's life with the Meo called *Mister Pop*.

Schanche recalled one evening after a major defeat when Buell found Vang Pao alone in his French colonial villa at Long Tieng, disheveled and in tears.

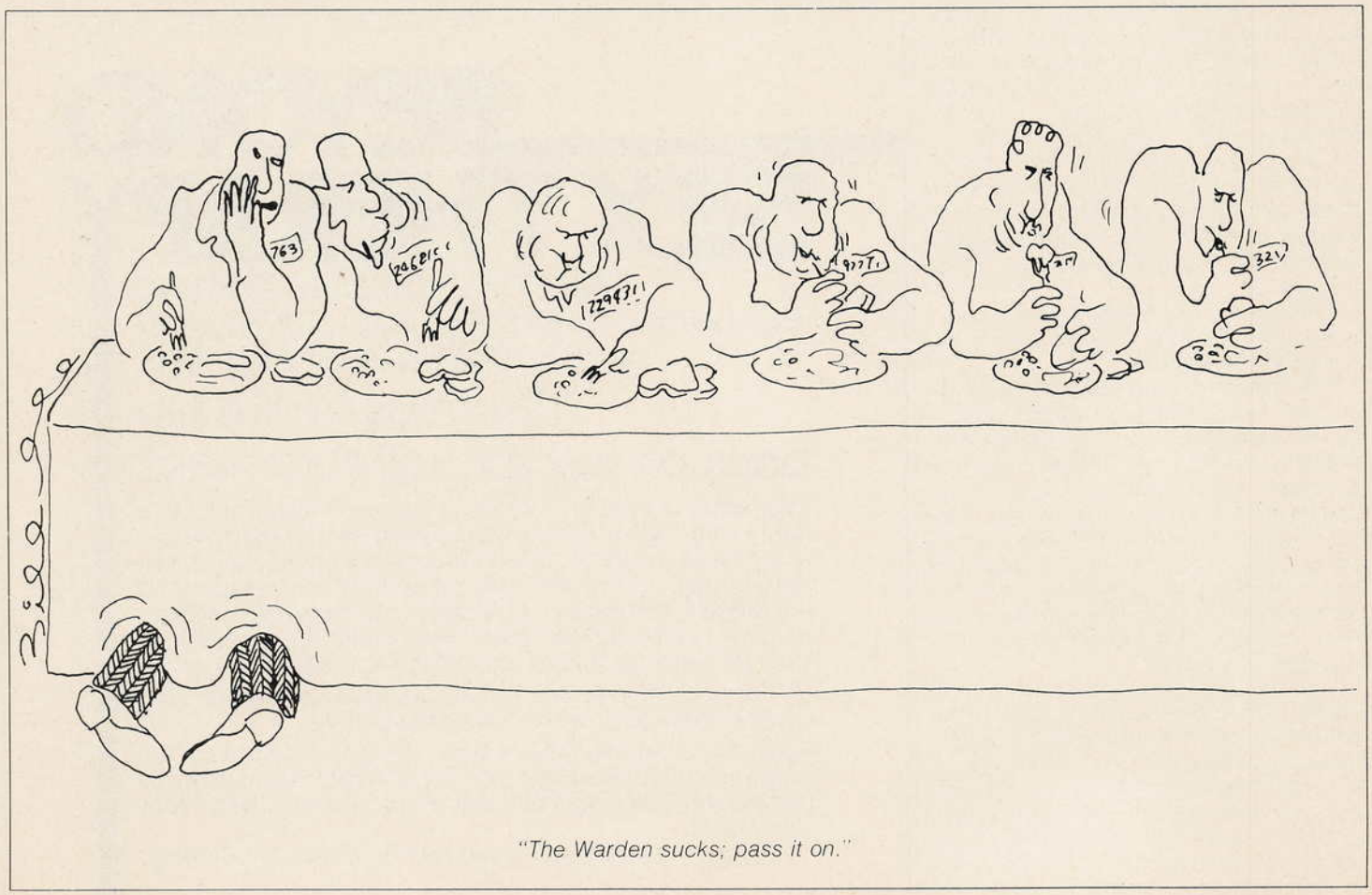
According to Schanche, Buell listened briefly, then shouted at Vang Pao, "Get hold of yourself! You lost a battle. You ain't lost the war. And you ain't lost your people either. Sure, their morale's all shot to hell right now, but they'll get over it."

Then, Schanche went on, Vang Pao straightened and looked ruefully at Pop. "I know you speak harshly to me for my own good, my father," he said. "Maybe it is not as dark as I have been telling myself since I retreated from Pha Thi. But it is bad. You saw my soldiers when you were there. I took you with me to inspect the new recruits. Did you not see them? A third of them were only twelve years old. Their rifles are longer than they are. They should be in school, not fighting. When you looked at them, couldn't you see?" Again he began to stream tears. "The good ones are all dead, my father. Dead. These are all I have left. It is late. We have fought for nine years. There is no way we can win."

"But you can hold, General, you can hold," Buell replied.

"Hold what?" Vang Pao continued in the same dispirited vein.

"It ain't all lost, General. You know that," Buell said. "We can figure somethin' out."



"The Warden sucks; pass it on."

Talking with a correspondent from Granada Television once, Buell said he considered himself and Vang Pao as partners in an anti-Communist crusade. They both felt bad that young boys were being used as soldiers, he said. But when he was asked if he would like to see a ten-year-old grandson of his carrying a hand grenade made by a foreign power, Buell replied, "I sure as hell would, if he was holding off an enemy such as the North Vietnamese. My own grandson. Even at five years old, if he could do it."

Buell always expressed his love for the hill people and when he retired from USAID after suffering a heart attack, he settled in Vientiane, working at a school for blind children from the hill tribes.

By 1972, the war the CIA had entered as a counter-guerrilla campaign had become, from the American side, largely an air war. Even with the Thai reinforcements, the shredded and exhausted hill tribesmen were falling back steadily, their total collapse staved off only by armadas of American bombers. The CIA soldiers had effectively lost Long Tieng, but they clung to one of the overlooking positions which the Americans had named "Skyline Ridge," hoping to regain their former headquarters. "It's airpower, solely airpower," a diplomat in Vientiane said of that battle from which the CIA forces eventually fled. "Airpower with a little bit of Meo-*cum*-Thai battalions," he continued. "A little bit of ground action and a lot of air. They're getting three or four B-52 strikes a day, and God knows how many smaller bombers."

Laos had been shaken by twice as much bombing as North Vietnam. Sections of the once-populous Plain of Jars had been turned into cratered moonscapes, and survivors told of living for weeks in caves and trenches, venturing out only after dark.

But during most of the bombing—from May 1964 until March 1970—Presidents Johnson and Nixon baldly denied that the air raids were taking place. Even as villagers fleeing the bombing streamed into Vientiane telling of skies filled with attacking American planes, American officials insisted that U.S. aircraft were only carrying out "armed aerial reconnaissance," that is, surveying the land and striking only in self-defense.

Finally, though, on March 6, 1970, amid what he called "intense public speculation" over growing American involvement in Laos, President Nixon went on national television to put "the subject into perspective." The president's statement was broadly misleading and littered with lies and omissions, but it did put on record for the first time the fact that American planes had, indeed, been secretly bombing Laos for six years.

Nixon asserted that the bombing had been initiated at the request of the Royal Laotian Government and that subsequent strikes had been flown "only when requested by the Royal Laotian Government."

On the contrary, however, Joseph C. Goulden, in his book *Truth is the First Casualty*, reported that not only had Prince Sou-

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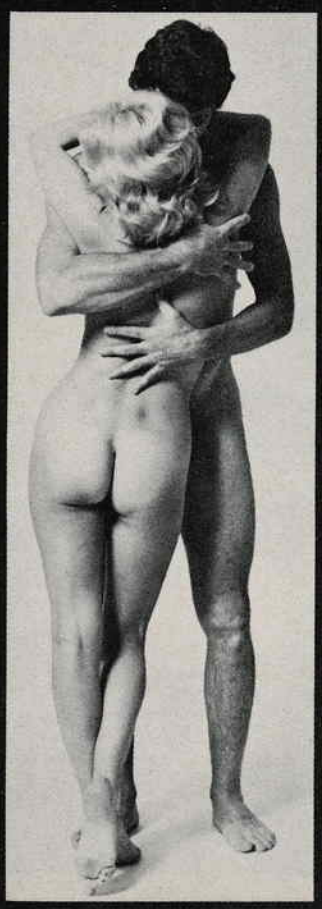

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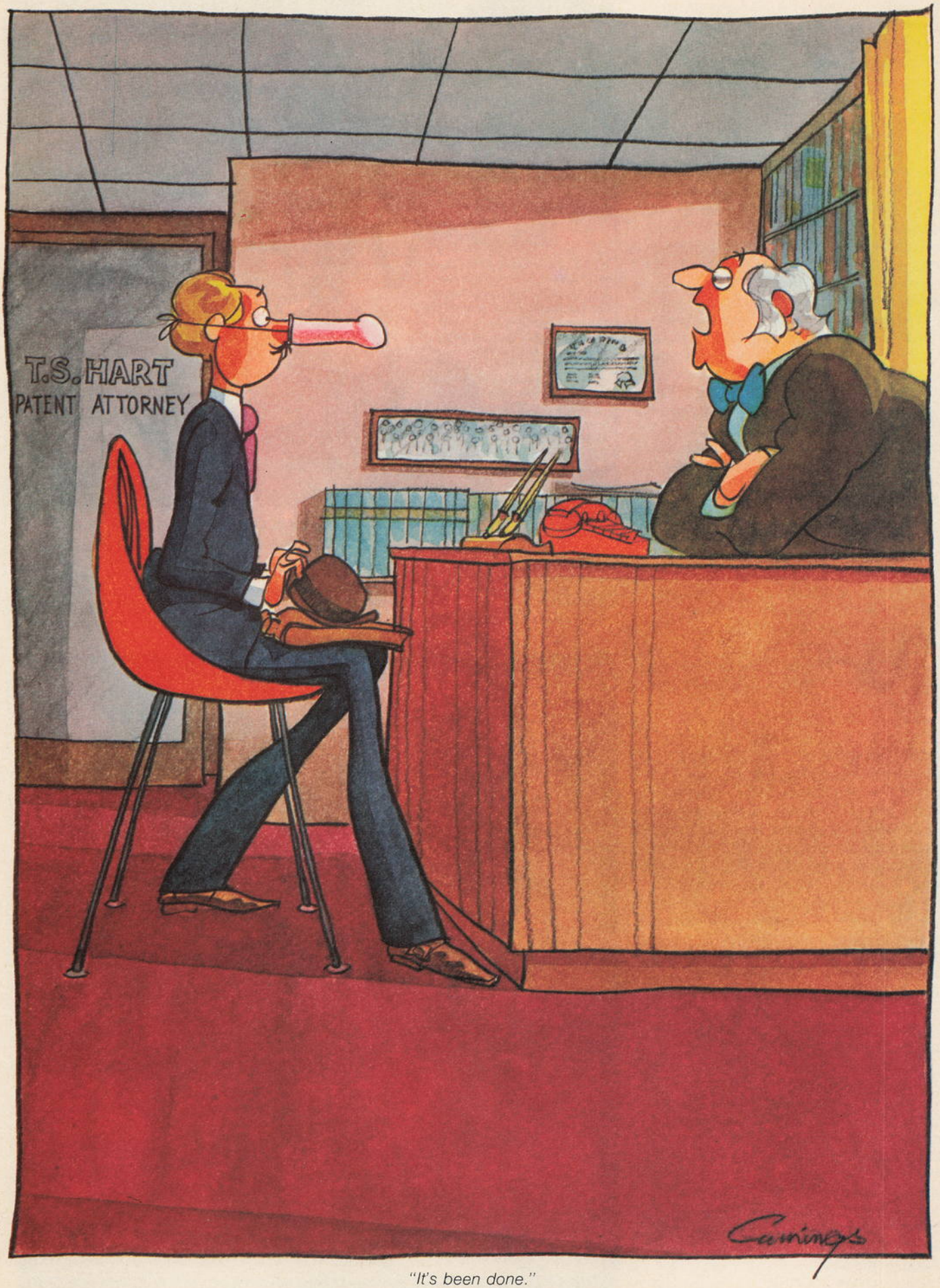

"It's been done."

vanna Phouma *not* requested the start of the bombing in 1964, but that he had not even been informed that it was beginning, and when he discovered the air raids, he threatened to resign unless they were halted. In two days, however, Goulden said, the American ambassador in Laos then, Leonard Unger, managed to calm the prince and turn his protest into an "invitation." Furthermore, diplomats in Vientiane told me in 1972 that Souvanna Phouma felt the bombing of the Ho Chi Minh Trail was of no value to Laos and wanted it stopped so he could proceed with attempts to make peace with the Communists. But the diplomats said Souvanna Phouma had no hopes of a bombing halt because of American concern with Vietnam.

While forcefully condemning the Communist violations of Laotian neutrality, Nixon continued, like his predecessors, to deny that the U.S. had breached the agreements. He made no mention whatsoever of the CIA and referred to the irregulars only as a part of the general armed forces for which the Laotian government had "requested" assistance from the U.S.

The president stated flatly that "no American stationed in Laos has ever been killed in ground combat operations," but within two days the *Los Angeles Times* found the family of an army captain from Temple, Tex., who had been killed while "advising" Laotian regulars on Feb. 11, 1969. Even though the Pentagon and other agencies had been reporting American deaths in Laos as having occurred in "Southeast Asia" or Vietnam, more stories followed with reports of additional deaths, further contradicting the president. Several months later the *Washington Star* reported that 400 Americans had been killed and 230 had been listed as missing from Laos from 1964 to 1970.

Ironically, when the CIA finally agreed to leave Laos two years ago, the country was being run by a coalition similar to the government the Laotians had started with shortly after independence in 1954. The difference, however, was that after some eighteen years of political and military intervention by the CIA, the Communists controlled much more of the population and land and held a stronger position in the coalition. The CIA's single largest military effort had been a dismal failure.

In the end, the CIA was denied even the gratitude of the hill people it had armed for having kept them out of the hands of the Communists. Chatting in the cool, dark lobby of the Constellation Hotel one morning in Vientiane, Touby Lyfoung, one of the most influential political leaders of the Meo, told me his people would surely have gone with the Communists had the CIA not intervened. And that, he said, would have been better. "Even if the Communist regime had not been paradise," he said, "our people would not have died. There would have been no war." ○+□

(This is the fifth article in a series on America's intelligence community.)

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I KNOW HOW IT IS — AND IT'S MY PSYCHIATRIST'S AFTERNOON AT HIS PSYCHIATRIST!
MEANWHILE, BACK AT THE SCHLOSS
WE'VE RECRUITED ALL SIX OF THOSE MINI-PUSSIES, COMMANDER!
THEY READY FOR INSPECTION?
OH BOY, ARE THEY — I MEAN, YESSIR!
by FREDERIC MULLALLY and RON EMBLETON

AT THAT MOMENT, CANDYFLOSS ARRIVES AT THE SCHLOSS — SENT HOME FROM THE MUDDLE EAST IN DISGRACE NNNNNN
MINI-PUSSIES? WHAT'S ALL THIS ABOUT?
AND WHO'LL HAVE TO LOOK AFTER IT — AND FEED THE BLOODY THING? ME!
STRANDED IN ZURICH BY SOME CROOKED IMPRESSARIO. OUGHTA AMUSE OUR C-IN-C TO HAVE SOME KITTENS IN HER PUSS FORCE — RIGHT?
THE UNIFORMS ARE ONLY TEMPORARY, OF COURSE!
LEAVE 'EM JUST THE WAY THEY ARE!
THIS IS GOING TO BE A PUSHOVER!
MIND YOU DON'T CATCH COLD, DEAR!
GOOD THINKING, GRRRR! PUT ME DOWN FOR THE SIAMESE, THIRD FROM THE LEFT!

AT THE COSI-NASTI BRANCH OFFICE, ZURICH.....
BURPO BOSSOTUTTI HERE, MR HUGE! WE MADE FIRST BASE!
TAKE A SEAT! THE BOSS'LL BE WITH YOU IN A MINUTE. SORRY WE'RE A BIT UNTIDY—WE'RE STOCKTAKIN'!
I DON'T KNOW IF THAT'S A GENUINE DISPLAY OF AFFECTION OR HE JUST WANTS ME FOR MY COOKING!
UNLUCKY LUCIANO
CEMENT
YOU GOT MY HAND PICKED MINI-CHICKS INTO THE SCHLOSS?
JUST DA WAY BURPO PLANNED IT! DEY'LL SPREAD HAVOC!
WAIT TILL I REVEAL MY BRILLIANT STRATEGY TO THE REAL HOWARD HUGE!
CLICK!

BETWEEN NEGOTIATIONS, WANDA IS MISSING HER WAYWARD HANDMAIDEN, CANDYFLOSS. THE PRIME MINISTER AND CHIEF OF POLICE ARE CONCERNED.....
WHAT DIVERSIONS CAN WE OFFER, MS WANDA, WHILE YOU AWAIT THE FINANCE MINISTERS' DECISION.....?
A NICE EXECUTION?
A SOUND FLOGGING?
NOW THAT'S MORE LIKE IT, FAWZIA! I NEED A GOOD WORKOUT!

MEANWHILE, HUGE'S MINI-CHICKS ARE SETTING ABOUT THE EASY TASK OF SUBVERTING THE ENTIRE PUSS FORCE AND REDUCING THE VON KREESUS SCHLOSS TO A DISORGANIZED SHAMBLES...
AREN'T THEY SWEET....SO FULL OF FUN ....AT THEIR INNOCENT GAMES.....
WHAD'YA THINK OF THAT, HONEY-CHILE?
DO IT AGAIN— HARDER!
YE GODS! HE'S SUPPOSED TO BE A DROOLING, SLAVERING, TERRIFYING MONSTER! I'M JUST NOT GETTING IT ALL TOGETHER!
WOW! AREN'T YOU FELLOWS THTRONG!
YOU HAD A MEDICAL YET?
N-NO!
FOLLOW ME!
SEX! SEX! SEX! THIS STRIP IS TOTALLY DEVOID OF ANY INTELLECTUAL CONTENT!
AND WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING!
IF IT'S PROMOTION YOU'RE LOOKING FOR, MY LITTLE CHICKADEE!
TRAINING, SARG— IN CASE WE EVER HAVE A CAVALRY UNIT!
THE OIL CRISIS AIN'T THAT BAD, SOLDIER! —I'LL TAKE OVER HERE!
*EDITOR'S NOTE. IN THE INTEREST OF PUBLIC MORALITY, PENTHOUSE ADVIZES IT'S READERS AGAINST LETTING THEIR MOTHERS OR SISTERS JOIN SUCH ORGANIZATIONS

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MAKE IT BRIEF, HALDERLICH! I'M AN OLD MAN IN A HURRY!
THAT'S WHAT I CALL REAL ART!
OUR AGENTS ARE ALREADY AT WORK, MR HUGE, SIR!
BY NEXT MONTH'S ISSUE OF PENTHOUSE, WE'LL HAVE THE VON KREESUS BRAT BY THE SHORT-AND-CURLIES!
PUT IT BACK!
AND MANY MILES AWAY.....
IN MY DAY THEY WOULDN'T EVEN UNCOVER THEIR FACES!
THAT REMINDS ME SO MUCH OF MY SCHOOLDAYS! SIGH — WHY DO WE HAVE TO GROW UP?
ALL THOSE WASTED YEARS!
I THINK YOU'D BETTER MAKE HER FOREIGN SECRETARY— SHE DOESN'T REALLY HAVE THE TEMPERAMENT FOR CHIEF OF POLICE!
WHEN YOU'VE FINISHED WITH FAWZIA, MS WANDA, THE OPEC MINISTERS CLAIM AN AUDIENCE.....
LOOKS LIKE YOU'RE HOME AND DRY!
BUT-STAY! OUR WANDA IS NOT HOME AND IS CERTAINLY NEVER DRY! ABOVE ALL, LET'S NOT COUNT THOSE KITTENS BEFORE THEIR PLOT'S BEEN HATCHED!

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GETTING STUCK

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 84

these kids to be at a Beatlefest rather than some of the other events that have become popular lately among the young. Better they should be debating whether there's a hidden message in "Michelle" played backwards at 16⅔ than charging around a "Star Trek" convention imagining that they are lobbying for the return to the air of that TV show, stuck simultaneously in the past and the future—let alone huddling together at a comic book convention, stuck in an infinity of alternative presents.

Fetishists are in hopeless bondage to the styles of yesteryear. You're not allowed to tramp on your slave's back in a nice pair of stacked heels—it's still got to be stiletto heels or high-button shoes or both of the above. In a time when women are able to dispense with bras, fetishists expect lace-up whalebone corsets. And black stockings with seams held up by black garter belts are de rigueur—if you were to show up in raspberry panty hose you'd risk not having the shit beat out of you. Of course the *essence* of fetishism is that it depends on the power of evocative props to get you off—if the paraphernalia weren't from a previous era, they wouldn't carry the associations of forbidden pleasures that fetishists require. It probably won't be until the next generation that fetishists will cream in their wet suits at the sight of a girl in Earth Shoes and panty hose wielding a cattle prod.

In the villages of Hopiland in Arizona the Kachinas and Clowns will dance the ritual cycle in 1975 as they have since before years had numbers. The Hopi do not parcel out time in decades. Time is renewed each year through this ceremony. After the Kachinas file from the mesa as they did in the sixties, and the fifties, and the forties—and the 1860's and the 1750's and the 1640's—the Clowns fill the plaza. They speak to the crowd in the same way they have since time immemorial: "What you see is what you get, honey!" they shout. "I'm gonna make you an offer you can't refuse!" they yell, shooting children with water pistols. "Evel Knievel, you rip-off artist, I want my money back!" They wear the traditional costume, ever changeless: one is attired in a gray garment upon which is stencilled DIRTY T-SHIRT. Another wears Mickey Mouse ears. The Clowns' role in the ceremony is as it always has been: completely topical. The onlookers feel the continuity of Hopi culture, not because its bearers attempt to mimic styles, but because they immediately assimilate new ones. The Hopi are not stuck in the remembrance of things past. The past is reenacted eternally as a key to the present. It is by realizing the pastness of the past that the presentness of the present becomes known. When will we learn to use the past to feel at home in the present as we strike out for the future? O+

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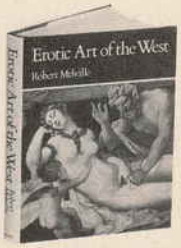

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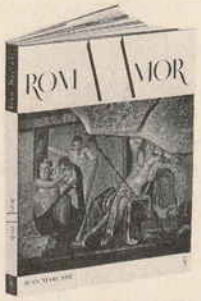

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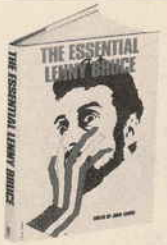

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THE SENSUOUS APE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 94

HOSTESS: . . . relations?

MR. G: *(Chuckling.)* Yes, yes! You see, I've lectured on a few campuses, and some of the girls—coeds, you know—were, well, quite curious, to say the least.

DR. SHAW: About what?

MR. G: Well, my cock mainly.

HOSTESS: Oh, God, how fascinating! How big *is* your cock? I mean. . . . *(She puts her fingers to her mouth and giggles.)*

MR. G: My cock varies. I get erections, of course, just like humans, and. . . .

HOSTESS *and* DR. SHAW: *How big?*

MR. G: Normally, twelve or so inches erect—I only use the tip with most girls.

DR. SHAW: *(Scoffing.)* Hah!

MR. G: Rather longish, slender, and curved. *(Pause.)* And purplish.

HOSTESS: My God!

DR. SHAW: And how did they like it?

MR. G: They *loved* it. They were relaxed, you know. Little chance of pregnancy, they figured. And they didn't have to prove anything with a gorilla. So they just sort of let go—as much as their middle-class backgrounds would let them.

HOSTESS: But weren't they . . . well, you know . . . shocked by your . . . your. . . .

DR. SHAW: *Cock!*

HOSTESS: God, can I see it?

MR. G. Well, no. They weren't shocked. They expected it to be a little different, you know. And they had probably seen monkeys jacking off in zoos. The purple rather thrilled them. *(Hostess giggles.)* Their first response was usually a nervous giggling. But they settled down rather quickly.

HOSTESS: And, and did you . . . do it . . . you know . . . *gorilla style*?

MR. G: Well, I don't know that there *is* anything you can call "gorilla style." In the Columbus, Ohio, zoo, the gorillas, I noticed, copulated face to face. Imitation, perhaps. Normally, in the jungle we don't do face-to-face fucking. But then it's not all doggy fashion either. I recall once my brother, Junior—he couldn't talk—was sitting in a glade, and this rather attractive slut came out of the bush and clasped him from behind, thrusting herself against him twenty or thirty times. Well, Junior was as cool as could be, just licking his fingers and drooling a bit, paying her no nevermind. But finally he turned around, pulled her onto his lap, and began banging away—oh, forty or fifty times to climax. Then they broke away, he resting on his belly, she picking nits from his rectum for ten minutes or so. Then, up again, sitting in his lap for another go. Well . . . but you see it's hardly what you could call "gorilla style." I've had the same kind of thing myself with the coeds—only with me lying down and them sitting astride my purple cock, their dresses spread over it all like flowers. Usually on beautiful lawns. I love the grass at Sarah Lawrence.

DR. SHAW: And do you find it very different from copulation with a . . . gorilla, *ugh*?

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MR. G: No. Not at all—at least not *that* much. Of course, the females of the species vary, though I'm still finding it hard to tell one from another—I use my nose a lot. If there's anything different, it's the tameness. Even your most spaced-out coeds—say some of those rich ones from New England—are rather tame, I find. Or they're full of frenzy but their rhythm's way off, or they can't find my cock, or something. Please don't get the impression we gorillas are sex crazy. Quite the contrary. Our females ovulate once a month on the average and are receptive only for three or four days during that period. Furthermore, when in advanced pregnancy or when lactating—giving milk, you know—they are totally uninterested. Sometimes we males go a whole year without sexual contact—and even then we usually let the female make the first advances. But once they do, it's real fireworks, let me tell you!

HOSTESS: Can you be more specific? I mean, can you give us any of the clinical *details*?

DR. SHAW: Yes, can you describe a typical gorilla fuck?

MR. G: I'll do better. I'll illustrate.

HOSTESS: God! Would you? I mean, I suppose it's all right . . . with the network, I mean. After all, it is *historical*.

MR. G: Would you kneel on the table?

HOSTESS: *(Thrilled.)* Me? *Me?*

MR. G: Yes. Hands and knees. You can keep your clothes on.

HOSTESS: Oh, but I don't mind. I mean—well, maybe if I just took off my *dress*. To make it clearer to the audience. Oh God, if ever colored TV was worth it!

MR. G: Fine. Just as you wish. *(She takes off her dress and kneels on the table. Mr. G kneels just behind her.)*

HOSTESS: I feel very orgasmic.

DR. SHAW: Do you mind if I smoke?

MR. G: Quite all right.

HOSTESS: I really feel *very* orgasmic.

MR. G: Not yet, please. First, there's something of an introduction. A long time ago, when I was young, I knew an older gorilla—let's call her Muriel. Well, Muriel was then at the peak of her sexual power in the band and was the property of the dominant silver-backed male and a few of his cronies. . . .

HOSTESS: *(Rubbing against him.)* Can you hurry? I'll really take your word for all that.

MR. G: He didn't mind sharing a bit—like your own Eskimos, I gather—in order to promote a little peace and harmony. But I was just a young squirt and didn't have a chance. Or so I thought.

HOSTESS: *Hurry!*

MR. G: Coming. One gloomy afternoon, I was sitting on the crest of a hill. There had been a brief spell of sunshine that morning, followed by dank clouds coming right down to the level of the trees. Then rain . . . then hail. Yes, *hail*. I was miserable—cold, wet, the hailstones bouncing off my back. And then, quite suddenly, there she was—*Muriel*, and it was her time of month. She gave me what you would call the eye, and I closed in behind her, my nostrils dilating with the smell of her and the wet jungle. *(He clasps the Hostess, etc.)* Muriel rested on her knees, belly, and elbows. Her readiness was absolutely total.

HOSTESS: Yes! *Yes!*

MR. G: I clasped her hips firmly and began thrusting away, emitting the rapid, staccato ö-----ö-----ö-----ö natural to such occasions. The grunting was frightful. We also began going downhill—Muriel parting the vegetation with her hands as we progressed. We covered fifty feet in ten minutes . . . I thrusting eighty, ninety, a hundred times, she working up to the piercing screech which she was to emit! . . . emit! . . . *emit! (Hostess emits screech.)* Yes-s-s! yes, that's it—at the bottom, just as my grunts climaxed to a final "Ah-h-h-h-h!" Muriel opened her mouth and dropped away as if dead. *(He leaves Hostess listless on the table, Dr. Shaw slapping her hands to revive her, and resumes his chair.)*

It was the one and only time that I had Muriel—she soon after became undesirable anyway—but it was unforgettable. The dank, lush underbrush and her musky sexual secretions and sweat . . . the piston punches of my purple cock *(groan from Hostess)* as we plowed a furrow down that hill . . . the hailstones bombarding us. . . . For twenty minutes there, nothing else existed, *nothing*. It was glorious, transcendent, apocalyptic! The jungle was Paradise. We were Adam and Eve first fallen into the pit of sin, ecstasy, and mortality. . . . Shortly after, I shat and began eating the leaves of some

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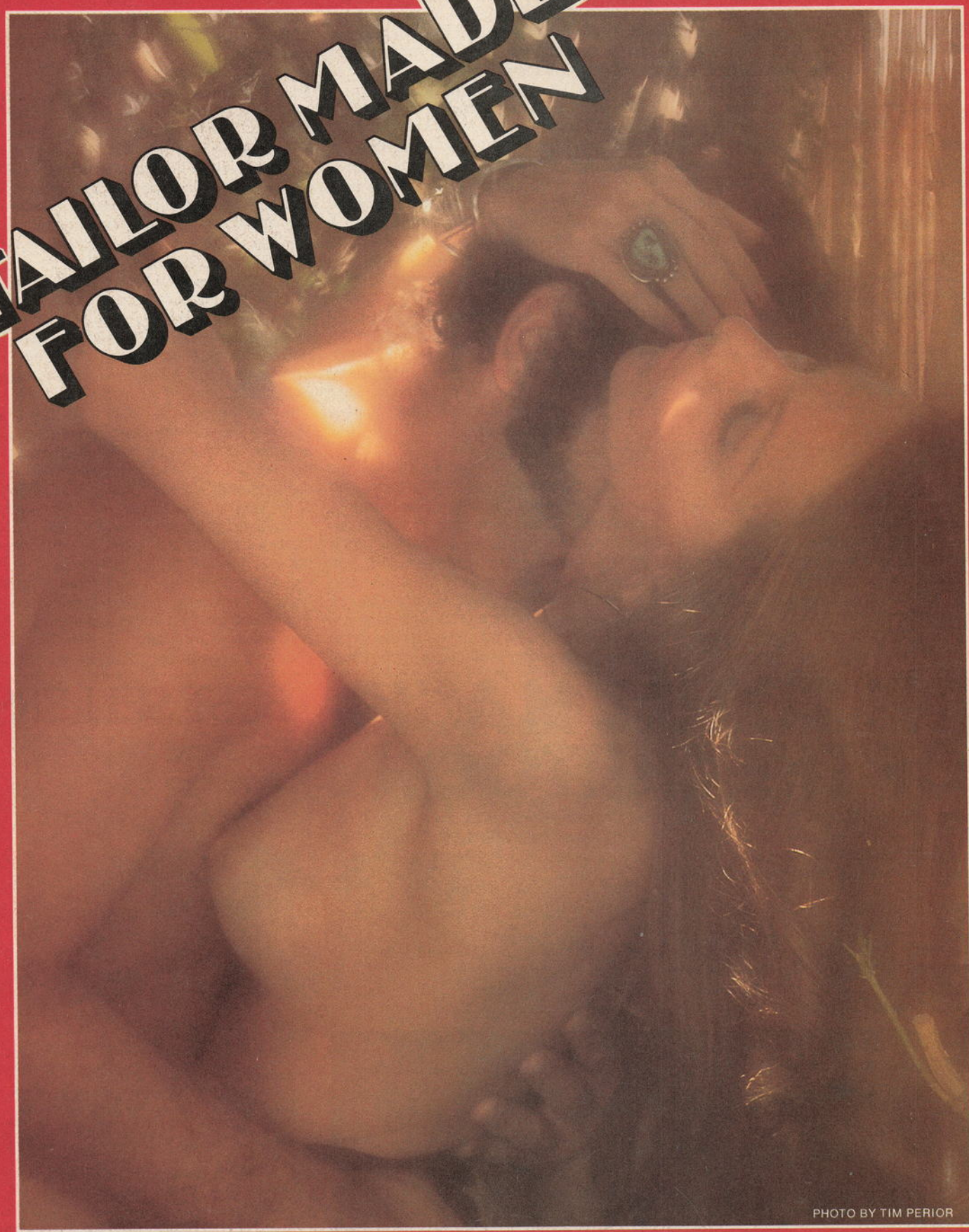

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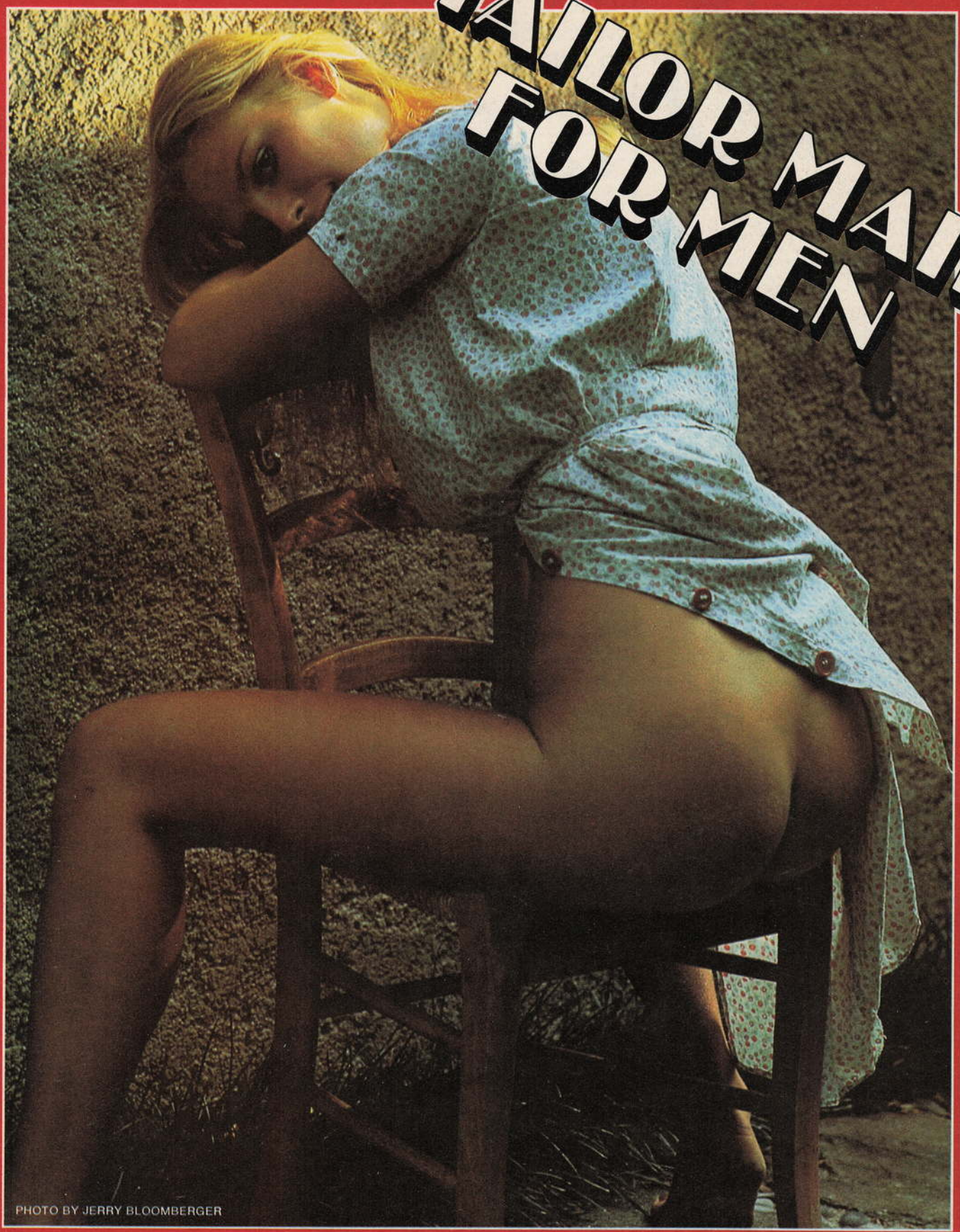

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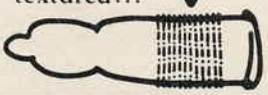

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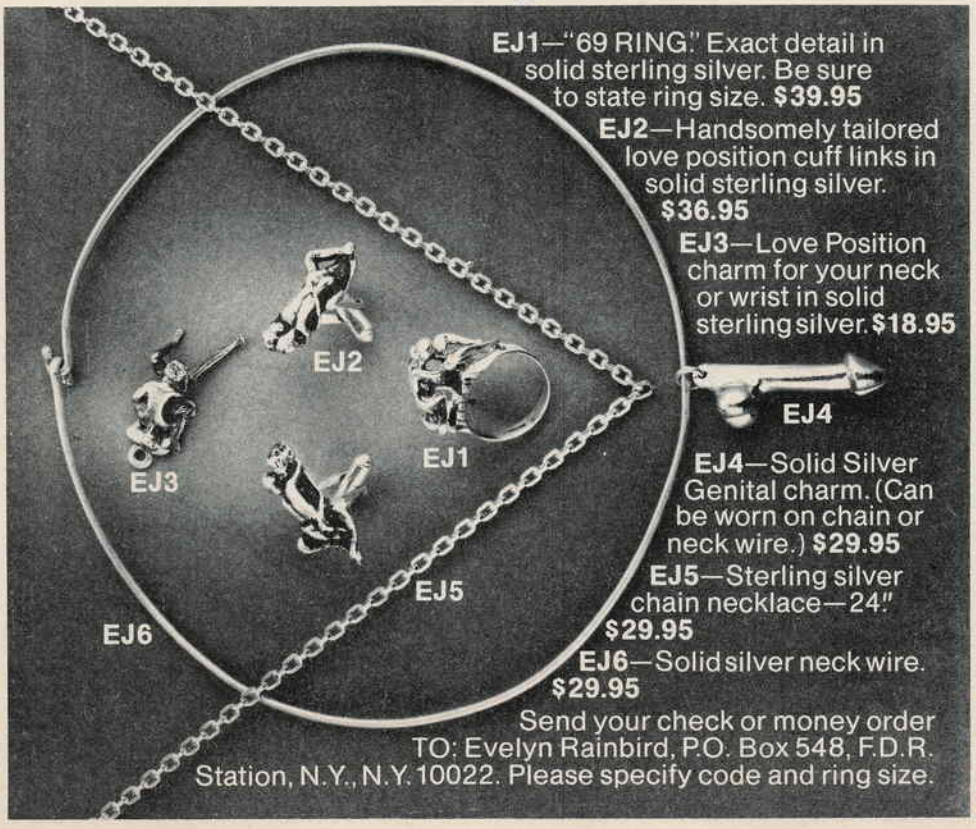

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blackberry bushes. . . . *(Slow fade until the stage is dark.)*

NARRATOR: Mr. G's day in court! *(Lights. A courtroom.)*

JUDGE: Mr. G, you have been arrested for drunk and disorderly conduct, for driving without a license, and for exposing yourself in a public place. Do you understand the charges against you? *(Gorilla sounds.)* I am aware of your special situation and hence prepared to be lenient. But you must recognize that you come from a part of the world that—compared to where you are now—is barbaric. To say the least. *(Gorilla sounds.)* You must learn to restrain yourself while you are here. I have heard good things about you. You seem to be, generally speaking, a well-mannered and temperate gorilla. *(Gorilla sounds.)* Nevertheless, you *are* a gorilla. *(Mr. G claps his hands.)* Granted, a *talking* gorilla—but still a gorilla. It would be unfair to you if I were not firm at the same time that I am patient. *(Gorilla sounds.)* Therefore I am fining you five hundred dollars and placing you on indefinite probation. Do you understand? *(Gorilla sounds.)* Do you have anything to say?

MR. G: Yes! You must come over someday, dear chap, and suck my cock. *(Bronx cheer. Blackout . . . then lights. The New York City subway: Mr. G, looking very much like any other dressed-up ape, enters and sits. He wears a straw hat. A female passenger looks at him a few times but registers nothing. The train makes several stops, the loudspeaker announcing the stations with incredible volume and static. Mr. G leans towards the woman next to him to read her newspaper. She sniffs but does not look at him, then moves several inches away. The speaker blares again, disturbing Mr. G, and he snarls back at it, flailing his arms. The woman turns and smiles politely.)*

WOMAN: Visiting?

MR. G: *(Smiling.)* Yes. Can you tell me which stop is the Lincoln Center of Performing Arts?

WOMAN: *(With a big smile.)* Just three stops. *(She returns to her paper. He purses his lips in apelike fashion. The speaker blares again and continues blaring. Mr. G stands on his seat, growls loudly, waves his arms around, and finally rips out the loudspeaker as the train stops and a transit policeman gets on. He looks at Mr. G blankly, sits down, and the train starts. Mr. G, by way of explanation, growls and waves at the speaker. No response. Only more static from the speaker. He throws it down, unzips his fly, and urinates on it, getting the woman wet in the process.)*

WOMAN: *(Smiling.)* It's the next stop. *(Mr. G growls.)*

POLICEMAN: *(Taking out his pistol.)* Great Scott, man! *(He shoots him. Blackout.)*

NARRATOR: Mr. G's death. *(Lights. A hospital room. Mr. G on a bed. A woman sits beside him. After a few moments, Mr. G stirs, makes inarticulate noises. The sounds become increasingly agonized and animal.)*

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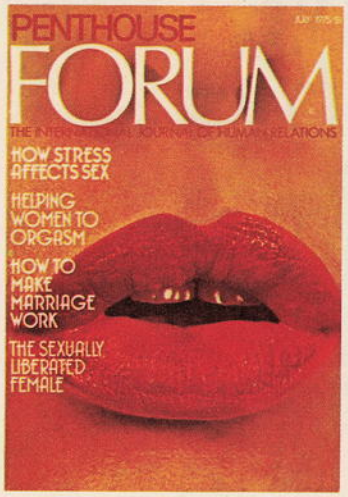

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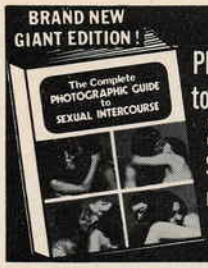

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WOMAN: Yes? Yes? What Mr. G? . . . Your mother? . . . I can't hear you. . . . You love my *crunt*? . . . Mr. G, I love you too. Do you hear? I think I love you too. What? My *crunt*? I don't understand. *(A horrible sound from Mr. G.)* Oh, my God! We never should have taken you from your home. . . . What? You came willingly? My *crunt*? Do you want to see a lawyer? You're very famous. Those articles you wrote, your recordings—they're worth a fortune and you have no legal heirs—I mean here in the civilized world. Of course there are those creatures you had by those college girls. What I mean is, Mr. G, that . . . well . . . we could still get *married*! What? What? I don't know what you mean by my crunt. I don't *have* a crunt. I might have one at home. I don't really know what it is. Listen, you could still become a good Catholic. God would receive you . . . What? . . . What? . . . Well, if anyone has a crunt I'm sure God does. If you were a Catholic, we could marry. Maybe we could even . . . you know . . . have . . . *crunt*? Mr. G, don't you hear me? *(Music—a choral group singing "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot.")* It's the duty of all Catholics to have children if they can. And in spirit I feel we're *already* married. *(Mr. G puts his hand in her crotch.)* Oh, Mr. G, you shouldn't do that! Even a husband wouldn't treat his . . . *crunt*? . . . so disrespectfully. I know it may be a gorilla custom but *(squirming, etc.)* it's so . . . *so* personal. I honestly wish I could understand you. You're sounding more and more like a real gorilla. And you're hurting me a little . . . just a *little* bit. Not a lot. Not really painful, but very . . . *personal*. What can I call it in confession? What? . . . *Crunt*? . . . Oh, you poor suffering ape! We haven't appreciated you. You speak so beautifully—like Ronald Colman. You know, the movie star . . . I . . . I . . . I don't really care if you are hairy. But I wouldn't want the children to be. . . . What? Oh, I don't really give a shit what it is, I love my crunt, too. You can have a thousand crunts! What? *What? (Orgasmic.)* Oh Christ! *Christ!* Will you stop already with your crunt! *(A doctor comes forward in response to Mr. G's agonized cries and begins some last desperate measures to save him. The woman is shunted aside—quite unsatisfied, and does what she can to relieve herself, while trying at the same time to respond to the doctor's urgent requests.)*

NARRATOR: *(Large slide of Mr. G's face.)* All the emotions of a gorilla are in the eyes, which are a soft dark brown. They are deep pools of character and easily convey curiosity, anger, joy, sadness, and lust. They are the surest index of a gorilla's mood and his most subtle articulation. For forty-eight hours now, only the eyes of Mr. G have been able to speak. They have communicated his pain and love. And now, for the first time, he is struggling again toward that other articulation which has made him so famous.

* * *

Mr. G died at 4:00 A.M. on August 8, 1975. Had he lived only four more days, he would have been thirty-two years old.

They both hated to exercise or diet...

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Waist: 36½ in.
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Weight: 131 lbs.
Waist: 30 in.
Hips: 30⅞ in.

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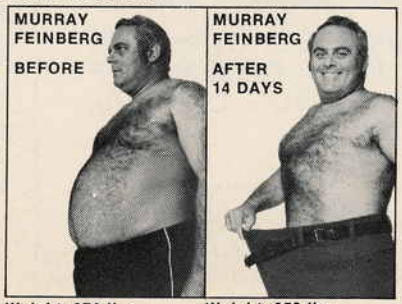

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Weight: 253 lbs.
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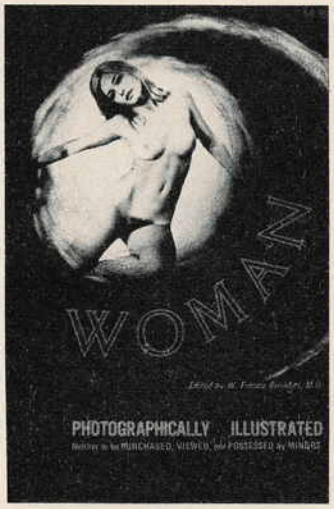

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The following retail stores have the fashions featured in this issue (86–91). Contact them directly.

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Nathan Turk
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His body lay in state for three days in the St. Charisma Catholic Church in New York City, where he had been taking instruction during his last weeks. Thousands of mourners—among whom were many of the nation's most prominent citizens—paid their last respects. The ecumenical funeral sermon was delivered by the Reverend Otis C. Keater, president of the Northeastern Baptist Confederation. "Mr. G," he said, "will long be an inspiration to those of us who seek to unite the human and the animal kingdoms into *one* kingdom—God's kingdom!" He said further that Mr. G had been a gentleman "in the very best sense of that abused word."

* * *

The funeral cortege passed slowly through several miles of Upper Manhattan streets, where mourners lined the sidewalks, many with tears in their eyes. It then crossed the Triborough Bridge and headed for Kennedy International Airport. There a cargo plane, made available through the courtesy of the president, stood ready to fly the body to the Virunga volcanoes—just over the border from Ruanda, near the village of Rumangabo.

In that lush land, from an altitude of two thousand feet, Mr. G's body was dumped to its permanent rest in the misty mountains from which it had sprung. *(A loud crash and thump, then jungle sounds.)* Hail and farewell, Mr. G! A gallant creature thou wert. And this is Ron Watkins, CBS News. *(The lights fade.)*

* * *

Hello, there. Do your feet tingle when you get up in the morning? Does your husband have aftershave pallor? Well, then, it's time you found out about. . . .

NARRATOR: Some selected scenes from the fabulous life of Mr. G, the only talking gorilla ever to exist. *(Pause.)* Yes, may we have the slides, please?

(Slides)

1. The Empire State Building.
2. The Statue of Liberty.
3. At the Bronx Zoo, his favorite place in New York City.
4. A rainy day in Central Park.
5. At Sarah Lawrence College.
6. A profile.
7. Smiling.
8. Coney Island, where Mr. G learned to love the surf.
9. Another profile.
10. Mr. G's sex organs.
11. His bicep.
12. His teeth.
13. His navel—difficult to locate.
14. His anus.
15. Mr. G shaken with laughter. The mayor is telling him about King Kong.
16. Another look at the Empire State Tower.
17. Another profile.
18. A Broadway opening.
19. St. Charisma's Church.
20. Skinny-dipping at Vassar.
21. His left nipple.

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ON YOUR NEWSSTAND SEPTEMBER 16

CHILE TWO YEARS AFTER

Did the CIA and ITT plan and support the overthrow of Chile's legally elected Marxist government? Are they responsible for the bloody repressions of Chile's present government? Veteran investigative reporter Tad Szulc sifts the evidence and gives the answers.

INTERVIEW WITH ALLENDE'S WIDOW

In connection with Szulc's report, *Penthouse* presents an exclusive interview with Mrs. Salvador Allende Bussi, widow of the murdered Chilean president, in which she tells what happened in the final days of his government and why her husband was doomed.

THE APOLLO THEATER

One of the entertainment shrines of the nation—the historic Apollo Theater in Harlem—may already be gone by the time this appears. A nostalgic look at the place where the greats have performed—from Billie Holiday to Stevie Wonder.

SEMIPUBLIC SEX

Craig Karpel explores the newest erotic game, sex encounters in semipublic places where half the thrill is vicarious—the fear of getting caught in the act. Among the suggested locales are hotel lobbies, fire escapes, and high school classrooms.

FIREFIGHT

Tough, cynical fiction about the Tet offensive written by Larry Heinemann, a Viet vet who lived through it all.

PET OF THE YEAR

In which the prettiest *Penthouse* Pet of them all displays her top form in an all-new pictorial by Bob Guccione.

ALSO

Wicked Wanda . . . Xaviera Hollander . . . A Treatise on Nightcaps . . . The Volkswagen Scirocco, car of the month. . . .

IN THE SEPTEMBER VIVA
ON YOUR NEWSSTAND NOW

LADY PORNOGRAPHERS

If you thought that writing pornography was a man's game—think again! Some very nice women are making a very nice living in the world of erotic literature. By Tom Seligson.

AN EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW WITH JACK NICHOLSON

Superstar Nicholson has been called "the lover with the killer smile," and he's also been called "the best actor in movies." Writer Ken Kelley tells why.

SOUTH AMERICAN ESCAPADE

Traveling alone through Equador, Chile, and Peru can be a pretty wild adventure—especially if you're a woman. By Vicki Lindner.

HOW TO STAY YOUNG FOREVER

A dozen celebrities, among them Beverly Sills, George Plimpton, and Cloris Leachman, share their beauty secrets with you. By Betsy von Furstenberg.

THE POLITICS OF PAYING

Nowadays who picks up the check? You? Him? Both of you? This article has surprising answers.

WOMEN CAN PLAY POWER GAMES TOO

Some strong advice by Michael Korda.

PLUS!

Chic cheap clothes—and the latest news on fragrances for the bedroom.

22. Shaking hands with the president.
23. Climbing the Washington Monument.
24. A day in the country.
25. Fishing at Niagara Falls.
26. His first pizza.
27. The toilet—a constant delight.
28. As an umpire in Yankee Stadium.
29. Posing for a portrait.
30. Wintry weather.
31. Clowning in Greenwich Village.
32. Sneezing.
33. A pensive moment.
34. Incognito.
35. His first illegitimate son.
36. His first subway ride.
37. On the Ferris wheel.
38. Profile with fortune-teller.
39. Another view of his sex organs.
40. In a fighting mood.
41. Drinking with the boys.
42. Being rushed to the hospital.
43. Dancing on the East Side.
44. Enema.
45. Touring Harlem.
46. Pounding his chest.
47. His last sweetheart.
48. Despair.
49. Roller-skating.
50. At the dentist's office.
51. Drunk on the Bowery.
52. Swatting flies.
53. In his yachting outfit.
54. His first cigarette.
55. A rear view.
56. Shooting up.
57. Leading the Rose Parade.
58. Guest lecturer at Columbia.
59. The feel of money.
60. Near death at the hospital.
61. Getting shoes at Macy's.
62. Touring the Museum of Natural History.
63. The swinger.
64. Suffering from amnesia.
65. Protesting the war.
66. Sleeping.
67. Sauntering through Times Square.
68. Coca-Cola.
69. Mr. G's sex organs—side view.
70. His eyes.
71. Munching bamboo in Chinatown.
72. His hand.
73. His fist.
74. With Wolf, his beloved dog.
75. Leading a Sigma Chi panty raid.
76. A pickup.
77. Three minutes from the end.
78. Fondling his night nurse.
79. Mountain climbing in the Grand Tetons.
80. Atop Grant's Tomb.
81. More despair.
82. Relaxing in his book-lined study.
83. Mouth-to-mouth resuscitation.
84. Under arrest.
85. Eating cotton candy.
86. In drag.

(The following are all morgue shots. Quick takes of head and body from all angles.)

87–100. The end, the end, the end, the end. . . .

(Several blanks on the screen, then the Narrator appears.)

NARRATOR: That's it!

THE END

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Brand K (Menthol)	13	0.8
Brand D (Menthol)	13	0.9
Brand M (Filter)	12	0.8
Brand T (Menthol)	12	0.7
Brand V (Filter)	12	0.8
Brand V (Menthol)	11	0.8
Brand T (Filter)	11	0.6
Carlton Filter	**4**	**0.3**
Carlton Menthol	**4**	**0.3**

Carlton 70's (lowest of all brands)—
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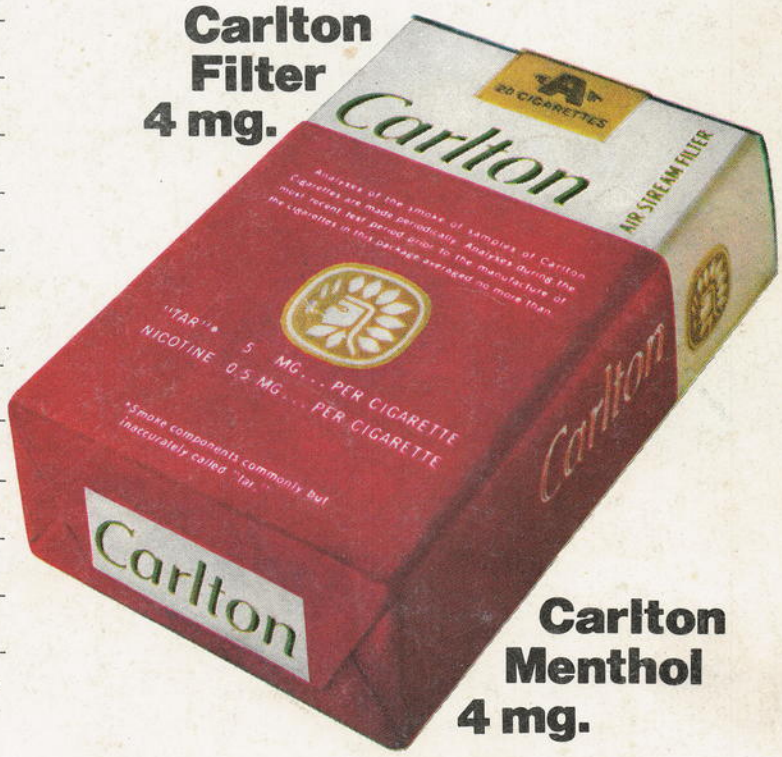
Carlton Filter 4 mg.



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